THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

EDITED BY

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WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

1821-2.

THE only poems belonging to the years 1821-22 are the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, originally called *Ecclesiastical Sketches*. These were written at intervals, from 1821 onwards, but the great majority belong to that year. They were first published in 1822, in three parts, 102 Sonnets in all. Ten were added in the edition of 1827, several others in the years 1835 and 1836, and fourteen in 1845,—the final edition of 1850 containing 132.

After Wordsworth's return from the Continent in 1820, he visited the Beaumonts at Coleorton, and as Sir George was then about to build a new Church on his property, conversation turned frequently to ecclesiastical topics, and gave rise to the idea of embodying the history of the Church of England in a series of Ecclesiastical Sketches in verse. The Sonnets Nos. XXXIX., XL., and XLI., in the third series, entitled, "Church to be erected," and "New Churchyard," are probably those to which Wordsworth refers as written first, in memory of his morning walk with Sir George Beaumont to fix the site of the Church: but it was the discussions which were being carried on in the British Parliament and elsewhere, in 1821, on the subject of Catholic Disabilities, that led him to enlarge his idea, and project a series of Sonnets dealing with the whole course of the ecclesiastical history of his country. His brother Christopher had published six volumes of *Ecclesiastical Biography; or, the Lives of Eminent Men connected with the History of Religion in England*, in 1809, while Dean and Rector of Bocking, and domestic chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Southey's *Book of the Church*, to which Wordsworth refers in the Fenwick note prefixed to the series—was not published till 1823; and he tells us, in a note to the edition of 1822, that his own work was far advanced before he was aware that Southey had taken up the subject. As several of the Sonnets, however, are very well illustrated by passages in Southey's book, I have given a number of extracts from the latter work in the editorial notes. Wordsworth's own notes appended to the Sonnets, and others which are added, will show his indebtedness to such writers as Bede, Strype, Foxe, Walton, Whittaker, and Sharon Turner. The subject of the Sonnets on the "Aspects of

Christianity in America" were suggested to him by Bishop Doane and Professor Henry Reed, and the completion of the series dealing with offices of the English Liturgy was also suggested by Mr Reed.—Ed.

ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS.*

IN SERIES.

Comp. 1821. —— Pub. 1822.

[My purpose in writing this Series was, as much as possible, to confine my view to the introduction, progress, and operation of the Church in England, both previous and subsequent to the Reformation. The Sonnets were written long before ecclesiastical history and points of doctrine had excited the interest with which they have been recently enquired into and discussed. The former particular is mentioned as an excuse for my having fallen into error in respect to an incident which had been selected as setting forth the height to which the power of the Popedom over temporal sovereignty had attained, and the

* During the month of December, 1820, I accompanied a much-beloved and honoured Friend in a walk through different parts of his estate, with a view to fix upon the site of a new Church which he intended to erect. It was one of the most beautiful mornings of a mild season,—our feelings were in harmony with the cherishing* influences of the scene; and such being our purpose, we were naturally led to look back upon past events with wonder and gratitude, and on the future with hope. Not long afterwards, some of the Sonnets which will be found towards the close of this series were produced as a private memorial of that morning's occupation.

The Catholic Question, which was agitated in Parliament about that time, kept my thoughts in the same course; and it struck me that certain points in the Ecclesiastical History of our Country might advantageously be presented to view in verse. Accordingly, I took up the subject, and what I now offer to the reader was the result.

When this work was far advanced, I was agreeably surprised to find that my friend, Mr Southey, had been engaged with similar views in writing a concise History of the Church *in* England. If our Productions, thus unintentionally coinciding, shall be found to illustrate each other, it will prove a high gratification to me, which I am sure my friend will participate.

W. Wordsworth.

Rydal Mount, *January* 24, 1822.

For the convenience of passing from one point of the subject to another without shocks of abruptness, this work has taken the shape of a series of Sonnets: but the Reader, it is to be hoped, will find that the pictures are often so closely connected as to have jointly the effect of passages of a poem in a form of stanza to which there is no objection but one that bears upon the Poet only—its difficulty.—W. W., 1822.

* This occurs in all the editions. It may be a misprint for 'cheering.'—Ed.

arrogance with which it was displayed. I allude to the last Sonnet but one in the first series, where Pope Alexander the Third at Venice is described as setting his foot on the neck of the Emperor Barbarossa. Though this is related as a fact in history, I am told it is a mere legend of no authority. Substitute for it an undeniable truth not less fitted for my purpose, namely the penance inflicted by Gregory the Seventh upon the Emperor Henry the Fourth.

Before I conclude my notice of these Sonnets, let me observe that the opinion I pronounced in favour of Laud (long before the Oxford Tract Movement), and which had brought censure upon me from several quarters, is not in the least changed. Omitting here to examine into his conduct in respect to the persecuting spirit with which he has been charged, I am persuaded that most of his aims to restore ritual practices which had been abandoned were good and wise, whatever errors he might commit in the manner he sometimes attempted to enforce them. I further believe that, had not he, and others who shared his opinions and felt as he did, stood up in opposition to the reformers of that period, it is questionable whether the Church would ever have recovered its lost ground and become the blessing it now is, and will, I trust, become in a still greater degree, both to those of its communion and to those who unfortunately are separated from it.]

PART I.

FROM THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO BRITAIN, TO THE CONSUMMATION OF THE PAPAL DOMINION.

> 'A verse may catch a wandering Soul, that flies
> Profounder Tracts, and by a blest surprise
> Convert delight into a Sacrifice.' *

I.

INTRODUCTION.

I, who accompanied with faithful pace,[1]
Ceruleani Duddon from his cloud-fed spring,†
And loved with spirit ruled by his to sing

[1] 1827.
I, who descended with glad step to chase 1822.

* Compare George Herbert—
"A verse may find him, who a Sermon flies,
And turn Delight into a Sacrifice."
—*The Temple*, I. 1.—Ed.

† See *The River Duddon, a Series of Sonnets* (Vol. VI., p. 300).—Ed.

Of mountain-quiet and boon nature's grace;[1]
I, who essayed the nobler Stream to trace
Of Liberty,* and smote the plausive string
Till the checked torrent, proudly triumphing,
Won for herself a lasting resting-place;[2]
Now seek upon the heights of Time the source
Of a HOLY RIVER,† on whose banks are found
Sweet pastoral flowers, and laurels that have crowned
Full oft the unworthy brow of lawless force;
And,[3] for delight of him who tracks its course,‡
Immortal amaranth and palms abound.

II.

CONJECTURES.

IF there be prophets on whose spirits rest
Past things, revealed like future, they can tell
What Powers, presiding o'er the sacred well
Of Christian Faith, this savage Island blessed
With its first bounty. Wandering through the west,
Did holy Paul§ a while in Britain dwell,

[1] 1827.
And of my wild Companion dared to sing,
In verse that moved with strictly-measured pace; 1822.

[2] 1827.
. . torrent, fiercely combating,
In victory found her natural resting-place; 1822.

[3] Were, 1822.

* See the Series of *Sonnets dedicated to Liberty and Independence.*—ED.

† Compare the last Sonnet of this Series (Part III., 47).—ED.

‡ It may not be unworthy of note that in this sonnet Wordsworth makes the stream of the Dudrion masculine, that of Liberty feminine, and that of the Church neuter.—ED.

§ Stillingfleet adduces many arguments in support of this opinion, but they are unconvincing. The latter part of this Sonnet refers to a favourite notion of Roman Catholic writers, that Joseph of Arimathea and his companions brought Christianity into Britain, and built a rude church at Glastonbury: alluded to hereafter, in a passage upon the dissolution of monasteries.—W. W., 1822

And call the Fountain forth by miracle,
And with dread signs the nascent Stream invest?
Or He, whose bonds dropped off, whose prison doors
Flew open, by an Angel's voice unbarred? *
Or some of humbler name, to these wild shores
Storm-driven; who, having seen the cup of woe
Pass from their Master, sojourned here to guard
The precious Current they had taught to flow?

III.

TREPIDATION OF THE DRUIDS.

SCREAMS round the Arch-druid's brow the sea-mew †—white
As Menai's foam; and toward the mystic ring
Where Augurs stand, the Future questioning,
Slowly the cormorant aims her heavy flight,
Portending ruin to each baleful rite,
That, in the lapse of ages,[1] hath crept o'er
Diluvian truths, and patriarchal lore.
Haughty the bard: can these meek doctrines blight
His transports? wither his heroic strains?
But all shall be fulfilled;—the Julian spear
A way first opened; ‡ and, with Roman chains,
The tidings come of Jesus crucified;
They come—they spread—the weak, the suffering, hear:
Receive the faith, and in the hope abide.

[1] 1827.
. . . . . seasons . . 1822.

* St Peter.—ED.

† This water-fowl was, among the Druids, an emblem of those traditions connected with the Deluge that made an important part of their mysteries The Cormorant was a bird of bad omen.—W. W., 1822.

‡ The reference is to the conquest of Britain by Julius Cæsar.—ED.

IV.

DRUIDICAL EXCOMMUNICATION.

MERCY and Love have met thee on thy road,
Thou wretched Outcast, from the gift of fire
And food cut off by sacerdotal ire,
From every sympathy that Man bestowed!
Yet shall it claim our reverence, that to God,
Ancient of days! that to the eternal Sire,
These jealous Ministers of law aspire,
As to the one sole fount whence wisdom flowed,
Justice, and order. Tremblingly escaped
As if with prescience of the coming storm,
That intimation when the stars were shaped;
And still, 'mid yon thick woods, the primal truth
Glimmers through many a superstitious form[1]
That fills the Soul with unavailing ruth.

V.

UNCERTAINTY.

DARKNESS surrounds us: seeking, we are lost
On Snowdon's wilds, amid Brigantian coves,*
Or where the solitary shepherd roves
Along the plain of Sarum, by the ghost
Of Time and shadows of Tradition, crost;[2]
And where the boatman of the Western Isles
Slackens his course—to mark those holy piles

[1] 1827.
And yon thick woods maintain the primal truth,
Debased by many a superstitious form, 1822.

[2] 1827.
Of silently departed ages crossed; 1822.

* The reference is to Yorkshire. The Brigantes inhabited England from sea to sea, from Cumberland to Durham, but more especially Yorkshire. See Tacitus, *Annals*, Book xii. 32; Ptolemy, *Geog.*, 27, 1; Camden, *Brit.*, 556-648.—ED.

Which yet survive on bleak Iona's coast.*
Nor these, nor monuments of eldest name,[1]
Nor Taliesin's unforgotten lays,†
Nor characters of Greek or Roman fame,
To an unquestionable Source have led:
Enough—if eyes, that sought the fountain-head
In vain, upon the growing Rill may gaze.

VI.

PERSECUTION.

LAMENT! for Diocletian's fiery sword
Works busy as the lightning; but instinct
With malice ne'er to deadliest weapon linked,
Which God's ethereal store-houses afford:
Against the Followers of the incarnate Lord
It rages;—some are smitten in the field—
Some pierced to the heart through the ineffectual shield[2]
Of sacred home;—with pomp are others gored
And dreadful respite. Thus was Alban tried,‡

[1] . . . . . fame, 1822.

[2] 1843.
Some pierced beneath the unavailing shield 1822.
Some pierced beneath the ineffectual shield 1827.

* Compare the four sonnets on Iona, in the 'Poems composed or suggested during a Tour in the Summer of 1833.'—Ed.

† See note †, p. 12.—Ed.

‡ "The first man who laid down his life in Britain for the Christian faith was Saint Alban. . . . During the tenth, and most rigorous of the persecutions, a Christian priest, flying from his persecutors, came to the City of Verulamium, and took shelter in Alban's house: he, not being of the faith himself, concealed him for pure compassion; but when he observed the devotion of his guest, how fervent it was, and how firm, his heart was touched. . . . When the persecutors came to search the house, Alban, putting on the hair-cassock of his teacher, delivered himself into their hands, as if he had been the fugitive, and was carried before the heathen governor. . . . Because he refused to betray his guest or offer sacrifices to the Roman gods, he was scourged, and then led to execution upon the spot where the abbey now stands, which in after times was erected to his memory, and still bears his

England's first Martyr, whom no threats could shake;
Self-offered victim, for his friend he died,
And for the faith; nor shall his name forsake
That Hill, whose flowery platform seems to rise
By Nature decked for holiest sacrifice.*

VII.

RECOVERY.

As, when a storm hath ceased, the birds regain
Their cheerfulness, and busily retrim
Their nests, or chant a gratulating hymn
To the blue ether and bespangled plain;
Even so, in many a re-constructed fane,
Have the survivors of this Storm renewed
Their holy rites with vocal gratitude:
And solemn ceremonials they ordain
To celebrate their great deliverance;
Most feelingly instructed 'mid their fear—
That persecution, blind with rage extreme,
May not the less, through Heaven's mild countenance,
Even in her own despite, both feed and cheer;
For all things are less dreadful than they seem.

VIII.

TEMPTATIONS FROM ROMAN REFINEMENTS.

WATCH, and be firm! for soul-subduing vice,
Heart-killing luxury, on your steps await.

name. That spot was then a beautiful meadow upon a little rising ground, 'seeming,' says the venerable Bede, 'a fit theatre for the martyr's triumph.'"—Southey's *Book of the Church*, Vol. I., p. 14.—ED.

* The hill at St Alban's must have been an object of great interest to the imagination of the venerable Bede, who thus describes it, with a delicate feeling, delightful to meet with in that rude age, traces of which are frequent in his works:—"Variis herbarum floribus depictus, imò usque quaque vestitus, in quo nihil repentè arduum, nihil præceps, nihil

Fair houses, baths, and banquets delicate,
And temples flashing, bright as polar ice,
Their radiance through the woods—may yet suffice
To sap your hardy virtue, and abate
Your love of Him upon whose forehead sate
The crown of thorns; whose life-blood flowed, the price
Of your redemption. Shun the insidious arts
That Rome provides, less dreading from her frown
Than from her wily praise, her peaceful gown,
Language, and letters;—these, though fondly viewed
As humanising graces, are but parts
And instruments of deadliest servitude!

IX.

DISSENSIONS.

THAT heresies should strike (if truth be scanned
Presumptuously) their roots both wide and deep,
Is natural as dreams to feverish sleep.
Lo! Discord at the altar dares to stand *
Uplifting toward [1] high Heaven her fiery brand,
A cherished Priestess of the new-baptized!
But chastisement shall follow peace despised.
The Pictish cloud darkens the enervate land
By Rome abandoned; vain are suppliant cries,
And prayers that would undo her forced farewell;
For she returns not.—Awed by her own knell,

[1] 1827.
Lifting towards . . . . . 1822.

abruptum, quem lateribus longè latèque deductum in modum æquoris natura complanat, dignum videlicet eum, pro insitâ sibi specie venustatis, jam olim reddens qui beati martyris cruore dicaretur."—W. W., 1822.

* Arianism had spread into Britain, and British Bishops were summoned to councils held concerning it, at Sardica, A.D. 347, and at Arminium, A.D. 360. See Fuller's *Church History*, p. 25; and Churton's *Early English Church*, p. 9.—ED.

She casts the Britons upon strange Allies,
Soon to become more dreadful enemies
Than heartless misery called them to repel.

X.

STRUGGLE OF THE BRITONS AGAINST THE BARBARIANS.

RISE!—they *have* risen: of brave Aneurin ask *
How they have scourged old foes, perfidious friends:
The Spirit of Caractacus descends
Upon the Patriots, animates their task;[1]
Amazement runs before the towering casque
Of Arthur, bearing through the stormy field
The Virgin sculptured on his Christian shield:—
Stretched in the sunny light of victory bask
The Host[2] that followed Urien † as he strode
O'er heaps of tion, t—from Cambrian wood and moss
Druids desce less, thr iars of the Cross;
Bards, nurse n desp Plinlimmon's still abode,‡
Rush on the fi e le harps preferring swords,
And everlasting ds to burning words!

[1] 1837.
The spiri of Caractacus defends
The Pat ts, animates their glorious task;— 1822.

[2] 1822.
The Host 1837.

* Aneurin was the b d who—in the poem named the *Gododin*—celebrated the struggle between e Cymri and the Teutons in the middle of the sixth century, which e ded in the great battle of Catterick, or Cattreath, in Yorkshire. Aneur was himself chieftain as well as bard.—ED.

† Urien was chief o he Cymri, and led them in the great conflict of the sixth century against e Angles.—ED.

‡ Such as Aneurin, T liesin, Llywarch Hen, and Merlin.—ED.

XI.

SAXON CONQUEST.

NOR wants the cause the panic-striking aid
Of hallelujahs* tost from hill to hill—
For instant victory. But Heaven's high will
Permits a second and a darker shade
Of Pagan night. Afflicted and dismayed,
The Relics of the sword flee to the mountains:
O wretched Land! whose tears have flowed like fountains;
Whose arts and honours in the dust are laid
By men yet scarcely conscious of a care
For other monuments than those of Earth;†
Who, as the [1] fields and woods have given them birth,
Will [2] build their savage fortunes only there;

[1] 1827.
Intent, as . . . . . 1822.

[2] 1827.
To . . . . . 1822.

* Alluding to the victory gained under Germanus.—See Bede.—W. W., 1822.

The Saxons and Picts threatening the Britons, (*despair* asked the assistance of Germanus. The following is Bede's accounts) "Germanus bearing in his hands the standard, instructed his men all in a loud voice to repeat his words, and the enemy advancing serenely, as thinking to take them by surprise, the priests three times cried Hallelujah. A universal shout of the same word followed, and the hills resounding the echo on all sides, the enemy was struck with dread. . . . They fled in disorder, casting away their arms."—(*Eccles. Hist.*, Book I., ch. 20.)—ED.

† The last six lines of this Sonnet are chiefly from the prose of Daniel; and here I will state (though to the Readers whom this Poem will chiefly interest it is unnecessary) that my obligations to other prose writers are frequent,—obligations which, even if I had not a pleasure in courting, it would have been presumptuous to shun, in treating an historical subject. I must, however, particularise Fuller, to whom I am indebted in the Sonnet upon Wicliffe and in other instances. And upon the acquittal of the Seven Bishops I have done little more than versify a lively description of that event in the MS. Memoirs of the first Lord Lonsdale.—W. W., 1822.

Content, if foss, and barrow, and the girth
Of long-drawn rampart, witness what they were.[1]

XII.

MONASTERY OF OLD BANGOR.*

The oppression of the tumult—wrath and scorn—
The tribulation—and the gleaming blades—
Such is the impetuous spirit that pervades
The song of Taliesin; †—Ours shall mourn
The *unarmed* Host who by their prayers would turn
The sword from Bangor's walls, and guard the store
Of Aboriginal and Roman lore,
And Christian monuments, that now must burn
To senseless ashes. Mark! how all things swerve

[1] 1827.

Witness the foss, the barrow, and the girth
Of many a long-drawn rampart, green and bare! 1822.

* "Ethelforth reached the convent of Bangor, he perceived the Monks, twelve hundred in number, offering prayers for the success of their countrymen: 'if they are praying against us,' he exclaimed, 'they are fighting against us;' and he ordered them to be first attacked: they were destroyed; and, appalled by their fate, the courage of Brocmail wavered, and he fled from the field in dismay. Thus abandoned by their leader, his army soon gave way, and Ethelforth obtained a decisive conquest. Ancient Bangor itself soon fell into his hands, and was demolished; the noble monastery was levelled to the ground; its library, which is mentioned as a large one, the collection of ages, the repository of the most precious monuments of the ancient Britons, was consumed; half ruined walls, gates, and rubbish were all that remained of the magnificent edifice." —See Turner's valuable history of the Anglo-Saxons.

Taliesin was present at the battle which preceded this desolation.

The account Bede gives of this remarkable event, suggests a most striking warning against National and Religious prejudices.—W. W., 1822.

† Taliesin was chief bard and retainer in the Hall of Urien, the great North England Cymric chief. He sang of Urien's and his son Owain's victories, in the middle of the sixth century. See Pitsei, *Relationes de rebus Anglicis*, 1619, Vol. I., p. 95, *De Thelesino*. See also Sharon Turner's *History of the Anglo-Saxons* (Vol. I., Bk. iii., ch. 4).—Ed.

From their known course, or vanish like a dream;[1]
Another language spreads from coast to coast;
Only perchance some melancholy Stream *
And some indignant Hills old names preserve,†
When laws, and creeds, and people all are lost!

XIII.

CASUAL INCITEMENT.

A BRIGHT-HAIRED company of youthful slaves,
Beautiful strangers, stand within the pale
Of a sad market, ranged for public sale,
Where Tiber's stream the immortal[2] City laves:
ANGLI by name; and not an ANGEL waves
His wing who could seem lovelier to man's eye[3]
Than they appear to holy Gregory;
Who, having learnt that name, salvation craves
For Them, and for their Land. The earnest Sire,
His questions urging, feels, in slender ties
Of chiming sound, commanding sympathies:
DE-IRIANS—he would save them from God's IRE;
Subjects of Saxon ÆLLA—they shall sing
Glad HALLE-lujahs to the eternal King! ‡

[1] 1827.
. . . . . or pass away like steam: 1822.
[2] 1827.
. . . . . glorious . . . . 1822.
[3] 1837.
His wing who seemeth lovelier in Heaven's eye 1822.

* *E.g.*, in the Lake District, the Greta, Derwent, &c.—ED.

† *E.g.*, in the Lake District, Stone Arthur, Blencatherac, and Catbells.—ED.

‡ The story is told of Gregory who was afterwards Pope, and is known as Gregory the Great, that "he was one day led into the market-place at Rome to look at a large importation from abroad. Among other things there were some boys exposed for sale like cattle. He was struck by the appearance of the boys, their fine clear skins, their flaxen or golden hair, and their ingenuous countenances; so that he asked from what country

XIV.

GLAD TIDINGS.

For ever hallowed be this morning fair,
Blest be the unconscious shore on which ye tread,
And blest the silver Cross, which ye, instead
Of martial banner, in procession bear;
The Cross preceding Him who floats in air,
The pictured Saviour!—By Augustin led,
They come—and onward travel without dread,
Chanting in barbarous ears a tuneful prayer—
Sung for themselves, and those whom they would free!
[illegible] At waits them:—the tempestuous sea
Of Ignorance, that ran so rough and high
And heeded not the voice of clashing swords,
These good men humble by a few bare words,
And calm with fear of God's divinity.*

they came; and when he was told from the island of Britain, . . . and were Angles, he played upon the word and said, 'Well may they be so called, for they are like Angels.' . . . Then demanding from what province they were brought, the answer was 'from Deira;' and in the same humour he observed that rightly might this also be said, for *de Dei ira*, from the wrath of God were they to be delivered. And when he was told that their King was Ælla, he replied that Hallelujahs ought to be sung in his dominions. This trifling sprung from serious thought. From that day the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons become a favourite object with Gregory."—(Southey's *Book of the Church*, Vol. I., pp. 22. 23).—Ed.

* Augustin was prior of St Gregory's Monastery, dedicated to St Andrew in Rome, and was sent by Gregory in the year 597 with several other monks into Britain. Ethelbert was then king of Kent, and, as they landed on the Isle of Thanet, he ordered them to stay there. According to Bede, "Some days after, the king came into the island and ordered Augustin and his companions to be brought into his presence. . . . They came . . . bearing a silver cross on their banner, and an image of our Lord and Saviour painted on a board; and singing the litany they offered up their prayers to the Lord for the eternal salvation both of themselves and of those to whom they were come."—(*Eccles. Hist.*, Book I., c. 25.)—Ed.

XV.

PAULINUS.*

BUT, to remote Northumbria's royal Hall,
Where thoughtful Edwin, tutored in the school
Of sorrow, still maintains a heathen rule,
Who comes with functions apostolical?
Mark him, of shoulders curved, and stature tall,
Black hair, and vivid eye, and meagre cheek,
His prominent feature like an eagle's beak;
A Man whose aspect doth at once appal
And strike with reverence. The Monarch leans
Towards the pure truths[1] this Delegate propounds,
Repeatedly his own deep mind he sounds
With careful hesitation,—then convenes
A synod of his Councillors:—give ear,
And what a pensive Sage doth utter, hear!†

XVI.

PERSUASION.

"MAN's life is like a Sparrow,‡ mighty King!
"That—while at banquet with your Chiefs you sit

[1] 1832.

Towards the Truths	1822.
Towards the truth	1827.

* The person of Paulinus is thus described by Bede, from the memory of an eye-witness:—"Longæ staturæ, paululum incurvus, nigro capillo, facie macilentâ, naso adunco, pertenui venerabilis simul et terribilis aspectu."—W. W., 1822.

† Paulinus won over Edwin, king of the Northumbrians, to the Christian faith, and baptised him "with his people," A.D. 627. (See *The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*.)—ED.

‡ See the original of this speech in Bede.—The Conversion of Edwin, as related by him, is highly interesting—and the breaking up of this Council accompanied with an event so striking and characteristic, that I am tempted to give it at length in a translation. "Who, exclaimed the King, when the Council was ended, shall first desecrate the altars and the temples? I, answered the chief priest, for who more fit than myself,

"Housed near a blazing fire—is seen to flit
"Safe from the wintry tempest. Fluttering,[1]
"Here did it enter; there, on hasty wing,
"Flies out, and passes on from cold to cold;
"But whence it came we know not, nor behold
"Whither it goes. Even such, that transient Thing,
"The human Soul; not utterly unknown
"While in the Body lodged, her warm abode;
"But from what world She came, what woe or weal
"On her departure waits, no tongue hath shown;
"This mystery if the Stranger can reveal,
"His be a welcome cordially bestowed!"

1837.
"That, stealing in while by the fire you sit
"Housed with rejoicing Friends, is seen to flit
"Safe from the storm, in comfort tarrying. 1822.

through the wisdom which the true God hath given me, to destroy, for the good example of others, what in foolishness I worshipped? Immediately, casting away vain superstition, he besought the King to grant him what the laws did not allow to a priest, arms and a courser (equum emmissarium); which mounting, and furnished with a sword and lance, he proceeded to destroy the Idols. The crowd, seeing this, thought him mad—he however halted not, but approaching he profaned the temple, casting against it the lance which he had held in his hand, and, exulting in acknowledgment of the worship of the true God, he ordered his companions to pull down the temple, with all its enclosures. The place is shown where those idols formerly stood, not far from York, at the source of the river Derwent, and is at this day called Gormund Gaham, "ubi pontifex ille, inspirante Deo vero, polluit ac destruxit eas, *quas ipse sacraverat aras*." The last expression is a pleasing proof that the venerable monk of Wearmouth was familiar with the poetry of Virgil.—W. W., 1822.

The following is Bede's account of the speech of "another of the king's chief men:"—"The present life of man, O king, seems to me in comparison of that time which is unknown to us, like to the swift flight of a sparrow through the room wherein you sit, at supper in winter, with your commanders and ministers, and a good fire in the midst, whilst the storms of rain and snow prevail abroad. The sparrow, I say—flying in at one door, and immediately out at another—whilst he is within, is safe from the misty storm; but, after a short space of fair weather, he immediately vanishes out of your sight into the dark winter from which he had emerged. So this life of man appears for a short space, but of what went before, and of what is to follow, we are utterly ignorant. If therefore this new doctrine contains something more certain, it seems justly to deserve to be followed."—Ed.

XVII.

CONVERSION.*

PROMPT transformation works the novel Lore;
The Council closed, the Priest in full career
Rides forth, an armed man, and hurls a spear
To desecrate the Fane which heretofore
He served in folly. Woden falls, and Thor
Is overturned: the mace, in battle heaved
(So might they dream) till victory was achieved,
Drops, and the God himself is seen no more.
Temple and Altar sink, to hide their shame
Amid oblivious weeds, "*O come to me,*
Ye heavy laden!" such the inviting voice
Heard near fresh streams;† and thousands, who rejoice
In the new Rite—the pledge of sanctity—
Shall, by regenerate life, the promise claim.

XVIII.

APOLOGY.

NOR scorn the aid which Fancy oft doth lend
The Soul's eternal interests to promote:
Death, darkness, danger, are our natural lot;
And evil Spirits *may* our walk attend
For aught the wisest know or comprehend;
Then be *good* Spirits free[1] to breathe a note

1827. Then let the *good* be free . . . . . 1822.

* See Wordsworth's note to Sonnet XVI.—ED.
† The early propagators of Christianity were accustomed to preach near rivers, for the convenience of baptism.—W. W., 1822.

Of elevation; let their odours float
Around these Converts: and their glories blend,
The midnight stars outshining,[1] or the blaze
Of the noon-day. Nor doubt that golden cords
Of good works, mingling with the visions, raise
The Soul to purer worlds: and *who* the line
Shall draw, the limits of the power define,
That even imperfect faith to man affords?

XIX.

PRIMITIVE SAXON CLERGY.*

How beautiful your presence, how benign,
Servants of God! who not a thought will share
With the vain world; who, outwardly as bare
As winter trees, yield no fallacious sign
That the firm soul is clothed with fruit divine!
Such Priest, when service worthy of his care
Has called him forth to breathe the common air,
Might seem a saintly Image from its shrine
Descended:—happy are the eyes that meet
The Apparition; evil thoughts are stayed
At his approach, and low-bowed necks entreat
A benediction from his voice or hand;
Whence grace, through which the heart can understand,
And vows, that bind the will, in silence made.

1837.

[1] Outshining nightly tapers, . . . 1822.

* Having spoken of the zeal, disinterestedness, and temperance of the clergy of those times, Bede thus proceeds:—"Unde et in magna erat veneratione tempore illo religionis habitus, ita ut ubicunque clericus aliquis, aut monachus adveniret, gaudenter ab omnibus tanquam Dei famulus exciperetur. Etiam si in itinere pergens inveniretur, accurrebant, et flexâ cervice vel manu signari, vel ore illius se benedici, gaudebant. Verbis quoque horum exhortatoriis diligenter auditum præbebant." Lib. iii. cap. 26.—W. W., 1822.

XX.

OTHER INFLUENCES.

Ah, when the Body,[1] round which in love we clung,
Is chilled by death, does mutual service fail?
Is tender pity then of no avail?
Are intercessions of the fervent tongue
A waste of hope?—From this sad source have sprung
Rites that console the Spirit, under grief
Which ill can brook more rational relief:
Hence, prayers are shaped amiss, and dirges sung
For Souls[2] whose doom is fixed! The way is smooth
For Power that travels with the human heart:
Confession ministers the pang to soothe
In him who at the ghost of guilt doth start.
Ye holy Men, so earnest in your care,
Of your own mighty instruments beware!

XXI.

SECLUSION.

Lance, shield, and sword relinquished, at his side
A bead-roll, in his hand a clasped book,
Or staff more harmless than a shepherd's crook,
The war-worn Chieftain quits the world—to hide
His thin autumnal locks where Monks abide
In cloistered privacy. But not to dwell
In soft repose he comes. Within his cell,

[1] 1837.
Frame, 1822.

[2] 1832.
For those 1820.

Round the decaying trunk of human pride,
At morn, and eve, and midnight's silent hour,
Do penitential cogitations cling;
Like ivy, round some ancient elm, they twine
In grisly folds and strictures serpentine;*
Yet, while they strangle, a fair growth they bring,[1]
For recompense—their own perennial bower.

XXII.

CONTINUED.

METHINKS that to some vacant hermitage
My feet would rather turn—to some dry nook
Scooped out of living rock, and near a brook
Hurled down a mountain-cove from stage to stage,
Yet tempering, for my sight, its bustling rage
In the soft heaven of a translucent pool;
Thence creeping under sylvan[2] arches cool,
Fit haunt of shapes whose glorious equipage
Would elevate[3] my dreams.† A beechen bowl,
A maple dish, my furniture should be;
Crisp, yellow leaves my bed; the hooting owl
My night-watch · nor should e'er the crested fowl

[1] 1837.
. . . strangle without mercy, bring 1822.

[2] 1837.
. . . . forest* . . . 1822.

[3] 1837.
Perchance would throng . . . . 1822.

* The "ancient elm," with ivy twisting round it "in grisly folds and strictures serpentine," which suggested these lines, grew in Rydal Park, near the path to the upper waterfall.—ED.

† There are several natural "hermitages" such as this near the Rydal beck.—ED.

From thorp or vill his matins sound for me,
Tired of the world and all its industry.

XXIII.

REPROOF.

But what if One, through grove or flowery mead,
Indulging thus at will the creeping feet
Of a voluptuous indolence, should meet
Thy hovering Shade, O[1] venerable Bede!
The saint, the scholar, from a circle freed
Of toil stupendous in a hallowed seat
Of learning, where thou heard'st[2] the billows beat
On a wild coast, rough monitors to feed
Perpetual industry.* Sublime Recluse!
The recreant soul, that dares to shun the debt
Imposed on human kind, must first forget
Thy diligence, thy unrelaxing use
Of a long life; and, in the hour of death,
The last dear service of thy passing breath! †

[1] 1827.
The hovering Shade of . . 1822

[2] 1827.
. . . . he heard . 1822

* Bede spent the most of his life in the seclusion of the monastery of Jarrow, near the mouth of the Tyne; the wild coast referred to in the Sonnet being the coast of Northumberland.—Ed.

† He expired in the act of concluding a translation to St John's Gospel. —W. W., 1820.

He expired dictating the last words of a translation of St John's Gospel. —W. W., 1827.

XXIV.

SAXON MONASTERIES, AND LIGHTS AND SHADES OF THE RELIGION.

By such examples moved to unbought pains,
The people work like congregated bees; *
Eager to build the quiet Fortresses
Where Piety, as they believe, obtains
From Heaven a *general* blessing; timely rains
Or needful sunshine; prosperous enterprise,
Justice and peace:—bold faith! yet also rise
The sacred Structures for less doubtful gains.[1]
The Sensual think with reverence of the palms
Which the chaste Votaries seek, beyond the grave;
If penance be redeemable, thence alms
Flow to the poor, and freedom to the slave;
And if full oft the Sanctuary save
Lives black with guilt, ferocity it calms.

[1] 1832.

And peace, and equity.—Bold faith! yet rise
The sacred Towers for universal gains. 1822.

And peace, and equity.—Bold faith! yet rise
The sacred structures for less doubtful gains. 1827.

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* See, in Turner's History, Vol. III., p. 528, the account of the erection of Ramsey Monastery. Penances were removable by the performance of acts of charity and benevolence.—W. W., 1822.

"Wherever monasteries were founded, marshes were drained, or woods cleared, and wastes brought into cultivation; the means of subsistence were increased by improved agriculture, and by improved horticulture new comforts were added to life. The humblest as well as the highest pursuits were followed in these great and most beneficial establishments. While part of the members were studying the most inscrutable points of theology, . . . others were employed in teaching babes and children the rudiments of useful knowledge; others as copyists, limners, carvers, workers in wood, and in stone, and in metal, and in trades and manufactures of every kind which the community required."—(Southey's *Book of the Church*, Vol. I., chap iv., pp. 61-2.)—Ed.

XXV

MISSIONS AND TRAVELS.

NOT sedentary all · there are who roam
To scatter seeds of life on barbarous shores,
Or quit with zealous step their knee-worn floors
To seek the general mart of Christendom,
Whence they, like richly-laden merchants, come
To their beloved cells —or shall we say
That, like the Red-cross Knight, they urge their way
To lead in memorable triumph home
Truth, their immortal Una? Babylon,
Learn'd and wise, hath perished utterly,
Nor leaves her Speech one word to aid the sigh[1]
That would lament her,—Memphis, Tyre, are gone
With all their Arts,—but classic lore glides on
By these Religious saved for all posterity

XXVI.

ALFRED

BEHOLD a pupil of the monkish gown,
The pious ALFRED, King to Justice dear!
Lord of the harp and liberating spear,*

[1] 1827.
speech wherewith to clothe a sigh

* "The memory of the life and doings of the noblest of English rulers has come down to us living and distinct through the mist of exaggeration and legend that gathered round it. . He lived solely for the good of his people. He is the first instance in the history of Christendom of the Christian king, of a ruler who put aside every personal aim or ambition to devote himself to the welfare of those whom he ruled So long as he lived he strove 'to live worthily,' but in his mouth a life of worthiness meant a life of justice, temperance, and self sacrifice Ardent warrior as he was,

Mirror of Princes! * Indigent Renown
Might range the starry ether for a crown
Equal to *his* deserts, who, like the year,
Pours forth his bounty, like the day doth cheer,
And awes like night with mercy-tempered frown.
Ease from this noble miser of his time
No moment steals; pain narrows not his cares.†
Though small his kingdom as a spark or gem,
Of Alfred boasts remote Jerusalem,‡
And Christian India, through her wide-spread clime,
In sacred converse gifts with Alfred shares.[1] §

[1] 1827.

And Christian India gifts with Alfred shares
By sacred converse link'd with India's clime. 1822.

with a disorganized England before him, he set aside at thirty-one the dream of conquest to leave behind him the memory, not of victories, but of 'good works,' of daily toils by which he secured peace, good government, education for his people. . . . The spirit of adventure that made him in youth the first huntsman of his day took later and graver form in an activity that found time amidst the cares of state for the daily duties of religion, for converse with strangers, for study and translation, for learning poems by heart, for planning buildings and instructing craftsmen in gold work, for teaching even falconers and dogkeepers their business. . . . He himself superintended a school for the young nobles of the court."—(Green's *History of the English People*, chap. I., sec. 5.)—Ed.

* Compare Voltaire, *Essai sur les Moers*, c. 26; and Herder's *Ideen zur Philos, der Geschichte der Menschheit.* Werke (1820), Vol. VI., p. 152.—Ed.

† Through the whole of his life Alfred was subject to grievous maladies. —W. W., 1822.

"Although disease succeeded disease, and haunted him with tormenting agony, nothing could suppress his unwearied and inextinguishable genius." —Sharon Turner's *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, Vol. I., book iv., chap. 5, p. 503.)—Ed.

‡ "His mind was far from being prisoned within his own island. He sent a Norwegian shipmaster to explore the White Sea. . . . Envoys bore his presents to the Christians of India and Jerusalem, and an annual mission carried Peter's-pence to Rome."—(Green, I., 5.)—Ed.

§ "With Alfred" is in all the editions. The Bishop of St Andrews suggests that "of Alfred" or "from Alfred" would be a better reading.—Ed.

XXVII.

HIS DESCENDANTS.

When thy great soul was freed from mortal chains
Darling of England! many a bitter shower
Fell on thy tomb; but emulative power
Flowed in thy line through undegenerate veins[1]
The Race of Alfred covet[2] glorious pains *
When dangers threaten, dangers ever new!
Black tempests bursting, blacker still in view!
But manly sovereignty its hold retains;
The root sincere, the branches bold to strive
With the fierce tempest, while,[3] within the round
Of their protection, gentle virtues thrive,
As oft, 'mid some green plot of open ground,
Wide as the oak extends its dewy gloom,
The fostered hyacinths spread their purple bloom †

XXVIII.

INFLUENCE ABUSED.

Urged by Ambition, who with subtlest skill
Changes her means, the Enthusiast as a dupe

[1] 1837.

Can aught survive to linger in the veins
Of kindred bodies—an essential power
That may not vanish in one fatal hour,
And wholly cast away terrestrial chains? [illegible]

[2] 1832.

covets [illegible]

[3] 1837.

. . . . . to thrive
With the fierce storm; meanwhile, [illegible]

* In Eadward the elder, his son; Eadmund I, his grandson, Eadward (the martyr), grandson of Eadmund I; and Eadward (the confessor), nephew to the martyr.—Ed.

† As, pre-eminently, in the wood by the road half way from Rydal to Ambleside.—Ed.

Shall soar, and as a hypocrite can stoop,
And turn the instruments of good to ill,
Moulding the credulous people to his will.
Such DUNSTAN:—from its Benedictine coop
Issues the Master mind,* at whose fell swoop
The chaste affections tremble to fulfil
Their purposes. Behold, pre-signified,
The Might of spiritual sway! his thoughts, his dreams,
Do in the supernatural world abide:
So vaunt a throng of Followers, filled with pride
In what they see of virtues pushed to extremes,[1]
And sorceries of talent misapplied.

XXIX.

DANISH CONQUESTS.

WOE to the Crown that doth the Cowl obey! †
Dissension, checking[2] arms that would restrain

1837.
In shows of virtue pushed to its extremes, 1822.

1837.
Dissention checks the . . . . 1822.

* Dunstan was made Abbot of Glastonbury by Eadmund, and there he introduced the Benedictine rule, being the first Benedictine Abbot in England. His aim was a remodelling of the Anglo-Saxon Church, "for which," says Southey, "he was qualified by his rank, his connections, his influence at court, his great and versatile talents, and more than all, it must be added, by his daring ambition, which scrupled at nothing for the furtherance of its purpose."—(*Book of the Church*, I. 6). "Dunstan stands first in the line of ecclesiastical statesmen, who counted among them Langfranc and Wolsey, and ended in Laud." "Raised to the See of Canterbury, he wielded for sixteen years, as the minister of Eadgar, the secular and ecclesiastical powers of the realm."—(Green, I. 6.) In the effort to retain the ascendancy he had won, he lent himself, however, to superstition and to fraud, to craft and mean device. He was a type of the ecclesiastical sorcerer.—ED.

† The violent measures carried on under the influence of *Dunstan*, for strengthening the Benedictine Order, were a leading cause of the second series of Danish invasions.—See *Turner*.—W. W., 1822.

The incessant Rovers of the northern main,*
Helps to restore and spread a Pagan sway;[1]
But Gospel-truth is potent to allay
Fierceness and rage; and soon the cruel Dane
Feels, through the influence of her gentle reign,
His native superstitions melt away.
Thus, often, when thick gloom the east o'ershrouds,
The full-orbed Moon, slow-climbing, doth appear
Silently to consume the heavy clouds;
How no one can resolve; but every eye
Around her sees, while air is hushed, a clear
And widening circuit of ethereal sky.

XXX.

CANUTE.

A PLEASANT music floats along the Mere,
From Monks in Ely chanting service high,
While-as Canute the King is rowing by:
"My Oarsmen," quoth the mighty King, "draw near,
"That we the sweet song of the Monks may hear!"†
He listens (all past conquests and all schemes
Of future vanishing like empty dreams)

[1] 1837.
And widely spreads once more a Pagan sway; 1822.

* *E.g.*, Anlaef, Haco, Svein.—(See Turner's History, II., 3, 8, 9.)—Ed.

† A monk of Ely, who wrote a History of the Church (circa 1166), records a fragment of song, said to have been composed by Canute when on his way to a Church festival. He told his rowers to proceed slowly, and near the shore, that he might hear the chanting of the Psalter by the monks, and he then composed a song himself.

Merie sangen the Muneches binnen Ely,
Tha Cnut ching reu therby:
Roweth cnites ner the land
And here ye thes Muneches sang.—Ed.

Heart-touched, and haply not without a tear.
The Royal Minstrel, ere the choir is still,[1]
While his free Barge skims the smooth flood along,
Gives to that rapture an accordant Rhyme.[2] *
O suffering Earth! be thankful; sternest clime
And rudest age are subject to the thrill
Of heaven-descended Piety and Song.

XXXI.

THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

THE woman-hearted Confessor prepares †
The evanescence of the Saxon line.
Hark! 'tis the tolling Curfew!—the stars shine,[3]
But of the lights that cherish household cares
And festive gladness, burns not one that dares
To twinkle after that dull stroke of thine,
Emblem and instrument, from Thames to Tyne,
Of force that daunts, and cunning that ensnares!
Yet as the terrors of the lordly bell,
That quench, from hut to palace, lamps and fires, ‡

[1] 1827.
was still, 1822.

[2] 1827.
. . . . a memorial Rhyme. 1822.

[3] 1827.
Hark! 'tis the Curfew's knell! the stars may shine; 1822.

* Which is still extant.—W. W., 1822. See last note.—ED.

† Edward the Confessor (1042-1066).—"There was something shadow-like in the thin form, the delicate complexion, the transparent womanly hands, that contrasted with the blue eyes and golden hair of his race; and it is almost as a shadow that he glides over the political stage. The work of government was done by sterner hands."—(Green.)—ED.

‡ The introduction of the curfew-bell (*couvre-feu*, cover fire) into England is ascribed to the Conqueror, but the custom was common in Europe long before his time.—ED.

Touch not the tapers of the sacred quires;
Even so a thaldrom, studious to expel
Old laws, and ancient customs to derange,
To Creed or Ritual brings no fatal change.[1]

XXXII.

Pub. 1836.

COLDLY we spake. The Saxons, overpowered
By wrong triumphant through its own excess,
From fields laid waste, from house and home devoured
By flames, look up to heaven and crave redress
From God's eternal justice. Pitiless
Though men be, there are angels that can feel
For wounds that death alone has power to heal,
For penitent guilt, and innocent distress.
And has a Champion risen in arms to try
His Country's virtue, fought, and breathes no more;
Him in their hearts the people canonize;
And far above the mine's most precious ore
The least small pittance of bare mould they prize
Scooped from the sacred earth where his dear relics lie.

XXXIII.

THE COUNCIL OF CLERMONT.

"AND shall," the Pontiff asks, "profaneness flow
"From Nazareth—source of Christian piety,
"From Bethlehem, from the Mounts of Agony
"And glorified Ascension? Warriors, go,

[1] 1837. Brings to Religion no injurious change. 1522.

"With prayers and blessings we your path will sow;
"Like Moses hold our hands erect, till ye
"Have chased far off by righteous victory
"These sons of Amalek, or laid them low!"—
"GOD WILLETH IT," the whole assembly cry;
Shout which the enraptured multitude astounds![1]
The Council-roof and Clermont's towers reply;—
"God willeth it," from hill to hill rebounds,
And, in awe-stricken[2] Countries far and nigh,
Through 'Nature's hollow arch' that voice resounds.[3] *

XXXIV.

CRUSADES.

THE turbaned Race are poured in thickening swarms
Along the west; though driven from Aquitaine,
The Crescent glitters on the towers of Spain;
And soft Italia feels renewed alarms;
The scimitar, that yields not to the charms
Of ease, the narrow Bosphorus will disdain;
Nor long (that crossed) would Grecian hills detain

[1] 1827.
astounded. 1822.

[2] 1827.
rebounded;
Sacred resolve, in 1822.

[3] 1837.
. . . . resounded. 1822.
That night the voice resounds. 1827.

* The decision of this Council was believed to be instantly known in remote parts of Europe.—W. W.

There were several Councils of Claremont, the chief of them being that of 1095, at which the Crusade was definitely planned. Pope Urban II. addressed the Council in such a way that at the close the whole multitude exclaimed simultaneously *Deus Vult;* and this phrase became the war-cry of the Crusade.—ED

Their tents, and check the current of their arms.
Then blame not those who, by the mightiest lever
Known to the moral world, Imagination,
Upheave, so seems it, from her natural station
All Christendom:—they sweep along (was never
So huge a host!) *—to tear from the Unbeliever
The precious Tomb, their haven of salvation.

XXXV.

RICHARD I.

REDOUBTED King, of courage leonine,
I mark thee, Richard! urgent to equip
Thy warlike person with the staff and scrip;
I watch thee sailing o'er the midland brine;
In conquered Cyprus see thy Bride decline
Her blushing cheek, love-vows[1] upon her lip,
And see love-emblems streaming from thy ship,
As thence she holds her way to Palestine.†
My Song, a fearless homager, would attend
Thy thundering battle-axe as it cleaves the press
Of war, but duty summons her away
To tell—how, finding in the rash distress
Of those Enthusiasts a subservient friend,
To[2] giddier heights hath clomb the Papal sway.

1827.

. . . , Love's vow . . . 1822.

[1] 1837.

Of those enthusiast powers a constant Friend,
Through . . . . . 1822.

* Ten successive armies, amounting to nearly 950,000 men, took part in the first Crusade. "The most distant islands and savage countries," says William of Malmesbury, "were inspired with this ardent passion."—ED.

† Richard I. (Cœur de Lion), one of the two leaders in the third Crusade, after conquering Cyprus—on his way to Palestine—while in that island married Berengaria, daughter of Sanchez, King of Navarre.—ED.

XXXVI.

AN INTERDICT.*

REALMS quake by turns: proud Arbitress of grace,
The Church, by mandate shadowing forth the power
She arrogates o'er heaven's eternal door,
Closes the gates of every sacred place.
Straight from the sun and tainted air's embrace
All sacred things are covered: cheerful morn
Grows sad as night—no seemly garb is worn,
Nor is a face allowed to meet a face
With natural smiles[1] of greeting. Bells are dumb;
Ditches are graves—funereal rites denied;
And in the church-yard he must take his bride
Who dares be wedded! Fancies thickly come
Into the pensive heart ill fortified,
And comfortless despairs the soul benumb.

[1] 1845.
. . . smile . . . . . 1822.

* At the command of Pope Innocent III., the Bishops of London, Ely, and Worcester were charged to lay England under an interdict. They did so, in defiance of King John, and left England. Southey's description of the result may be compared with this sonnet. "All the rites of a Church whose policy it was to blend its institutions with the whole business of private life were suddenly suspended: no bell heard, no taper lighted, no service performed, no church open; only baptism was permitted, and confession and sacrament for the dying. The dead were either interred in unhallowed ground, without the presence of a priest, or any religious ceremony, . . . or they were kept unburied. . . . Some little mitigation was allowed, lest human nature should have rebelled against so intolerable a tyranny. The people, therefore, were called to prayers and sermon on the Sunday, in the churchyards, and marriages were performed at the church door."—(*Book of the Church*, Vol. I., ch. 9, pp. 261-2.)—ED.

XXXVII.

PAPAL ABUSES.

As with the Stream our voyage we pursue,
The gross materials of this world present
A marvellous study of wild accident; *
Uncouth proximities of old and new;
And bold transfigurations, more untrue
(As might be deemed) to disciplined intent
Than aught the sky's fantastic element,
When most fantastic, offers to the view.
Saw we not Henry scourged at Becket's shrine? †
Lo! John self-stripped of his insignia:—crown,
Sceptre and mantle, sword and ring, laid down
At a proud Legate's feet! ‡ The spears that line
Baronial halls, the opprobrious insult feel;
And angry Ocean roars a vain appeal.

XXXVIII.

SCENE IN VENICE.

Black Demons hovering o'er his mitred head,
To Cæsar's Successor the Pontiff spake; §

* Compare Aubrey de Vere's *Thomas à Becket*.—Ed.

† After Becket's murder and canonization Henry II., from political motives, did penance publicly at his shrine. Clad in a coarse garment, he walked three miles barefoot to Canterbury, and at the shrine submitted to the discipline of the Church. Four bishops, abbots, and eighty clergy were present, each with a knotted cord, and inflicted 380 lashes. Bleeding he threw sackcloth over his shoulders, and continued till midnight kneeling at prayer, then visited all the altars, and returned fainting to Becket's shrine, where he remained till morning.—Ed.

‡ On the festival of the Ascension, John "laid his crown at Pandulph's feet, and signed an instrument by which, for the remission of his sins, and those of his family, he surrendered the kingdoms of England and Ireland to the Pope, to hold them thenceforth under him, and the Roman see." Pandulph "kept the crown five days before he restored it to John." —Southey (Vol. I., p. 218).—Ed.

§ The reference is to the legend of Pope Alexander III. and Frederick Barbarossa. See the Fenwick note prefixed to these sonnets.—Ed.

"Ere I absolve thee, stoop! that on thy neck
Levelled with earth this foot of mine may tread.
Then he, who to the altar had been led,
He, whose strong arm the Orient could not check,
He, who had held the Soldan * at his beck,
Stooped, of all glory disinherited,
And even the common dignity of man!—
Amazement strikes the crowd: while many turn
Their eyes away in sorrow, others burn
With scorn, invoking a vindictive ban
From outraged Nature; but the sense of most
In abject sympathy with power is lost.

XXXIX.

PAPAL DOMINION.

UNLESS to Peter's Chair the viewless wind
Must come and ask permission when to blow,
What further empire would it have? for now
A ghostly Domination, unconfined
As that by dreaming Bards to Love assigned,
Sits there in sober truth—to raise the low,
Perplex the wise, the strong to overthrow;
Through earth and heaven to bind and to unbind!—
Resist—the thunder quails thee!—crouch—rebuff
Shall be thy recompence! from land to land
The ancient thrones of Christendom are stuff
For occupation of a magic wand,
And 'tis the Pope that wields it:—whether rough
Or smooth his front, our world is in his hand! †

* Soldan, or Sultan, "Soldanus quasi solus dominus"—ED.
† According to the canons of the Church, the Pope was above all kings, 'He was king of kings and lord of lords, although he subscribed himself

PART II.

TO THE CLOSE OF THE TROUBLES IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES I.

Pub. 1845.

How soon—alas! did Man, created pure—
By Angels guarded, deviate from the line
Prescribed to duty:—woeful forfeiture
He made by wilful breach of law divine.
With like perverseness did the Church abjure
Obedience to her Lord, and haste to twine,
'Mid Heaven-born flowers that shall for aye endure,
Weeds on whose front the world had fixed her sign.
O Man,—if with thy trials thus it fares,
If good can smooth the way to evil choice,
From all rash censure be the mind kept free;
He only judges right who weighs, compares,
And, in the sternest sentence which his voice
Pronounces, ne'er abandons Charity.

II.

Pub. 1845.

FROM false assumption rose, and fondly hailed
By superstition, spread the Papal power;
Yet do not deem the Autocracy prevailed
Thus only, even in error's darkest hour.

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the servant of servants." He might dethrone kings, and tax nations, or destroy empires, as he pleased. All power had been committed to him, and any secular law that was opposed to a papal decree was, *ipso facto*, null and void.—ED.

She daunts, forth-thundering from her spiritual tower,
Brute rapine, or with gentle lure she tames.
Justice and Peace through Her uphold their claims;
And Chastity finds many a sheltering bower.
Realm there is none that if controlled or swayed
By her commands partakes not, in degree,
Of good, o'er manners arts and arms, diffused:
Yes, to thy domination, Roman See,
Tho' miserably, oft monstrously, abused
By blind ambition, be this tribute paid.

III.

CISTERTIAN MONASTERY.*

"*Here Man more purely lives, less oft doth fall,*
More promptly rises, walks with stricter heed,[1]
More safely rests, dies happier, is freed
Earlier from cleansing fires, and gains withal
A brighter crown." †—On yon Cistertian wall
That confident assurance may be read;
And, to like shelter, from the world have fled
Increasing multitudes. The potent call
Doubtless shall cheat full oft the heart's desires;[2]

[1] 1837.
. . with nicer heed, 1822.

[2] 1827.
. . . . desire; 1822.

* The Cistercian order was named after the monastery of Citéaux or Cistercium, near Dijon, founded in 1098 by the Benedictine abbot, Robert of Molême.—Ed.

† "Bonum est nos hic esse, quia homo vivit purius, cadit rarius, surgit velocius, incedit cautius, quiescit securius, moritur felicius, purgatur citius, præmiatur copiosius."—Bernard. "This sentence," says Dr Whitaker, "is usually inscribed in some conspicuous part of the Cistertian houses."—W. W., 1822.

Yet, while the rugged Age on pliant knee
Vows to rapt Fancy humble fealty,
A gentler life spreads round the holy spires;
Where'er they rise, the Sylvan waste retires,
And aëry harvests crown the fertile lea.

IV.*

Pub. 1835.

DEPLORABLE his lot who tills the ground,
His whole life long tills it, with heartless toil
Of villain-service, passing with the soil
To each new Master, like a steer or hound,
Or like a rooted tree, or stone earth-bound;
But mark how gladly, through their own domains,
The Monks relax or break these iron chains;
While Mercy, uttering, through their voice, a sound
Echoed in Heaven, cries out, "Ye Chiefs, abate
These legalized oppressions! Man—whose name
And nature God disdained not; Man—whose soul
Christ died for—cannot forfeit his high claim
To live and move exempt from all control
Which fellow-feeling doth not mitigate!"

* The following note, referring to Sonnets 4, 12, and 13, appears in the volume of 1835—entitled *Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems*—immediately after the poem *St Bees*—

[The three following Sonnets are an intended addition to the "Ecclesiastical Sketches," the first to stand second; and the two that succeed, seventh and eighth, in the second part of the series. They are placed here as having some connection with the foregoing poem.]—ED.

V.

MONKS AND SCHOOLMEN.

RECORD we too, with just and faithful pen,
That many hooded Cenobites * there are,
Who in their private cells have yet a care
Of public quiet; unambitious Men
Councillors for the world, of piercing ken;
Whose fervent exhortations from afar
Move Princes to their duty, peace or war; †
And oft-times in the most forbidding den
Of solitude, with love of science strong,
How patiently the yoke of thought they bear!
How subtly glide its finest threads along!
Spirits that crowd the intellectual sphere ‡
With mazy boundaries, as the astronomer
With orb and cycle girds the starry throng.

VI.

OTHER BENEFITS.

AND, not in vain embodied to the sight,
Religion finds even in the stern retreat

* Cenobites (κοινόβιοι), monks who live in common, as distinguished from hermits or anchorites, who live alone.—ED.

† "Counts, kings, bishops," says F. D. Maurice, "in the fulness of their wealth and barbaric splendour, may be bowing before a monk, who writes them letters from a cell in which he is living upon vegetables and water."—*Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy*, Vol. I., Mediæval Philosophy, chap. iv., p. 534.—ED.

‡ *E.g.*, Albertus Magnus (1193-1280); Thomas Aquinas (1224-1274); Duns Scotus (1275-1308); Roger Bacon (1214-1294).—ED.

Of feudal sway her own appropriate seat; *
From the collegiate pomps on Windsor's height
Down to the humbler[1] altar, which the Knight
And his retainers of the embattled hall
Seek in domestic oratory small,
For prayer in stillness, or the chanted rite;
Then chiefly dear, when foes are planted round,
Who teach the intrepid guardians of the place—
Hourly exposed to death, with famine worn,
And suffering under many a perilous wound—[2]
How sad would be their durance, if forlorn
Of offices dispensing heavenly grace!

VII.

CONTINUED.

And what melodious sounds at times prevail!
And, ever and anon, how bright a gleam
Pours on the surface of the turbid Stream!
What heartfelt fragrance mingles with the gale
That swells the bosom of our passing sail!
For where, but on *this* River's margin, blow
Those flowers of chivalry, to bind the brow
Of hardihood with wreaths that shall not fail?—
Fair Court of Edward! wonder of the world! †

[1] 1837.
. . . . . humble . . . . 1822.

[2] 1827.
. . . . . doubtful wound, 1822.

* St George's Chapel, Windsor, begun by Henry III. and finished by Edward III., rebuilt by Henry VII., and enlarged by Cardinal Wolsey.—Ed.

† Edward the Third (1336-1360). See *The Wonderful Deeds of Edward the Third*, by Robert of Avesbury; and Longman's *History of Edward the Third*.—Ed.

I see a matchless blazonry unfurled
Of wisdom, magnanimity, and love;
And meekness tempering honourable pride;
The lamb is crouching by the lion's side,
And near the flame-eyed eagle sits the dove.

VIII.

CRUSADERS.

FURL we the sails, and pass with tardy oars
Through these bright regions, casting many a glance
Upon the dream-like issues—the romance[1]
Of many-coloured life that[2] Fortune pours
Round the Crusaders, till on distant shores
Their labours end; or they return to lie,
The vow performed, in cross-legged effigy,
Devoutly stretched upon their chancel floors.
Am I deceived? Or is their requiem chanted
By voices never mute when Heaven unties
Her inmost, softest, tenderest harmonies;
Requiem which Earth takes up undaunted,
When she would tell how Brave, and Good, and Wise,[3]
For their high guerdon not in vain have panted;

[1] 1845.
Nor can Imagination quit the shores
Of these bright scenes without a farewell glance
Given to those dream-like issues—that Romance 1822.

Given to the dream-like Issues—that Romance 1837.

1837.
. . . . which . . 1822.

[1] 1837.
. Good and Brave, and Wise, 1822.

IX.

Comp. 1842. Pub. 1845.

As faith thus sanctified the warrior's crest
While from the Papal Unity there came,
What feebler means had fail'd to give, one aim
Diffused thro' all the regions of the West;
So does her Unity its power attest
By works of Art, that shed on the outward frame
Of worship glory and grace, which who shall blame
That ever looked to heaven for final rest?
Hail countless Temples! that so well befit
Your ministry; that, as ye rise and take
Form spirit and character from holy writ,
Give to devotion, wheresoe'er awake,
Pinions of high and higher sweep, and make
The unconverted soul with awe submit.*

X.

Comp. 1842. —— Pub. 1845.

WHERE long and deeply hath been fixed the root
In the blest soil of gospel truth, the Tree,
(Blighted or scathed tho' many branches be,
Put forth to wither many a hopeful shoot)
Can never cease to bear celestial fruit.

* In a letter to Professor Henry Reed, Philadelphia, Sept. 4, 1842, Wordsworth writes: "To the second part of the Series," the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, "I have also added two, in order to do more justice to the Papal Church for the services which she did actually render to Christianity and humanity in the Middle Ages."—ED.

Witness the Church that oft-times, with effect
Dear to the saints, strives earnestly to eject
Her bane, her vital energies recruit.
Lamenting, do not hopelessly repine
When such good work is doomed to be undone,
The conquests lost that were so hardly won:—
All promises vouchsafed by Heaven will shine
In light confirmed while years their course shall run,
Confirmed alike in progress and decline.

XI.

TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

ENOUGH! for see, with dim association
The tapers burn; the odorous incense feeds
A greedy flame; the pompous mass proceeds;
The Priest bestows the appointed consecration;
And, while the HOST is raised, its elevation
An awe and supernatural horror breeds;
And all the people bow their heads, like reeds
To a soft breeze, in lowly adoration.
This Valdo brooks[1] not.* On the banks of Rhone
He taught, till persecution chased him thence,
To adore the Invisible, and Him alone.

1837.

brook'd 1822.

* Peter Waldo (or Valdo), a rich merchant of Lyons (1160 or 1170), becoming religious, dedicated himself to poverty and almsgiving. Disciples gathered round him; and they were called the poor men of Lyons—a modest, frugal, and industrious order. They were reformers before the Reformation. Peter Waldo exposed the corruption of the clergy, had the four gospels translated for the people, and maintained the rights of the laity to read them to the masses. He was condemned by the Lateran Council in 1179.—ED.

Nor are[1] his Followers loth to seek defence,
Mid woods and wilds, on Nature's craggy throne,
From rites that trample upon soul and sense.

XII.

THE VAUDOIS.

Pub. 1835.

But whence came they who for the Saviour Lord
Have long borne witness as the Scriptures teach?—
Ages ere Valdo raised his voice to preach
In Gallic ears the unadulterate Word,
Their fugitive Progenitors explored
Subalpine vales, in quest of safe retreats
Where that pure Church survives, though summer heats
Open a passage to the Romish sword,
Far as it dares to follow. Herbs self-sown,
And fruitage gathered from the chesnut wood,
Nourish the sufferers then; and mists, that brood
O'er chasms with new-fallen obstacles bestrown,
Protect them; and the eternal snow that daunts
Aliens, is God's good winter for their haunts.

XIII.

Pub. 1835.

Praised be the Rivers, from their mountain springs
Shouting to Freedom, "Plant thy banners here!"
To harassed Piety, "Dismiss thy fear,
"And in our caverns smooth thy ruffled wings!"

[1] 1837.
Nor were 1822.

Nor be unthanked their final lingerings—
Silent, but not to high-souled Passion's ear—
'Mid reedy fens wide-spread and marshes drear,
Their own creation. Such glad welcomings
As Po was heard to give where Venice rose,
Hailed from aloft those Heirs of truth divine[1]
Who near his fountains sought obscure repose,
Yet came[2] prepared as glorious lights to shine,
Should that be needed for their sacred Charge;
Blest Prisoners They, whose spirits were at large![3]

XIV.

WALDENSES.*

THOSE had given[4] earliest notice, as the lark
Springs from the ground the morn to gratulate;

1837.
. . . their tardiest lingerings
'Mid reedy fens wide-spread and marshes drear,
Their own creation, till their long career
End in the sea engulphed. Such welcomings
As came from mighty Po when Venice rose,
Greeted those simple Heirs of truth divine 1835

[1] 1837
Yet were . . . . . 1835.

are at large! 1835.

These who gave 1822.

These had given 1843.

* The followers of Peter Waldo became ultimately a separate community, and multiplied in the valleys of Dauphine and Piedmont. They suffered persecutions in 1332, 1400, and 1478, but these persecutions only drove them into fresh districts in Europe. Francis I. of France ordered them to be extirpated from Piedmont in 1541, and many were massacred. In 1560 the Duke of Savoy renewed the persecution at the instance of the Papal See. Charles Emmanuel II., in 1655, continued it.—ED.

Or[1] rather rose the day to antedate,
By striking out a solitary spark,
When all the world with midnight gloom was dark.-
Then followed the Waldensian bands, whom Hate[2]
In vain endeavours[3] to exterminate,
Whom[4] Obloquy pursues with hideous bark :*
But they desist not ;—and the sacred fire,[5]
Rekindled thus, from dens and savage woods
Moves, handed on with never-ceasing care,
Through courts, through camps, o'er limitary floods ;
Nor lacks this sea-girt Isle a timely share
Of the new Flame, not suffered to expire.

XV.

ARCHBISHOP CHICHELY TO HENRY V.

" WHAT beast in wilderness or cultured field
" The lively beauty of the leopard shows ?

[1] 1843.
Who

[2] 1845.
These Harbingers of good, whom bitter hate 1822.
At length come those Waldensian bands, whom Hate 1822.

endeavoured

[3] 1843.
Fell

[5] 1827.
Meanwhile the unextinguishable fire, 1822.

* The list of foul names bestowed upon those poor creatures is long and curious ;—and, as is, alas, too natural, most of the opprobrious appellations are drawn from circumstances into which they were forced by their persecutors, who even consolidated their miseries into one reproachful term, calling them Patarenians, or Paturins, from *pati*, to suffer.

Dwellers with wolves, she names them, for the pine
And green oak are their covert ; as the gloom
Of night oft foils their enemy's design,
She calls them Riders on the flying broom ;
Sorcerers, whose frame and aspect have become
One and the same through practices malign.—W. W. 1822.

"What flower in meadow-ground or garden grows
"That to the towering lily doth not yield?
"Let both meet only on thy royal shield!
"Go forth, great King! claim what thy birth bestows;
"Conquer the Gallic lily which thy foes
"Dare to usurp;—thou hast a sword to wield,
"And Heaven will crown the right."—The mitred Sire
Thus spake—and lo! a Fleet, for Gaul addrest,
Ploughs her bold course across the wondering seas;*
For, sooth to say, ambition, in the breast
Of youthful heroes, is no sullen fire,
But one that leaps to meet the fanning breeze.

XVI.

WARS OF YORK AND LANCASTER.

Thus is the storm abated by the craft
Of a shrewd Counsellor, eager to protect
The Church, whose power hath recently been checked,
Whose monstrous riches threatened. So the shaft
Of victory mounts high, and blood is quaffed
In fields that rival Cressy and Poictiers—†
Pride to be washed away by bitter tears!
For deep as Hell itself, the avenging draught[1]
Of civil slaughter. Yet, while temporal power

[1] 1827.
But mark the dire effect in coming years!
Deep, deep as hell itself, the future draught 1822.

* Henry Chichele, Archbishop of Canterbury in 1414, persuaded Henry V. to carry on war with France, and helped to raise money for the purpose. Henry crossed to Harfleur, Chichele accompanying him, with an army of 30,000, and won the battle of Agincourt.—Ed.

† *E.g.*, the battles [illegible] St Alban's, Wakefield, Mortimer's Cross, Towton, Barnet, Tewkesbury [illegible] h.—Ed.

Is by these shocks exhausted, spiritual truth
Maintains the else endangered gift of life;
Proceeds from infancy to lusty youth;
And, under cover of this [1] woeful strife,
Gathers unblighted strength from hour to hour.

XVII.

* WICLIFFE.

ONCE more the Church is seized with sudden fear,
And at her call is Wicliffe disinhumed;
Yea, his dry bones to ashes are consumed
And flung into the brook that travels near.
Forthwith, that ancient Voice which Streams can hear
Thus speaks (that Voice which walks upon the wind,
Though seldom heard by busy human kind)—
"As thou these ashes, little Brook! wilt bear
"Into the Avon, Avon to the tide
"Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,
"Into main Ocean they, this deed accurst
"An emblem yields to friends and enemies
"How the bold Teacher's Doctrine, sanctified
"By truth, shall spread, throughout the world dispersed." *

1827.

that 1822.

* The Council of Constance condemned Wicliffe as a heretic, and issued an order that his remains should be exhumed, and burnt. "Accordingly, by order of the Bishop of Lincoln, as Diocesan of Lutherworth, his grave, which was in the chancel of the church, was opened, forty years after his death; the bones were taken out and burnt to ashes, and the ashes thrown into a neighbouring brook called the Swift."—(Southey, Vol I., p. 384). "This brook," says Fuller, "conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean; and thus the ashes of Wicliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over." In the note to the 11th Sonnet of Part I., Wordsworth acknowledges his obligations to Fuller in this Sonnet on Wicliffe.—ED.

XVIII.

CORRUPTIONS OF THE HIGHER CLERGY.

"Woe to you, Prelates! rioting in ease
And cumbrous wealth—the shame of your estate:
You, on whose progress dazzling trains await
Of pompous horses; whom vain titles please;
Who will be served by others on their knees,
Yet will yourselves to God no service pay;
Pastors who neither take nor point the way
To Heaven; for, either lost in vanities
Ye have no skill to teach, or if ye know
And speak the word——" Alas! of fearful things
'Tis the most fearful when the people's eye
Abuse hath cleared from vain imaginings;
And taught the general voice to prophesy
Of Justice armed, and Pride to be laid low.

XIX.

ABUSE OF MONASTIC POWER.

And what is penance with her knotted thong,
Mortification with the shirt of hair,
Wan cheek, and knees indurated with prayer,
Vigils, and fastings rigorous as long;
If cloistered Avarice scruple not to wrong
The pious, humble, useful Secular,*
And rob[1] the people of his daily care,

[1] 1827.
and robs . . . . . 1822.

* The *secular* clergy are the priests of the Roman church, who belong to no special religious order, but have the charge of parishes, and so live in the world (*seculum*). The *regular* clergy are the monks belonging to one or other of the monastic orders, and are subject to its rules (*regula*).—Ed.

Scorning that world whose blindness makes her strong?
Inversion strange! that, unto One who lives[1]
For self, and struggles with himself alone,
The amplest share of heavenly favour gives;
That to a Monk allots, both in the esteem
Of God and man, place higher than to him[2]
Who on the good of others builds his own!

XX.

MONASTIC VOLUPTUOUSNESS.

YET more,—round many a Convent's blazing fire
Unhallowed threads of revelry are spun;
There Venus sits disguised like a Nun,—
While Bacchus, clothed in semblance of a Friar,
Pours out his choicest beverage high and higher
Sparkling, until it cannot choose but run
Over the bowl, whose silver lip hath won
An instant kiss of masterful desire—
To stay the precious waste. Through every brain
The domination of the sprightly juice
Spreads high conceits to madding Fancy dear,[3]
Till the arched roof, with resolute abuse

[1] 1827.
Scorning their wants because her arm is strong?
Inversion strange! that to a Monk, who lives 1822.

[1] 1845.
And hath allotted, in the world's esteem,
To such a higher station than to him 1822.
That to a Monk allots, in the esteem
Of God and man, place higher than to him 1827.

[3] 1822.
. . . . . In every brain
Spreads the dominion of the sprightly juice,
Through the wide world to madding Fancy dear, 1822.

Of its grave echoes, swells a choral strain,
Whose votive burthen is—"OUR KINGDOM'S HERE!" *

XXI.

DISSOLUTION OF THE MONASTERIES.

THREATS come which no submission may assuage,
No sacrifice avert, no power dispute;
The tapers shall be quenched, the belfries mute,
And, 'mid their choirs unroofed by selfish rage,
The warbling wren shall find a leafy cage;
The gadding bramble hang her purple fruit;
And the green lizard and the gilded newt
Lead unmolested lives, and die of age.†
The owl of evening and the woodland fox
For their abode the shrines of Waltham choose: ‡
Proud Glastonbury can no more refuse
To stoop her head before these desperate shocks—
She whose high pomp displaced, as story tells,
Arimathean Joseph's wattled cells. §

XXII.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

THE lovely Nun (submissive, but more meek
Through saintly habit than from effort due

* See Wordsworth's note to the next Sonnet.—ED.

† These two lines are adopted from a MS., written about the year 1770, which accidentally fell into my possession. The close of the preceding Sonnet on monastic voluptuousness is taken from the same source, as is the verse, "Where Venus sits," &c., and the line, "Once ye were holy, ye are holy still," in a subsequent Sonnet.—W. W., 1822.

‡ Waltham Abbey is in Essex, on the Lea.—ED.

§ Alluding to the Roman legend that Joseph of Arimathea brought Christianity into Britain, and built Glastonbury Church. See note to Sonnet V.—ED.

To unrelenting mandates that pursue
With equal wrath the steps of strong and weak)
Goes forth—unveiling timidly a cheek [1]
Suffused with blushes of celestial hue,
While through the Convent's [2] gate to open view
Softly she glides, another home to seek.
Not Iris, issuing from her cloudy shrine,
An Apparition more divinely bright!
Not more attractive to the dazzled sight
Those watery glories, on the stormy brine
Poured forth, while summer suns at distance shine,
And the green vales lie hushed in sober light!

XXIII.

CONTINUED.

Yet many a Novice of the cloistral shade,
And many chained by vows, with eager glee [3]
The warrant hail, exulting to be free;
Like ships before whose keels, full long embayed
In polar ice, propitious winds have made
Unlooked-for outlet to an open sea,
Their liquid world, for bold discovery,
In all her quarters temptingly displayed!

[1] 1837.
her cheek 1822.

[2] 1837.
Convent 1822.

[3] 1843.
Yet some, Noviciates of the cloistral shade,
Or chained by vows, with undissembled glee 1822.

Hope guides the young; but when the old must pass
The threshold, whither shall they turn to find
The hospitality—the alms (alas!
Alms may be needed) which that House bestowed?
Can they, in faith and worship, train the mind
To keep this new and questionable road?

XXIV.

SAINTS.

Ye, too, must fly before a chasing hand,
Angels and Saints, in every hamlet mourned!
Ah! if the old idolatry he spurned,
Let not your radiant Shapes desert the Land:
Her adoration was not your demand,
The fond heart proffered it—the servile heart;
And therefore are ye summoned to depart,
Michael, and thou, St George, whose flaming brand *
The Dragon quelled; and valiant Margaret,†
Whose rival sword a like Opponent slew:
And rapt Cecilia, seraph-haunted Queen ‡
Of harmony, and weeping Magdalene,
Who in the penitential desert met
Gales sweet as those that over Eden blew!

* St George, patron Saint of England, supposed to have suffered A.D. 284. The Greek Church honours him as "the great martyr."—Ed.

† St Margaret, supposed to have suffered martyrdom at Antioch, A.D. 275. —Ed.

‡ St Cecilia, patron Saint of Music, has been enrolled as a martyr by the Latin Church from the 5th century.—Ed.

XXV.

THE VIRGIN.*

MOTHER! whose virgin bosom was uncrost
With the least shade of thought to sin allied;
Woman! above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast;
Purer than foam on central ocean tost;
Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn
With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon
Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast;
Thy Image falls to earth. Yet some, I ween,
Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might bend,
As to a visible Power, in which did blend
All that was mixed and reconciled in Thee
Of mother's love with maiden purity,
Of high with low, celestial with terrene!

* Compare the following Sonnet by John Nichol, Professor of English Literature in the University of Glasgow.

AVE MARIA.

Ave Maria! on a thousand thrones
  Raised by the weary hearts that beat to thee,
  As 'neath the softer light the throbbing sea,
Thy name a spell of peace, in lingering tones
Is whispered through the world: thy truth condones
  The feebler faith of worshippers that flee,
  Lost in the sovereign awe, to bend the knee
By pictured holiness or breathing stones.
Mother of Christ! whom ages old adorn,
  And hundred climes, by gentle thought and deed,
Forgive the sacrilege, the brandished scorn
  Of the grim guardians of a narrow creed,
Who fence their folds from Love's serener law,
And "grate on scrannel pipes of wretched straw."

—ED.

APOLOGY.

NOT utterly unworthy to endure
Was the supremacy of crafty Rome; *
Age after age to the arch of Christendom
Aërial keystone haughtily secure;
Supremacy from Heaven transmitted pure,
As many hold; and, therefore, to the tomb
Pass, some through fire—and by the scaffold some-
Like saintly Fisher,† and unbending More,‡
'Lightly for both the bosom's lord did sit
Upon his throne;' unsoftened, undismayed
By aught that mingled with the tragic scene
Of pity or fear; and More's gay genius played
With the inoffensive sword of native wit,
Than the bare axe more luminous and keen.

XXVII.

IMAGINATIVE REGRETS.

DEEP is the lamentation! Not alone
From Sages justly honoured by mankind;
But from the ghostly tenants of the wind,
Demons and Spirits, many a dolorous groan
Issues for that dominion overthrown:

* "To the second part of the same series" (the Ecclesiastical Sonnets) "I have added two, in order to do more justice to the Papal Church for the services which she did actually render to Christianity and Humanity in the Middle Ages."—W. W. (in a letter to Professor Reed, Sept. 4, 1842).—ED.

† John Fisher, born in 1487, became Bishop of Rochester in 1504, was one of the first in England to write against Luther, opposed the divorce of Henry VIII., was sent to the Tower in 1534, and his see declared void, was made a Cardinal by the Pope while in prison, and beheaded on Tower Hill, 1535.—ED.

‡ Sir Thomas More, the author of *Utopia*, born in 1480, was Speaker of the House of Commons in 1523, and succeeded Wolsey as Lord Chancellor in 1530. Disapproving of the king's divorce, he resigned office, was committed to the Tower for refusing to take the oath of supremacy, found guilty of treason, and beheaded in 1535.—ED.

Proud Tiber grieves, and far-off Ganges, blind
As his own worshippers: and Nile, reclined
Upon his monstrous urn, the farewell moan
Renews.* Through every forest, cave, and den,
Where frauds were hatched of old, hath sorrow past—
Hangs o'er the Arabian Prophet's native Waste,†
Where once his airy helpers ‡ schemed and planned
'Mid spectral [1] lakes bemocking thirsty men,§
And stalking pillars built of fiery sand.‖

XXVIII.

REFLECTIONS.

GRANT that by this unsparing hurricane
Green leaves with yellow mixed are torn away,
And goodly fruitage with the mother spray;
'Twere madness wished we, therefore, to detain,
With hands stretched forth in [2] mollified disdain,
The 'trumpery' that ascends in bare display—
Bulls, pardons, relics, cowls black white and grey—
Upwhirled, and flying o'er the ethereal plain
Fast bound for Limbo Lake.¶ And yet not choice
But habit rules the unreflecting herd,
And airy bonds are hardest to disown;
Hence, with the spiritual sovereignty transferred
Unto itself, the Crown assumes a voice
Of reckless mastery, hitherto unknown.

[1] 1827.
'Mid phantom . . . . . 1822.
[2] 1827.
With farewell sighs of . . . . . 1822.

* Compare the echo of the Lady's voice in the lines *To Joanna*, in the "Poems on the naming of places" (Vol. II. p. 158).—ED.

† The desert around Mecca.—ED.

‡ Mahomet affirmed that he had constant visits from angels; and that the angel Gabriel dictated to him the Koran.—ED.

§ The mirage.—ED.

‖ Pillars of sand raised by whirlwinds in the desert, which correspond to waterspouts at sea.—ED.

¶ Hades.—ED.

XXIX.

TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

But, to outweigh all harm, the sacred Book,
In dusty sequestration wrapt too long,
Assumes the accents of our native tongue;
And he who guides the plough, or wields the crook,
With understanding spirit now may look
Upon her records, listen to her song,
And sift her laws—much wondering that the wrong,
Which Faith has suffered, Heaven could calmly brook.
Transcendent boon! noblest that earthly King
Ever bestowed to equalize and bless
Under the weight of mortal wretchedness!
But passions spread like plagues, and thousands wild
With bigotry shall tread the Offering
Beneath their feat, detested and defiled.*

XXX.

THE POINT AT ISSUE.

Pub. 1827.

For what contend the wise?—for nothing less
Than that the Soul, freed from the bonds of Sense,
And to her God restored by evidence [1]
Of things not seen, drawn forth from their recess,
Root there, and not in forms, her holiness;—
For [2] Faith, which to the Patriarchs did dispense

[1] 1832.
Than that pure faith dissolve the bonds of sense;
The soul restored to God by evidence 1827.

[2] 1832.
That . . . . . 1827.

* As was the case during the French Revolution.—Ed.

Sure guidance, ere a ceremonial fence
Was needful round men thirsting to transgress;—
For [1] Faith, more perfect still, with which the Lord
Of all, himself a Spirit, in the youth
Of Christian aspiration, deigned to fill
The temples of their hearts who, with his word
Informed, were resolute to do his will,
And worship Him in spirit and in truth.

XXXI.

EDWARD VI.

'SWEET is the holiness of Youth'—so felt
Time-honoured Chaucer speaking through that Lay [2]
By which the Prioress beguiled the way,*
And many a Pilgrim's rugged heart did melt.
Hadst thou, loved Bard! whose spirit often dwelt
In the clear land of vision, but foreseen
King, child, and seraph,† blended in the mien
Of pious Edward kneeling as he knelt
In meek and simple infancy, what joy
For universal Christendom had thrilled
Thy heart! what hopes inspired thy genius, skilled
(O great Precursor, genuine morning Star)
The lucid shafts of reason to employ,
Piercing the Papal darkness from afar!

[1] 1832.
That 1827.

[2] 1845.
Chaucer when he framed the lay 1822.
Chaucer when he framed that lay 1837.

* The quotation is not from *The Prioress's Tale* of Chaucer, but from Wordsworth's own *Selections from Chaucer modernized*, st. ix. Wordsworth adds an idea, not found in the original, and to make room for it, he extends the stanza from seven to eight lines.—ED.

† King Edward VI. ascended the throne in 1547, at the age of ten, and reigned for six years.—ED.

XXXII.

EDWARD SIGNING THE WARRANT FOR THE EXECUTION OF JOAN OF KENT.

THE tears of man in various measure gush
From various sources; gently overflow
From blissful transport some; from clefts of woe
Some with ungovernable impulse rush;
And some, coëval with the earliest blush
Of infant passion, scarcely dare to show
Their pearly lustre—coming but to go;
And some break forth when others' sorrows crush
The sympathising heart. Nor these, nor yet
The noblest drops to admiration known,
To gratitude, to injuries forgiven;
Claim Heaven's regard like waters that have wet
The innocent eyes of youthful Monarchs driven
To pen the mandates, nature doth disown.*

XXXIII.

REVIVAL OF POPERY.

Pub. 1827.

THE saintly Youth has ceased to rule, discrowned [1]
By unrelenting Death.† O People keen
For change, to whom the new looks always green!

[1] 1832.
Melts into silent shades the youth, discrowned, 1827.

* Joan Bocher, of Kent, a woman of good birth, friend of Ann Askew at Court, was accused, and condemned to die for maintaining that Christ was human only in appearance. Cranmer, by order of the Council, obtained from Edward a warrant for her execution. Edward, who was then in his thirteenth year, signed it, telling Cranmer that he must be answerable for the deed.—ED.

† Edward died in 1553, aged sixteen.—ED.

Rejoicing did they cast upon the ground[1]
Their Gods of wood and stone; and, at the sound
Of counter-proclamation, now are seen,
(Proud triumph is it for a sullen Queen!)
Lifting them up, the worship to confound
Of the Most High. Again do they invoke
The Creature, to the Creature glory give;
Again with frankincense the altars smoke
Like those the Heathen served; and mass is sung;
And prayer, man's rational prerogative,
Runs through blind channels of an unknown tongue.*

XXXIV.

LATIMER AND RIDLEY.

Pub. 1827.

How fast the Marian death-list is unrolled!
See Latimer and Ridley in the might
Of Faith stand coupled for a common flight! †
One (like those prophets whom God sent of old)
Transfigured ‡ from this kindling hath foretold

[1] 1832.
They cast, they cast with joy upon the ground 1827.

* On the death of Edward and the accession of Mary Tudor, the Roman Catholic worship was restored, all the statutes of Edward VI. with regard to religion being repealed by Parliament.—Ed.

† Hugh Latimer, Bishop of Worcester, and Nicholas Ridley, Bishop of Winchester, were sent to the Tower, and subsequently burnt together at Oxford in the front of Balliol College, Oct. 16th, 1555.—Ed.

‡ "M. Latimer suffered his keeper very quietly to pull off his hose, and his other array, which to looke unto was very simple: and being stripped into his shrowd, he seemed as comely a person to them that were present, as one should lightly see: and whereas in his clothes hee appeared a withered and crooked sillie (weak) olde man, he now stood bolt upright, as comely a father as one might lightly behold. * * * * Then they brought a faggotte, kindled with fire, and laid the same downe at doctor Ridley's feete. To whome M. Latimer spake in this manner, 'Bee of good comfort,

A torch of inextinguishable light;
The Other gains a confidence as bold;
And thus they foil their enemy's despite.
The penal instruments, the shows of crime,
Are glorified while this once-mitred pair
Of saintly Friends the 'murtherer's chain partake,
Corded, and burning at the social stake:'
Earth never witnessed object more sublime
In constancy, in fellowship more fair!

XXXV.

CRANMER.*

OUTSTRETCHING flame-ward his upbraided hand[1]
(O God of mercy, may no earthly Seat

[1] 1827.
upbraiding hand 1822.

master Ridley, and play the man; wee shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England, as I trust shall never bee put out."—*Fox's Acts, &c.*

Similar alterations in the outward figure and deportment of persons brought to like trial were not uncommon. See note to the above passage in Dr Wordsworth's Ecclesiastical Biography, for an example in an humble Welsh fisherman.—W. W., 1827.—*Ecclesiastical Biography*, Vol. III. pp. 287, 288.—ED.

* Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, and leader in the ecclesiastical affairs of England during the latter part of Henry VIII. and Edward VI.'s reign, was, on the accession of Mary Tudor, committed to the Tower, tried on charges of heresy, and condemned. He recanted his opinions, but was nevertheless condemned to die. He then recanted his recantation. "They brought him to the spot where Latimer and Ridley had suffered. After a short prayer, he put off his clothes with a cheerful countenance and a willing mind. His feet were bare; his head appeared perfectly bald. Called to abide by his recantation, he stretched forth his right arm, and replied, 'This is the hand that wrote it, and therefore it shall suffer punishment first.' Firm to his purpose, as soon as the flame rose, he held his hand out to meet it, and retained it there steadfastly, so that all the people saw it sensibly burning before the fire reached any other part of his body; and after he repeated with a loud and firm voice, 'This hand hath offended, this unworthy right hand.' Never did martyr endure the fire with more invincible resolution; no cry was heard from him, save the

Of judgment such presumptuous doom repeat!)
Amid the shuddering throng doth Cranmer stand;
Firm as the stake to which with iron band *
His frame is tied; firm from the naked feet
To the bare head. The victory is complete;[1] *
The shrouded Body to the Soul's command
Answers[2] with more than Indian fortitude,
Through all her nerves with finer sense endued,
Till breath departs in blissful aspiration:
Then, 'mid the ghastly ruins of the fire,
Behold the unalterable heart entire,
Emblem of faith untouched, miraculous attestation![3] *

XXXVI.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE TROUBLES OF THE REFORMATION.

AID, glorious Martyrs, from your fields of light,
Our mortal ken! Inspire a perfect trust
(While we look round) that Heaven's decrees are just;
Which few can hold committed to a fight
That shows, ev'n on its better side, the might

[1] 1837.
, the victory complete; 1822.

[2] 1837.
Answering

[3] 1837.
Now wrapt in flames—and now in smoke embowered—
'Till self-reproach and panting aspirations
Are, with the heart that held them, all devoured;
The Spirit set free, and crown'd with joyful
acclamations! 1822.

exclamation of the protomartyr Stephen, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!' The fire did its work soon—and his heart was found unconsumed amid the ashes."—(Southey's *Book of the Church*, Vol II. pp. 240, 241.)—ED.

* For the belief in this fact, see the contemporary Historians.—W. W.

Of proud Self-will, Rapacity, and Lust,
'Mid clouds enveloped of polemic dust,
Which showers of blood seem rather to incite
Than to allay. Anathemas are hurled
From both sides; veteran thunders (the brute test
Of truth) are met by fulminations new;
Tartarean flags are caught at, and unfurled;
Friends strike at friends—the flying shall pursue—
And Victory sickens, ignorant where to rest!

XXXVII.

ENGLISH REFORMERS IN EXILE.*

SCATTERING, like birds escaped the fowler's net,
Some seek with timely flight a foreign strand;
Most happy, re-assembled in a land
By dauntless Luther freed, could they forget
Their Country's woes. But scarcely have they met,
Partners in faith, and brothers in distress,
Free to pour forth their common thankfulness,
Ere hope declines:—their union is beset
With speculative notions[1] rashly sown,

[1] 1827.
With prurient speculations 1822.

* During Mary's reign, fully 800 of the English clergy and laity sought refuge on the Continent, and they were hospitably received in Switzerland, the Low Countries, and along the Rhine. Some of the best known were Coverdale, Sandys, Jewel, Knox, Whittingham, and Foxe. They lived in Basle, Zurich, Geneva, Strasburg, Worms, and Frankfort; and it was in the latter town that the dissensions prevailed, referred to in the sonnet. These was unfolded in a Tract entitled *The Troubles of Frankfort*. The chief point in dispute was the use of the English *Book of Common Prayer*. Knox and Whittingham, under the guidance of Calvin, wished a modification of this book. The dispute ended in the Frankfort magistrates requesting Knox to leave the city. He retired to Geneva. On the accession of Elizabeth, the Frankfort exiles returned to England.—ED.

Whence thickly-sprouting growth of poisonous weeds;
Their forms are broken staves; their passions, steeds
That master them. How enviably blest
Is he who can, by help of grace, enthrone
The peace of God within his single breast!

XXXVIII.

ELIZABETH.

HAIL, Virgin Queen! o'er many an envious bar
Triumphant, snatched from many a treacherous wile!
All hail, sage Lady, whom a grateful Isle
Hath blest, respiring from that dismal war
Stilled by thy voice! But quickly from afar
Defiance breathes with more malignant aim;
And alien storms with home-bred ferments claim
Portentous fellowship. * Her silver car,
By sleepless [1] prudence ruled, glides slowly on;
Unhurt by violence, from menaced taint
Emerging pure, and seemingly more bright:
Ah! wherefore yields it to a foul constraint,†
Black as the clouds its beams dispersed, while shone,
By men and angels blest, the glorious light? [2]

[1] 1827.
Meanwhile, by . . . . .

[1] 1845.
For, wheresoe'er she moves, the clouds anon
Disperse; or—under a Divine constraint—
Reflect some portion of her glorious light! 1822.

* Alluding doubtless to the foreign conspiracies against Elizabeth, the intrigues of Mary Queen of Scots, the Pope's excommunication, and conspiracies in the North of England, &c. See *The White Doe*.—ED.

† An allusion probably to the Court of High Commission, and perhaps also to the execution of the Scottish Queen.—ED.

XXXIX.

EMINENT REFORMERS.

METHINKS that I could trip o'er heaviest soil,
Light as a buoyant bark from wave to wave,
Were mine the trusty staff that JEWEL gave
To youthful HOOKER, in familiar style
The gift exalting, and with playful smile: *
For thus equipped, and bearing on his head
The Donor's farewell blessing, can[1] he dread
Tempest, or length of way, or weight of toil?—
More sweet than odours caught by him who sails
Near spicy shores of Araby the blest,
A thousand times more exquisitely sweet,
The freight of holy feeling which we meet,
In thoughtful moments, wafted by the gales
From fields where good men walk, or bowers wherein they rest.

[1] 1827.
. . . . . could . . 1822.

* "On foot they * went, and took Salisbury in their way, purposely to see the good Bishop, who made Mr Hooker sit at his own table; which Mr Hooker boasted of with much joy and gratitude when he saw his mother and friends; and at the Bishop's parting with him, the Bishop gave him good counsel and his benediction, but forgot to give him money; which when the Bishop had considered, he sent a servant in all haste to call Richard back to him, and at Richard's return, the Bishop said to him, 'Richard, I sent for you back to lend you a horse which hath carried me many a mile, and I thank God with much ease,' and presently delivered into his hand a walking-staff, with which he professed he had travelled through many parts of Germany; and he said, 'Richard, I do not give, but lend you my horse; be sure you be honest, and bring my horse back to me, at your return this way to Oxford. And I do now give you ten groats to bear your charges to Exeter; and here is ten groats more, which I charge you to deliver to your mother, and tell her I send her a Bishop's benediction with it, and beg the continuance of her prayers for me. And if you bring my horse back to me, I will give you ten groats more to carry you on foot to the college; and so God bless you, good Richard.'"—See Walton's *Life of Richard Hooker*.—W. W., 1822.

* *i.e.*, Richard Hooker and a College companion.—ED.

XL.

THE SAME.

HOLY and heavenly Spirits as they are,
Spotless in life, and eloquent as wise,
With what entire affection do they prize *
Their Church reformed![1] labouring with earnest care
To baffle all that may[2] her strength impair;
That Church, the unperverted Gospel's seat;
In their afflictions a divine retreat;
Source of their liveliest hope, and tenderest prayer!—
The truth exploring with an equal mind,
In doctrine and communion they have sought[3]
Firmly between the two extremes to steer;
But theirs the wise man's ordinary lot,
To trace right courses for the stubborn blind,
And prophesy to ears that will not hear.

[1] 1845.

	did they prize	
Their new-born Church!		1822.
	do they prize	
Their new-born Church!		1827.

[2] 1827.

. . . . . might . .		1822.

[3] 1827.

In polity and discipline they sought		1822.

* The reading, "Their new-born Church," printed in all editions of the poems from 1822 till 1842, had been objected to by several correspondents; and out of deference to their suggestions it was altered to "Their Church reformed;" but Wordsworth wrote to his nephew and biographer, Nov. 12, 1846, "I don't like the term *reformed*; if taken in its literal sense as a *transformation*, it is very objectionable" (See *Memoirs*, Vol. II., p. 112), and in the "postscript" to *Yarrow Revisited*, &c., he says, "The great Religious Reformation of the sixteenth century did not profess to be a new construction, but a restoration of something fallen into decay, or put out of sight."—ED.

XLI.

DISTRACTIONS.

MEN, who have ceased to reverence, soon defy
Their forefathers; lo! sects are formed, and split
With morbid restlessness; *—the ecstatic fit
Spreads wide; though special mysteries multiply,
The Saints must govern, is their common cry;
And so they labour, deeming Holy Writ
Disgraced by aught that seems content to sit
Beneath the roof of settled Modesty.
The Romanist exults; fresh hope he draws
From the confusion, craftily incites
The overweening, personates the mad—†
To heap disgust upon the worthier Cause:
Totters the Throne;[1] the new-born Church ‡ is sad
For every wave against her peace unites.

[1] 1827.
The Throne is plagued; 1822.

* The first nonconforming sect in England originated in 1556. It broke off from the Church, simply on a question of vestments. The chief divisions of English Nonconformity in the latter half of the sixteenth century were (1) the *Brunists*, or *Barronists*. The disciples of Brun quarrelled and divided amongst themselves. (2) the *Familists*, an offshoot of the Dutch Anabaptists, a mystic sect which quarrelled with the Puritans. (3) The *Anabaptists*, who were not only religious sectaries, but who differed with the Church on sundry social and civil matters. "They denied the sanctity of an oath, the binding power of laws, the right of the magistrate to punish, and the rights of property."—(Perry's *History of the English Church*, p. 315.) See also Hooker, *Preface* to his Ecclesiastical Polity, c. viii. 6-12; and, on the "indigested enthusiastical scheme called *The Kingdom of Christ*, or *of his Saints*," the *Life of Sir Matthew Hale*, *Eccl. Biog.* iv. 533. —ED.

† A common device in religious and political conflicts.—See *Strype*, in support of this instance.—W. W., 1822. Probably the reference is to the case of Cussin, a Dominican Friar, who pretended to be a Puritan minister, and in his devotions assumed the airs of madness. See in Strype, the Life of Archbishop Parker, Vol. I., chaps. xiii. and xvi.—ED.

‡ See the note to the previous sonnet, No. XL.—ED.

XLII.

GUNPOWDER PLOT.*

FEAR hath a hundred eyes that all agree
To plague her beating heart; and there is one
(Nor idlest that!) which holds communion
With things that were not, yet were *meant* to be.
Aghast within its gloomy cavity
That eye (which sees as if fulfilled and done
Crimes that might stop the motion of the sun)
Beholds the horrible catastrophe
Of an assembled Senate unredeemed
From subterraneous Treason's darkling power:
Merciless act of sorrow infinite!
Worse than the product of that dismal night,
When gushing, copious as a thunder-shower,
The blood of Huguenots through Paris streamed.†

XLIII.

ILLUSTRATION.

THE JUNG-FRAU AND THE FALL OF THE RHINE NEAR SCHAFFHAUSEN.

THE Virgin Mountain,‡ wearing like a Queen
A brilliant crown of everlasting snow,
Sheds ruin from her sides; and men below
Wonder that aught of aspect so serene
Can link with desolation. Smooth and green
And seeming, at a little distance, slow,
The waters of the Rhine; but on they go
Fretting and whitening, keener and more keen;

* Originated by Robert Catesby, the intention being to destroy King, Lords, and Commons, by an explosion at Westminster, when James I. went in person to open Parliament on the 5th November 1605.—ED.

† The massacre on St Bartholomew's Day, Aug. 24, 1572.—ED.

‡ The Jung-frau.—W. W.

Till madness seizes on the whole wide Flood,
Turned to a fearful Thing whose nostrils breathe
Blasts of tempestuous smoke—wherewith he tries[1]
To hide himself, but only magnifies;
And doth in more conspicuous torment writhe,
Deafening the region in his ireful mood.*

XLIV.

TROUBLES OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

EVEN such the contrast that, where'er we move,[2]
To the mind's eye Religion doth present;
Now with her own deep quietness content;
Then, like the mountain, thundering from above
Against the ancient pine-trees of the grove

[1] 1827.
with which he tries 1822.

[2] 1832.
Such contrast, in whatever track we move, 1822.
Such is the contrast, which where'er we move, 1827.

* This Sonnet was included among the *Memorials of a Tour on the Continent in 1822.*

The following extracts from Mrs Wordsworth's Journal of the Continental Tour in 1820 will illustrate it. "Aug. 9.—I am seated before *Jungfrau*, in the green vale of Interlaken, 'green to the very door,' with rich shade of walnut trees, the river behind the house. . . . Mountains and that majestic *Viryin* closing up all. . . . By looking across into a nook at the entrance of the Vale of Lauterbrunnen, Jung-frau presses forward and seems to preside over and give a character to the whole of the vale that belongs only to this one spot." . . . "Aug. 10th.—. . . Reached Grindelwald, by the pass close to Jungfrau (at least separated from it by a deep cleft only), which sent forth its avalanches,—one grand beyond all description. It was an awful and a solemn sound." . . . "Aug. 1st.—. . . . Nothing could exceed my delight when, through an opening between buildings at the skirts of the town, we *unexpectedly* hailed our old and side-by-side companion, the Rhine, now roaring like a lion, along his rocky channel. Never beheld so soft, so lovely a green, as is here given to the waters of this lordly river; and then, how they glittered and heaved to meet the sunshine."—ED.

And the land's humblest comforts. Now her mood
Recals the transformation of the flood,
Whose rage the gentle skies in vain reprove,
Earth cannot check. O terrible excess
Of headstrong will! Can this be Piety?
No—some fierce Maniac hath usurped her name,
And scourges England struggling to be free:
Her peace destroyed! her hopes a wilderness!
Her blessings cursed—her glory turned to shame!

XLV.

LAUD.*

PREJUDGED by foes determined not to spare,[1]
An old weak Man for vengeance thrown aside,
Laud,[2] 'in the painful art of dying' tried,
(Like a poor bird entangled in a snare

1827.
Pursued by Hate, debarred from friendly care; 1822.*

[1] 1827.
Long, 1822.

* See the Fenwick note preceding the Series.—Ed.

In this age a word cannot be said in praise of Laud, or even in compassion for his fate, without incurring a charge of bigotry; but fearless of such imputation, I concur with Hume, "that it is sufficient for his vindication to observe that his errors were the most excusable of all those which prevailed during that zealous period." A key to the right understanding of those parts of his conduct that brought the most odium upon him in his own time, may be found in the following passage of his speech before the bar of the House of Peers:—"Ever since I came in place, I have laboured nothing more than that the external publick worship of God, so much slighted in divers parts of this kingdom, might be preserved, and that with as much decency and uniformity as might be. For I evidently saw that the public neglect of God's service in the outward face of it, and the nasty lying of many places dedicated to that service, *had almost cast a damp upon the true and inward worship of God, which, while we live in the body, needs external helps, and all little enough to keep it in any vigour.*"—W. W., 1827.

Whose heart still flutters, though his wings forbear
To stir in useless struggle) hath relied
On hope that conscious innocence supplied,[1]
And in his prison breathes[2] celestial air.
Why tarries then thy chariot?* Wherefore stay,
O Death! the ensanguined yet triumphant wheels,
Which thou prepar'st, full often, to convey
(What time a State with madding faction reels)
The Saint or Patriot to the world that heals
All wounds, all perturbations doth allay?

XLVI.

AFFLICTIONS OF ENGLAND.

HARP! could'st thou venture, on thy boldest string,
The faintest note to echo which the blast
Caught from the hand of Moses as it pass'd
O'er Sinai's top, or from the Shepherd-king,
Early awake, by Siloa's brook, to sing
Of dread Jehovah; then, should wood and waste
Hear also of that Name, and mercy cast
Off to the mountains, like a covering
Of which the Lord was weary. Weep, oh! weep,
Weep with the good,[3] beholding King and Priest

[1] 1827.
. . . . . Laud relied
Upon the strength which Innocence supplied, 1822.

[2] 1827.
breathed 1822.

[3] 1827.
As good men wept 1822.

* In his address, before his execution, Laud said, "I am not in love with this passage through the Red Sea, and I have prayed *ut transiret calix iste*, but if not, God's will be done."—ED.

Despised by that stern God to whom they raise
Their suppliant hands; but holy is the feast
He keepeth; like the firmament His ways:
His statutes like the chambers of the deep.*

PART III.

[When I came to this part of the series I had the dream described in this Sonnet.† The figure was that of my daughter, and the whole passed exactly as here represented. The Sonnet was composed on the middle road leading from Grasmere to Ambleside: it was begun as I left the last house of the vale, and finished, word for word as it now stands, before I came in view of Rydal. I wish I could say the same of the five or six hundred I have written: most of them were frequently retouched in the course of composition, and, not a few, laboriously.

I have only further to observe that the intended Church which prompted these Sonnets was erected on Coleorton Moor towards the centre of a very populous parish between three and four miles from Ashby-de-la-Zouch, on the road to Loughborough, and has proved, I believe, a great benefit to the neighbourhood.]

FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE PRESENT TIMES.

I SAW the figure of a lovely Maid
Seated alone beneath a darksome tree,
Whose fondly-overhanging canopy
Set off her brightness with a pleasing shade.
No Spirit was she; *that*[1] my heart betrayed;
For she was one I loved exceedingly:
But while I gazed in tender reverie
(Or was it sleep that with my Fancy played?)

[1] 1837.
Substance she seem'd (and *that* 1822.

* See Ps. xxxvi. 5, 6.—Ed.
† The first of Part III.—Ed.

The bright corporeal presence—form and face—
Remaining still distinct grew thin and rare,
Like sunny mist;—at length the golden hair,
Shape, limbs, and heavenly features, keeping pace
Each with the other in a lingering race
Of dissolution, melted into air.

II

PATRIOTIC SYMPATHIES

LAST night, without a voice, that Vision spake
Fear to my Soul, and sadness which might see...[1]
Wholly[2] dissevered from our present theme;
Yet, my belovèd country! I partake[3]
Of kindred agitations for thy sake;
Thou, too, dost visit oft[4] my midnight dream;
Thy[5] glory meets me with the earliest beam
Of light, which tells that Morning is awake.
If aught impair thy[6] beauty or destroy,
Or but forebode destruction, I deplore

[1] 1845.
. . . . . this Vision spake
Fear to my Spirit—passion that might seem 1822.
. . . . . this Vision spake
Fear to my Soul, and sadness that might seem 1827.

[2] 1827.
To lie* . . . . . 1822.

[3] 1832.
Yet do I love my country—and partake 1822.

[4] 1832.
for her.
She visits oftentimes 1822.

[5] 1832.
Her 1822.

[6] 1832.
her 1822.

With filial love the sad vicissitude;
If thou hast[1] fallen, and righteous Heaven restore
The prostrate, then my spring-time is renewed,
And sorrow bartered for exceeding joy.

III.

CHARLES THE SECOND.

Wr[illegible] [illegible]ones— with rapture greeted, and caressed
Wit[illegible] [illegible]antic love—[illegible]s kingdom to regain? *
Hi[illegible] Virtue's Nu[illegible] Adversity, in vain
Received [illegible] fostered in her iron breast:
To al[illegible] the taught of hardiest and of best,
Or would have taught, by discipline of pain
And long privation, now dissolves amain,
Or is remembered only to give zest
To wantonness—Away, Circean revels! †
But for what gain? if England soon must sink
Into a gulf which all distinction levels,
That bigotry may swallow the good name.[2] ‡
And, with that draught, the life-blood: misery, shame,
By Poets loathed; from which Historians shrink!

[1] 1837.
If she hath . . . . . 1822.

[2] 1837.
Already stands our Country on the brink
Of bigot rage, that all distinction levels
Of truth and falsehood, swallowing the good name, 1822.

* "No event ever marked a deeper or a more lasting change in the temper of the English people, than the entry of Charles the Second into Whitehall. With [illegible] modern Eng[illegible] begins."—(Green's *History of the English People*, Chap. IX.)—Ed.

† "The Restoration brought Charles to Whitehall; and in an instant the whole face of England was changed. All that was noblest and best in Puritanism was whirled away."—(Green.) The excesses of every kind that came in with the Restoration were notorious.—Ed.

‡ In 1672 the Duke of York was publicly received into the Church of Rome.—Ed.

IV.

LATITUDINARIANISM.

YET Truth is keenly sought for, and the wind
Charged with rich words poured out in thought's defence;
Whether the Church inspire that eloquence,*
Or a Platonic Piety confined
To the sole temple of the inward mind; †
And One there is who builds immortal lays,
Though doomed to tread in solitary ways, ‡
Darkness before and danger's voice behind;
Yet not alone, nor helpless to repel
Sad thoughts; for from above the starry sphere
Come secrets, whispered nightly to his ear;
And the pure spirit of celestial light
Shines through his soul—'that he may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.' §

V.

WALTON'S BOOK OF LIVES.‖

THERE are no colours in the fairest sky
So fair as these. The feather, whence the pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,

* As in the case of John Hales of Eton, William Chillingworth, who wrote *The Religion of Protestants*, and Jeremy Taylor, author of *The Liberty of Prophecying*.—ED.

† The Cambridge Platonists, Ralph Cudworth, John Smith, and Henry More, are referred to.—ED.

‡ Milton.—ED.

§ Compare *Paradise Lost*, Book iii., l. 54-55.—ED.

‖ Izaak Walton, author of *The Complete Angler*, wrote also *The Lives* of John Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Richard Hooker, George Herbert, and Robert Sanderson.—ED.

Dropped from an Angel's wing.* With moistened eye
We read of faith and purest charity
In Statesman, Priest, and humble Citizen.
O could we copy their mild virtues, then
What joy to live, what blessedness to die!
Methinks their very names shine still and bright;
Apart—like glow-worms on a summer night;
Or lonely tapers when from far they fling
A guiding ray;[1] or seen—like stars on high,
Satellites burning in a lucid ring
Around meek Walton's heavenly memory.

VI.

CLERICAL INTEGRITY.

NOR shall the eternal roll of praise reject
Those Unconforming; whom one rigorous day
Drives from their Cures, a voluntary prey
To poverty, and grief, and disrespect,†
And some to want—as if by tempests wrecked[2]

[1] 1827.
. . glow-worms in the woods of spring,
Or lonely tapers shooting far a light
That guides and cheers,— . . . 1822.

[2] 1827.
. . . . . tempest wreck'd 1822.

* Compare the following with those lines of Wordsworth—

"Whose noble praise
Deserve a quill pluckt from an angel's wing."

(Dorothy Berry, in a Sonnet prefixed to Diana Primrose's *Chain of Pearl, a memorial of the peerless graces, &c., of Queen Elizabeth*, London, 1639.) And a still older passage—

"The pen wherewith thou dost so heavenly singe,
Made of a quill pluckt from an Angell's winge."

(Henry Constable's *Diana*, a volume of Sonnets published in 1594).—ED.

† By the Act of Uniformity (1662), nearly 2000 Presbyterian and Independent Ministers, who had been admitted to benefices in the Church of England during the Puritan Ascendancy, were ejected from their livings. —ED.

On a wild coast; how destitute! did they
Feel not that Conscience never can betray,*
That peace of mind is Virtue's sure effect.
Their altars they forego, their homes they quit,
Fields which they love, and paths they daily trod,
And cast the future upon Providence;
As men the dictate of whose inward sense
Outweighs the world; whom self-deceiving wit
Lures not from what they deem the cause of God.

VII.

PERSECUTION OF THE SCOTTISH COVENANTERS.

Pub. 1827.

When Alpine Vales threw forth a suppliant cry,
The majesty of England interposed †
And the sword stopped; the bleeding wounds were closed;
And Faith preserved her ancient purity.
How little boots that precedent of good,
Scorned or forgotten, Thou canst testify,
For England's shame, O Sister Realm! from wood,
Mountain, and moor, and crowded street, where lie ‡
The headless martyrs of the Covenant,
Slain by Compatriot-protestants that draw
From councils senseless as intolerant
Their warrant. Bodies fall by wild sword-law;
But who would force the Soul, tilts with a straw
Against a Champion cased in adamant.

* The first two words of this line might, with advantage, be transposed. —Ed.

† See Milton's Sonnet xviii., *On the recent massacre in Piedmont*, beginning—

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints."

This was in 1655. In the following year Cromwell, to whom the persecuted Vaudois subjects of the Duke of Savoy had appealed, interposed in their behalf. Nearly $40,000 were collected in England for their relief.—Ed.

‡ Compare *The Excursion*, Book I., l. 176-7, (Vol. V., p. 31.)—Ed.

VIII.

ACQUITTAL OF THE BISHOPS.*

A VOICE, from long-expecting[1] thousands sent
Shatters the air, and troubles tower and spire;
For Justice hath absolved the innocent,
And Tyranny is balked of her desire:
Up, down, the busy Thames—rapid as fire
Coursing a train of gunpowder—it went,
And transport finds in every street a vent,
Till the whole City rings like one vast quire.
The Fathers urge the People to be still,
With outstretched hands and earnest speech[2]—in vain!
Yea, many, happily wont to entertain
Small reverence for the mitre's offices,
And to Religion's self no friendly will,
A Prelate's blessing ask on bended knees.

[1] 1827.
. long-expectant 1822.

[2] 1827.
1822.

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* The Bishops who protested against James II.'s Declaration of Indulgence, and refused to read it. He ordered the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to deprive them of their Sees, and the Bishops were sent to the Tower. "They passed to their prison amidst the shouts of a great multitude, the sentinels knelt for their blessing as they entered the gates, and the soldiers of the garrison drank their healths. . . . The Bishops appeared as criminals at the bar of the King's Bench. The jury had been packed, the judges were mere tools of the Crown, but judges and jury were alike overawed by the indignation of the people at large. No sooner had the foreman of the jury uttered the words 'Not guilty,' than a roar of applause burst from the crowd, and horsemen spurred along every road to carry over the country the news of the acquittal."—(Green.) See Wordworth's note to the eleventh sonnet in Part I. (p. 11.)—ED.

IX.

WILLIAM THE THIRD.

CALM as an under-current, strong to draw
Millions of waves into itself, and run,
From sea to sea, impervious to the sun
And ploughing storm, the spirit of Nassau *
Swerves not (how blest if by religious awe [1]
Swayed, and thereby enabled to contend
With the wide world's commotions) from its end
Swerves not—diverted by a casual law.
Had mortal action e'er a nobler scope?
The hero comes to liberate, not defy;
And, while he marches on with stedfast hope,[2]
Conqueror beloved! expected anxiously!
The vacillating Bondman of the Pope †
Shrinks from the verdict of his stedfast eye.

X.

OBLIGATIONS OF CIVIL TO RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

UNGRATEFUL Country, if thou e'er forget
The sons who for thy civil rights have bled!
How, like a Roman, Sidney bowed his head,‡

[1] 1845.
(By constant impulse of religious awe 1822.

[1] 1845.
. . . . . righteous hope, 1822.

* William III. of Nassau, Prince of Orange, was invited over to England by the nobles and commons who were disaffected towards James II., and landed at Torbay in Nov. 1688.—ED.

† King James II., who fled to France in Dec. 1688.—ED.

‡ Algernon Sidney, second son of the Earl of Leicester, equally opposed to the tyranny of Charles and of Cromwell, was implicated in the Rye

And Russel's milder blood the scaffold wet;*
But these had fallen for profitless regret
Had not thy holy Church her champions bred,
And claims from other worlds inspirited
The star of Liberty to rise. Nor yet
(Grave this within thy heart!) if spiritual things
Be lost, through apathy, or scorn, or fear,
Shalt thou thy humbler franchises support,
However hardly won or justly dear:
What came from heaven to heaven by nature clings,
And, if dissevered thence, its course is short.

XI.

SACHEVEREL.†

Pub. 1827.

A SUDDEN conflict rises from the swell
Of a proud slavery met by tenets strained
In Liberty's behalf. Fears, true or feigned,
Spread through all ranks; and lo! the Sentinel
Who loudest rang his pulpit 'larum bell

House Plot, arraigned before the chief-justice Jeffries, condemned illegally, and executed at Tower Hill in Dec. 1683.—ED.

* Lord William Russell, third son of the Duke of Bedford, member of the House of Commons like Sidney, and like him implicated in the Rye House Plot, condemned at the Old Bailey, and beheaded at Lincolns'-Inn-Fields in July 1683.—ED.

† Henry Sacheverel, a high-church clergyman, preached two sermons in 1709, one at Derby, and the other in St Paul's London, in which he attacked the principles of the Revolution Settlement, taught the doctrine of non-resistance, and decried the Act of Toleration. He was impeached by the Commons, and tried before the House of Lords in 1710, was found guilty, and suspended from office for three years. This made him for the time the most popular man in England; and the general election which followed was fatal to the Government which condemned him. He was a weak and a vain man, who attained to notoriety without fame.—ED.

Stands at the Bar, absolved by female eyes
Mingling their glances with grave flatteries[1]
Lavished on *him*—that England may rebel
Against her ancient virtue. HIGH and LOW,
Watch-words of Party, on all tongues are rife;
As if a Church, though sprung from heaven, must owe
To opposites and fierce extremes her life,—
Not to the golden mean, and quiet flow
Of truths that soften hatred, temper strife.

XII.*

Pub. 1827.

DOWN a swift Stream, thus far, a bold design
Have we pursued, with livelier stir of heart
Than his who sees, borne forward by the Rhine,
The living landscapes greet him, and depart;
Sees spires fast sinking—up again to start!
And strives the towers to number, that recline
O'er the dark steeps, or on the horizon line
Striding with shattered crests his[2] eye athwart.
So have we hurried on with troubled pleasure:
Henceforth, as on the bosom of a stream
That slackens, and spreads wide a watery gleam,
We, nothing loth a lingering course to measure,
May gather up our thoughts, and mark at leisure
How widely spread the interests of our theme.[3]

[1] 1842.
light with graver flatteries 1827.

[2] 1845.
the 1827.

[3] 1845.
Features that else had vanished like a dream. 1827.

* Compare the extract from Mrs and Miss Wordsworth's Journal in the *Memorials of a Tour in the Continent*, (Vol. VI., p. 209).—ED.

XIII.

ASPECTS OF CHRISTIANITY IN AMERICA.*

I.—THE PILGRIM FATHERS.†

Pub. 1845.

WELL worthy to be magnified are they
Who, with sad hearts, of friends and country took
A last farewell, their loved abodes forsook,
And hallowed ground in which their fathers lay;
Then to the new-found World explored their way,
That so a Church, unforced, uncalled to brook
Ritual restraints, within some sheltering nook
Her Lord might worship and his word obey
In freedom. Men they were who could not bend;
Blest Pilgrims, surely, as they took for guide
A will by sovereign Conscience sanctified;
Blest while their Spirits from the woods ascend
Along a Galaxy that knows no end,
But in His glory who for Sinners died.

* In a letter to Professor Henry Reed, dated March 1, 1842, Wordsworth wrote:—"I have sent you three sonnets upon certain 'Aspects of Christianity in America,' having, as you will see, a reference to the subject upon which you wished me to write. I wish they had been more worthy of the subject: I hope, however, you will not disapprove of the connection which I have thought myself warranted in tracing between the Puritan fugitives and Episcopacy."—ED.

† American episcopacy, in union with the church in England, strictly belongs to the general subject; and I here make my acknowledgments to my American friends, Bishop Doane, and Mr Henry Reed of Philadelphia, for having suggested to me the propriety of adverting to it, and pointed out the virtues and intellectual qualities of Bishop White, which so eminently fitted him for the great work he undertook. Bishop White was consecrated at Lambeth, Feb. 4, 1787, by Archbishop Moore; and before his long life was closed, twenty-six bishops had been consecrated in America, by himself. For his character and opinions, see his own numerous Works, and a "Sermon in commemoration of him, by George Washington Doane, Bishop of New Jersey."—W. W., 1845.

XIV.

II. CONTINUED.

Pub. 1845.

FROM Rite and Ordinance abused they fled
To Wilds where both were utterly unknown;
But not to them had Providence foreshown
What benefits are missed, what evils bred,
In worship neither raised nor limited
Save by Self-will. Lo! from that distant shore,
For Rite and Ordinance, Piety is led
Back to the Land those Pilgrims left of yore,
Led by her own free choice.* So Truth and Love
By Conscience governed do their steps retrace.—
Fathers! your Virtues, such the power of grace,
Their spirit, in your Children, thus approve.
Transcendent over time, unbound by place,
Concord and Charity in circles move.

XV.

III. CONCLUDED.—AMERICAN EPISCOPACY.

Pub. 1845.

PATRIOTS informed with Apostolic light
Were they, who, when their Country had been freed,
Bowing with reverence to the ancient creed,
Fixed on the frame of England's Church their sight,†
And strove in filial love to reunite
What force had severed. Thence they fetched the seed
Of Christian unity, and won a meed

* The Book of Common Prayer of the American Episcopal Church was avowedly derived from that of England, and substantially agrees with it.—ED.

† "I hope you will not disapprove of the connection which I have thought myself warranted in tracing between the Puritan fugitives and Episcopacy."—(W. W. to Henry Reed, March 1, 1842.)—ED.

Of praise from Heaven. To Thee, O saintly WHITE,*
Patriarch of a wide-spreading family,
Remotest lands and unborn times shall turn,
Whether they would restore or build—to Thee,
As one who rightly taught how zeal should burn,
As one who drew from out Faith's holiest urn
The purest stream of patient Energy.

XVI.

Pub. 1845.

BISHOPS and Priests, blessèd are ye, if deep
(As yours above all offices is high)
Deep in your hearts the sense of duty lie;
Charged as ye are by Christ to feed and keep
From wolves your portion of his chosen sheep:
Labouring as ever in your Master's sight,
Making your hardest task your best delight,
What perfect glory ye in Heaven shall reap!—
But, in the solemn Office which ye sought
And undertook premonished, if unsound
Your practice prove, faithless though but in thought,
Bishops and Priests, think what a gulf profound
Awaits you then, if they were rightly taught
Who framed the Ordinance by your lives disowned!

XVII.

PLACES OF WORSHIP.

As star that shines dependent upon star
Is to the sky while we look up in love;

* Dr Seabury was consecrated Bishop of Connecticut by Scottish Bishops at Aberdeen, in November 1784. Dr White was consecrated Bishop of Pennsylvania, and Dr Provoost, Bishop of New York, at Lambeth, in February 1787. It was Wordsworth's intention, in 1841, to add a sonnet to his *Ecclesiastical Series* 'On the union of the two Episcopal Churches of England and America.'—ED.

As to the deep fair ships which though they move
Seem fixed, to eyes that watch them from afar;
As to the sandy desert fountains are,
With palm-groves shaded at wide intervals,
Whose fruit around the sun-burnt Native falls
Of roving tired or desultory war—
Such to this British Isle her christian Fanes,
Each linked to each for kindred services;
Her Spires, her Steeple-towers with glittering vanes *
Far-kenned, her Chapels lurking among trees,
Where a few villagers on bended knees
Find solace which a busy world disdains.

XVIII.

PASTORAL CHARACTER.

A GENIAL hearth, a hospitable board,
And a refined rusticity, belong †

* Compare *The Excursion*, Book VI., l. 17-29 (Vol. V., p. 242.)—Ed.

† Among the benefits arising, as Mr Coleridge has well observed, from a Church Establishment of endowments corresponding with the wealth of the country to which it belongs, may be reckoned as eminently important, the examples of civility and refinement which the Clergy, stationed at intervals, afford to the whole people. The established clergy in many parts of England have long been, as they continue to be, the principal bulwark against barbarism, and the link which unites the sequestered peasantry with the intellectual advancement of the age. Nor is it below the dignity of the subject to observe, that their taste, as acting upon rural residences and scenery often furnishes models which country gentlemen, who are more at liberty to follow the caprices of fashion, might profit by. The precincts of an old residence must be treated by ecclesiastics with respect, both from prudence and necessity. I remember being much pleased, some years ago, at Rose Castle, the rural seat of the See of Carlisle, with a style of garden and architecture, which, if the place had belonged to a wealthy layman, would no doubt have been swept away. A parsonage-house generally stands not far from the church; this proximity imposes favourable restraints, and sometimes suggests an affecting union of the accommodations and elegancies of life with the outward signs of piety and mortality.

To the neat mansion, where, his flock among,
The learned Pastor dwells, their watchful lord. *
Though meek and patient as a sheathèd sword;
Though pride's least lurking thought appear a wrong
To human kind; though peace be on his tongue,
Gentleness in his heart; can earth afford
Such genuine state, pre-eminence so free,
As when, arrayed in Christ's authority,
He from the pulpit lifts his awful hand;
Conjures, implores, and labours all he can
For re-subjecting to divine command
The stubborn spirit of rebellious man?

XIX.

THE LITURGY.

YES, if the intensities of hope and fear
Attract us still, and passionate exercise
Of lofty thoughts, the way before us lies
Distinct with signs, through which in set career,[1]
As through a zodiac, moves the ritual year †

[1] 1837.

fixed career, 1822.

With pleasure I recal to mind a happy instance of this in the residence of an old and much-valued Friend in Oxfordshire. The house and church stand parallel to each other, at a small distance; a circular lawn or rather grass-plot, spreads between them; shrubs and trees curve from each side of the dwelling, veiling, but not hiding, the church. From the front of this dwelling, no part of the burial-ground is seen; but as you wind by the side of the shrubs towards the steeple-end of the church, the eye catches a single, small, low, monumental head-stone, moss-grown, sinking into, and gently inclining towards the earth. Advance, and the churchyard, populous and gay with glittering tombstones, opens upon the view. This humble, and beautiful parsonage called forth a tribute, for which see the seventh of the "Miscellaneous Sonnets," Part 3.—W. W. 1822.

* Compare the sonnet, *On the sight of a Manse in the South of Scotland*, belonging to the Tour in the year 1831.—ED.

† Compare *the Christian Year* by Keble, *passim*.—ED.

Of England's Church; stupendous mysteries!
Which, whoso travels in her bosom, eyes,
As he approaches them, with solemn cheer.
Upon that circle traced from sacred story
We only dare to cast a transient glance,
Trusting in hope that *others* may advance
With mind intent upon the King of Glory,[1]
From his mild Advent till his Countenance
Shall dissipate the seas and mountains hoary.*

XX.

BAPTISM.

Pub. 1827.

DEAR[2] be the Church, that, watching o'er the needs
Of Infancy, provides a timely shower
Whose virtue changes to a christian Flower
A Growth from sinful Nature's bed of weeds!—[3]
Fitliest beneath the sacred roof proceeds
The ministration; while parental Love
Looks on, and Grace descendeth from above
As the high service pledges now, now pleads.
There, should vain thoughts outspread their wings and fly
To meet the coming hours of festal mirth,
The tombs—which hear and answer that brief cry,
The Infant's notice of his second birth—
Recal the wandering Soul to sympathy
With what man hopes from Heaven, yet fears from Earth.

[1] 1845.
Enough for us to cast a transient glance
The circle through; relinquishing its story
For those whom Heaven hath fitted to advance
And, harp in hand, rehearse the King of Glory- 1822.

[2] 1845.
Blest 1827.

[3] 1832.
The sinful product of a bed of weeds! 1827.

* See Revelation xx. 11.—ED.

XXI.

SPONSORS.

Pub. 1832.

FATHER! to God himself we cannot give
A holier name! then lightly do not bear
Both names conjoined, but of thy spiritual care
Be duly mindful: still more sensitive
Do thou, in truth a second Mother, strive
Against disheartening custom, that by thee
Watched, and with love and pious industry
Tended at need, the adopted Plant may thrive
For everlasting bloom. Benign and pure
This Ordinance, whether loss it would supply,
Prevent omission, help deficiency,
Or seek to make assurance doubly sure.
Shame, if the consecrated Vow be found
An idle form, the Word an empty sound!

XXII.

CATECHISING.

FROM little down to least, in due degree,
Around the Pastor, each in new-wrought vest,
Each with a vernal posy at his breast,
We stood, a trembling, earnest Company!
With low soft murmur, like a distant bee,
Some spake, by thought-perplexing fears betrayed;
And some a bold unerring answer made:
How fluttered then thy anxious heart for me,
Belovèd Mother! Thou whose happy hand
Had bound the flowers I wore, with faithful tie:

Sweet flowers! at whose inaudible command
Her countenance, phantom-like, doth re-appear:
O lost too early for the frequent tear,
And ill requited by this heartfelt sigh!

XXIII.

CONFIRMATION.

Pub. 1827.

THE Young-ones gathered in from hill and dale,
With holiday delight on every brow:
'Tis passed away; far other thoughts prevail,
For they are taking the baptismal Vow
Upon their conscious selves; their own lips speak
The solemn promise. Strongest sinews fail,
And many a blooming, many a lovely, cheek
Under the holy fear of God turns pale;
While on each head his lawn-robed Servant lays
An apostolic hand, and with prayer seals
The Covenant. The Omnipotent will raise
Their feeble Souls; and bear with *his* regrets,
Who, looking round the fair assemblage, feels
That ere the Sun goes down their childhood sets.

XXIV.

CONFIRMATION CONTINUED.

I SAW a Mother's eye intensely bent
Upon a Maiden trembling as she knelt;
In and for whom the pious Mother felt
Things that we judge of by a light too faint:
Tell, if ye may, some star-crowned Muse, or Saint!
Tell what rushed in, from what she was relieved,
Then, when her Child the hallowing touch received,

And such vibration through[1] the Mother went
That tears burst forth amain. Did gleams appear?
Opened a vision of that blissful place
Where dwells a Sister-child? And was power given
Part of her lost One's glory back to trace
Even to this Rite? For thus *She* knelt, and, ere
The summer-leaf had faded, passed to Heaven.*

XXV.

SACRAMENT.

Pub. 1827.

By chain yet stronger must the Soul be tied:
One duty more, last stage of this ascent,[2]
Brings to thy food, mysterious Sacrament[3]
The Offspring, happy at the Parent's side;
But not [illegible] They, with all that do abide
In Heaven, have lifted up their hearts to land
And magnify the glorious name of God,
Fountain of [illegible] Son for sinners died.
Ye, who have only [illegible] the summons, pause
No longer; [illegible],[4] which to the saving rite
The Altar calls [illegible] only [illegible]der laws
That can secure for you a path of light
Through gloomiest shade; put on (no dread its weight)
Armour divine, and conquer in your cause!

[1] 1837.

1827.

[2] 1827.

last stage to this ascent. Colerton MS.

[3] 1845.

memorial Sacrament! 1827.

[4] 1845.

Here must my song in timid reverence pause:
But shrink not ye . . . . . 1827.

* Compare the tribute to a Daughter, who died within the year after her confirmation, in *A Presbyterian Clergyman looking for the Church*, by Rev. Flavel S. Mines, p. 95.—Ed.

XXVI.

THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.*

Comp. 1842. —— Pub. 1845.

THE Vested Priest before the Altar stands;
Approach, come gladly, ye prepared, in sight
Of God and chosen friends, your troth to plight
With the symbolic ring, and willing hands
Solemnly joined. Now sanctify the bands,
O Father!—to the espoused thy blessing give,
That mutually assisted they may live
Obedient, as here taught, to thy commands.
So prays the Church, to consecrate a Vow
"The which would endless matrimony make;"
Union that shadows forth and doth partake
A mystery potent human love to endow
With heavenly, each more prized for the other's sake;
Weep not, meek Bride! uplift thy timid brow.

XXVII.

THANKSGIVING AFTER CHILDBIRTH.

Comp. 1842. —— Pub. 1845.

WOMAN! the Power who left his throne on high,
And deigned to wear the robe of flesh we wear,

* In a letter to Professor Henry Reed, dated 'Rydal Mount, Sept. 4, 1842,' Wordsworth says: "A few days ago, after a very long interval, I returned to poetical composition; and my first employment was to write a couple of Sonnets upon subjects recommended by you to take place in the Ecclesiastical Series. They are upon the Marriage Ceremony and the Funeral Service. I have, about the same time, added two others, both upon subjects taken from the Services of our Liturgy."—ED.

The Power that thro' the straits of Infancy
Did pass dependent on maternal care,
His own humanity with Thee will share,
Pleased with the thanks that in his People's eye
Thou offerest up for safe Delivery
From Childbirth's perilous throes. And should the Heir
Of thy fond hopes hereafter walk inclined
To courses fit to make a mother rue
That ever he was born, a glance of mind
Cast upon this observance may renew
A better will; and, in the imagined view
Of thee thus kneeling, safety he may find.

XXVIII.

VISITATION OF THE SICK.

Comp. 1842. —— Pub. 1845.

The Sabbath bells renew the inviting peal;
Glad music! yet there be that, worn with pain
And sickness, listen where they long have lain,
In sadness listen. With maternal zeal
Inspired, the Church sends ministers to kneel
Beside the afflicted; to sustain with prayer,
And soothe the heart confession hath laid bare—
That pardon, from God's throne, may set its seal
On a true Penitent. When breath departs
From one disburthened so, so comforted,
His Spirit Angels greet; and ours be hope
That, if the Sufferer rise from his sick-bed,
Hence he will gain a firmer mind, to cope
With a bad world, and foil the Tempter's arts.

XXIX.

THE COMMINATION SERVICE.

Pub. 1845.

SHUN not this Rite, neglected, yea abhorred
By some of unreflecting mind, as calling
Man to curse man,—thought monstrous and appalling.
Go thou and hear the threatenings of the LORD;
Listening within his Temple see his sword
Unsheathed in wrath to strike the offender's head,
Thy own, if sorrow for thy sin be dead,
Guilt unrepented, pardon unimplored.
Two aspects bears Truth needful for salvation;
Who knows not *that?*—yet would this delicate age
Look only on the Gospel's brighter page:
Let light and dark duly our thoughts employ;
So shall the fearful words of Commination
Yield timely fruit of peace and love and joy.

XXX.

FORMS OF PRAYER AT SEA.

Pub. 1845.

To kneeling worshippers no earthly floor
Gives holier invitation than the deck
Of a storm-shattered vessel saved from wreck
(When all that man could do availed no more)
By Him who raised the tempest and restrains.
Happy the crew who this have felt, and pour
Forth for His mercy, as the Church ordains,
Solemn thanksgiving. Nor will *they* implore
In vain who, for a rightful cause, give breath
To words the Church prescribes aiding the lip
For the heart's sake, ere ship with hostile ship

Encounters, armed for work of pain and death.
Suppliants! the God to whom your cause ye trust
Will listen, and ye know that He is just.

XXXI.

FUNERAL SERVICE.

Comp. 1842. —— Pub. 1845.

FROM the Baptismal hour, thro' weal and woe,
The Church extends her care to thought and deed;
Nor quits the Body when the Soul is freed,
The mortal weight cast off to be laid low.
Blest Rite for him who hears in faith, "I know
That my Redeemer liveth,"—hears each word
That follows—striking on some kindred chord
Deep in the thankful heart;—yet tears will flow.
Man is as grass that springeth up at morn,
Grows green, and is cut down and withereth
Ere nightfall—truth that well may claim a sigh,
Its natural echo; but hope comes reborn
At JESU's bidding. We rejoice: "O Death,
Where is thy Sting?—O Grave, where is thy Victory?"

XXXII.

RURAL CEREMONY.*

CLOSING the sacred Book which long has fed
Our meditations,[1] give we to a day

[1] 1845.
With smiles each happy face was overspread,
That trial ended. . . . . 1822.

* This is still continued in many churches in Westmoreland. It takes place in the month of July, when the floor of the stalls is strewn with fresh rushes; and hence it is called the "Rush-bearing."—W. W., 1822.

Of annual[1] joy one tributary lay;
This[2] day, when, forth by rustic music led,
The village Children, while the sky is red
With evening lights, advance in long array
Through the still church-yard, each with garland gay,
That, carried sceptre-like, o'ertops the head
Of the proud Bearer. To the wide church-door,
Charged with these offerings which their fathers bore
For decoration in the Papal time,
The innocent Procession softly moves:—
The spirit of Laud is pleased in heaven's pure clime,
And Hooker's voice the spectacle approves!

XXXIII.

REGRETS.

WOULD that our scrupulous Sires had dared to leave
Less scanty measure of those graceful rites
And usages, whose due return invites
A stir of mind too natural to deceive;
Giving to[3] Memory help when she would weave
A crown for Hope!—I dread the boasted lights
That all too often are but fiery blights,
Killing the bud o'er which in vain we grieve.
Go, seek, when Christmas snows discomfort bring,
The counter Spirit found in some gay church

Content with calmer scenes around us spread
And humbler objects, ... 1827.

[1] 1827. Of festal . . . . . 1822.

[1] 1827. That . . . . . 1822.

[3] 1845. Giving the . . . . . 1822.

Green with fresh holly, every pew a perch
In which the linnet or the thrush might sing,
Merry and loud and safe from prying search,
Strains offered only to the genial Spring.

XXXIV.

MUTABILITY.

FROM low to high doth dissolution climb,
And sink[1] from high to low, along a scale
Of awful notes, whose concord shall not fail;
A musical but melancholy chime,
Which they can hear who meddle not with crime,
Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care.
Truth fails not; but her outward forms that bear
The longest date do melt like frosty rime,
That in the morning whitened hill and plain
And is no more; drop like the tower sublime
Of yesterday, which royally did wear
His[1] crown of weeds, but could not even sustain
Some casual shout that broke the silent air,
Or the unimaginable touch of Time.

XXXV.

OLD ABBEYS.

MONASTIC Domes! following my downward way,
Untouched by due regret I marked your fall!
Now, ruin, beauty, ancient stillness, all
Dispose to judgments temperate as we lay

1843. And sinks . . . . . 1822.

1837. Its . . . . . 1822.

On our past selves in life's declining day:
For as, by discipline of Time made wise,
We learn to tolerate the infirmities
And faults of others—gently as he may,[1]
So with[2] our own the mild Instructor deals,
Teaching us to forget them or forgive.*
Perversely curious, then, for hidden ill
Why should we break Time's charitable seals?
Once ye were holy, ye are holy still;
Your spirit freely let me drink, and live!

XXXVI.

EMIGRANT FRENCH CLERGY.

Pub. 1827.

EVEN while I speak, the sacred roofs of France
Are shattered into dust; and self-exiled
From altars threatened, levelled, or defiled,
Wander the Ministers of God, as chance
Opens a way for life, or consonance
Of faith invites. More welcome to no land
The fugitives than to the British strand,
Where priest and layman with the vigilance
Of true compassion greet them. Creed and test
Vanish before the unreserved embrace
Of catholic humanity:—distrest
They came,—and, while the moral tempest roars

[1] 1822.
—so, where'er he may 1827.
The edition of 1845 returns to the text of 1822.

[2] 1827.
Towards 1822.

* This is borrowed from an affecting passage in Mr George Dyer's history of Cambridge.—W. W., 1822.

Throughout the Country they have left, our shores
Give to their Faith a fearless[1] resting-place.

XXXVII.

CONGRATULATION.

THUS all things lead to Charity, secured
By them who blessed the soft and happy gale
That landward urged the great Deliverer's sail,*
Till in the sunny bay his fleet was moored!
Propitious hour! had we, like them, endured
Sore stress of apprehension,† with a mind
Sickened by injuries, dreading worse designed,
From month to month trembling and unassured,
How had we then rejoiced! But we have felt,
As a loved substance, their futurity:
Good, which they dared not hope for, we have seen;
A State whose generous will through earth is dealt;
A State—which, balancing herself between
License and slavish order, dares be free.

XXXVIII.

NEW CHURCHES.

BUT liberty, and triumphs on the Main,
And laurelled armies, not to be withstood—
What serve they? if, on transitory good
Intent, and sedulous of abject gain,
The State (ah, surely not preserved in vain!)

[1] 1837.
. . . . dreadless . . 1827.

* The statesmen of the Revolution, who hailed the arrival of William of Orange from Holland.—ED.

† See Burnet, who is unusually animated on this subject; the east wind, so anxiously expected and prayed for, was called the "Protestant wind."—W. W., 1822.

Forbear to shape due channels which the Flood
Of sacred truth may enter—till it brood
O'er the wide realm, as o'er the Egyptian plain
The all-sustaining Nile. No more—the time
Is conscious of her want; through England's bounds,
In rival haste, the wished-for Temples rise!*
I hear the Sabbath bells' harmonious chime
Float on the breeze—the heavenliest of all sounds
That vale or hill[1] prolongs or multiplies!

XXXIX.

CHURCH TO BE ERECTED.†

Be this the chosen site; the virgin sod,
Moistened from age to age by dewy eve,
Shall disappear, and grateful earth receive
The corner-stone from hands that build to God.
Yon reverend hawthorns, hardened to the rod
Of winter storms, yet budding cheerfully;
Those forest oaks of Druid memory,
Shall long survive, to shelter the Abode
Of genuine Faith. Where, haply, 'mid this band
Of daisies, shepherds sate of yore and wove
May-garlands, there let[2] the holy altar stand
For kneeling adoration;—while—above,
Broods, visibly portrayed, the mystic Dove,
That shall protect from blasphemy the Land.

[1] 1837.
That hill or vale 1822.

[2] 1843.
May-garlands, let . . . . 1822.

* In 1818, under the ministry of Lord Liverpool, £1,000,000 were voted by Parliament to build new churches in England.—Ed.

† This, and the two following sonnets, were probably the first composed of these *Ecclesiastical Sketches*. The "church to be erected" was a new church built on Coleorton Moor by Sir George Beaumont. (See Prefatory note to the series, p. 1.)—Ed.

XL.

CONTINUED.

MINE ear has rung, my spirit[1] sunk subdued,
Sharing the strong emotion of the crowd,
When each pale brow to dread hosannas bowed
While clouds of incense mounting veiled the rood,
That glimmered like a pine-tree dimly viewed
Through Alpine vapours. Such appalling rite
Our Church prepares not, trusting to the might
Of simple truth with grace divine imbued;
Yet will we not conceal the precious Cross,
Like men ashamed:* the Sun with his first smile
Shall greet that symbol crowning the low Pile:
And the fresh air of incense-breathing morn†
Shall wooingly embrace it; and green moss
Creep round its arms through centuries unborn.

XLI.

NEW CHURCH-YARD.

THE encircling ground, in native turf arrayed,
Is now by solemn consecration given
To social interests, and to favouring Heaven;
And where the rugged colts their gambols played,
And wild deer bounded through the forest glade,

[1] 1827.
. . . . . spirits . . . . 1822.

* The Lutherans have retained the Cross *within* their churches: it is to be regretted that we have not done the same.—W. W., 1822. It has always been retained *without*, and is now scarcely less common *within* the churches of England. Did the poet confound the Cross with the Crucifix? —ED.

† Compare Gray's *Elegy*, stanza 5—
"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn." —ED.

Unchecked as when by merry Outlaw driven,
Shall hymns of praise resound at morn and even;
And soon, full soon, the lonely Sexton's spade
Shall wound the tender sod. Encincture small,
But infinite its grasp of weal and woe![1]
Hopes, fears, in never-ending ebb and flow;—
The spousal trembling, and the 'dust to dust,'
The prayers, the contrite struggle, and the trust
That to the Almighty Father looks through all.

XLII.

CATHEDRALS, ETC.

Open your gates, ye everlasting Piles!
Types of the spiritual Church which God hath reared;
Not loth we quit the newly-hallowed sward
And humble altar, 'mid your sumptuous aisles
To kneel, or thrid your intricate defiles,
Or down the nave to pace in motion slow;
Watching, with upward eye,[2] the tall tower grow
And mount, at every step, with living wiles
Instinct—to rouse the heart and lead the will
By a bright ladder to the world above.
Open your gates, ye Monuments of love
Divine! Thou, Lincoln, on thy sovereign hill!
Thou, stately York! and Ye, whose splendours cheer
Isis and Cam, to patient Science dear!

[1] 1832.
. . . joy and woe! 1822.

[2] 1827.
eyes, 1822.

XLIII.

INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.*

TAX not the royal Saint * with vain expense,
With ill-matched aims the Architect who planned—
Albeit labouring for a scanty band
Of white-robed Scholars only—this immense
And glorious Work of fine intelligence!
Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely-calculated less or more;
So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense
These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering, and wandering on as loth to die;
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.

XLIV.

THE SAME.

WHAT awful perspective! while from our sight
With gradual stealth the lateral windows hide
Their Portraitures, their stone-work glimmers, dyed
In [1] the soft chequerings of a sleepy light.
Martyr, or King, or sainted Eremite,
Whoe'er ye be, that thus, yourselves unseen,

[1] 1827.
Their portraiture the lateral windows hide
Glimmers their corresponding stone-work, dyed
With . . . . . 1822.

* King Henry VI., who founded King's College, Cambridge.—ED.

Imbue your prison-bars with solemn sheen,
Shine on, until ye fade with coming Night!—
But, from the arms of silence—list! O list!
The music bursteth into second life;
The notes luxuriate, every stone is kissed
By sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife;
Heart-trilling strains, that cast, before the eye
Of the devout, a veil of ecstasy!

XLV.

CONTINUED.

THEY dreamt not of a perishable home
Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours of fear
Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here;
Or through the aisles of Westminster to roam;
Where bubbles burst, and folly's dancing foam
Melts, if it cross the threshold; where the wreath
Of awe-struck wisdom droops: or let my path
Lead to that younger Pile, whose sky-like dome *
Hath typified by reach of daring art
Infinity's embrace; whose guardian crest,
The silent Cross, among the stars shall spread
As now, when She hath also seen her breast
Filled with mementos, satiate with its part
Of grateful England's overflowing Dead.

XLVI.

EJACULATION.

GLORY to GOD! and to the POWER who came
In filial duty, clothed with love divine,

* St Paul's Cathedral, built by Sir Christopher Wren (1675-1710).—ED.

That made his human tabernacle shine
Like Ocean burning with purpureal flame;
Or like the Alpine Mount, that takes its name
From roseate hues,* far kenned at morn and even,
In hours of peace, or when the storm is driven
Along the nether region's rugged frame!
Earth prompts—Heaven urges; let us seek the light,
Studious of that pure intercourse begun
When first our infant brows their lustre won;
So, like the Mountain, may we grow more bright
From unimpeded commerce with the Sun,
At the approach of all-involving night.

XLVII.

CONCLUSION.

WHY sleeps the future, as a snake enrolled,
Coil within coil, at noon-tide? For the WORD
Yields, if with unpresumptuous faith explored,
Power at whose touch the sluggard shall unfold
His drowsy rings. Look forth!—THAT STREAM behold,
That Stream upon whose bosom we have passed
Floating at ease while nations have effaced
Nations, and Death has gathered to his fold
Long lines of mighty Kings—look forth, my Soul!
(Nor in this[1] vision be thou slow to trust).
The living Waters, less and less by guilt
Stained and polluted, brighten as they roll,
Till they have reached the eternal City—built
For the perfected Spirits of the just!

[1] 1827.
(Nor in that . . 1822.

* Some say that Monte Rosa takes its name from a belt of rock at its summit—a very unpoetical and scarcely a probable supposition.—W. W., 1822.

1823.

Only three Poems and two Sonnets were written in 1823. The former include the Stanzas to *Memory*, and those addressed *To the Lady Fleming, on seeing the Foundation preparing for the erection of Rydal Chapel, Westmoreland.*

MEMORY.

Comp. 1823. Pub. 1827.

A PEN—to register; a key—
That winds through secret wards;
Are well assigned to Memory
By allegoric Bards.

As aptly, also, might be given
A Pencil to her hand;
That, softening objects, sometimes even
Outstrips the heart's demand;

That smoothes foregone distress, the lines
Of lingering care subdues,
Long-vanished happiness refines,
And clothes in brighter hues;

Yet, like a tool of Fancy, works
Those Spectres to dilate
That startle Conscience, as she lurks
Within her lonely seat.

O! that our lives, which flee so fast,
In purity were such,
That not an image of the past
Should fear that pencil's touch!

Retirement then might hourly look
Upon a soothing scene,

steal to his allotted nook
Contented and serene;

With heart as calm as lakes that sleep,
In frosty moonlight glistening;
Or mountain rivers, where they creep
Along a channel smooth and deep,
To their own far-off murmurs listening.

For the circumstances which gave rise to this poem, see the Fenwick note to the lines, *Written in a Blank Leaf of Macpherson's Ossian*, in the Scottish tour of 1833.—Ed.

TO THE LADY FLEMING,[1]

ON SEEING THE FOUNDATION PREPARING FOR THE ERECTION OF RYDAL CHAPEL,[2] WESTMORELAND.

Comp. 1823. —— Pub. 1827.

[After thanking Lady Fleming in prose for the service she had done to her neighbourhood by erecting this Chapel, I have nothing to say beyond the expression of regret that the architect did not furnish an elevation better suited to the site in a narrow mountain-pass, and, what is of more consequence, better constructed in the interior for the purposes of worship. It has no chancel; the altar is unbecomingly confined; the pews are so narrow as to preclude the possibility of kneeling with comfort; there is no vestry; and what ought to have been first mentioned, the font, instead of standing at its proper place at the entrance, is thrust into the farther end of a pew. When these defects shall be pointed out to the munificent Patroness, they will, it is hoped, be corrected.*]

I.

Blest is this Isle—our native Land;
Where battlement and moated gate
Are objects only for the hand
Of hoary Time to decorate;

[1] 1843. To the Lady —— 1827.

[2] 1843. Of —— Chapel, 1827.

* Rydal Chapel remained in the state mentioned in the Fenwick note till the year 1884.—Ed.

Where shady hamlet, town that breathes
Its busy smoke in social wreaths,
No rampart's stern defence require,
Nought but the heaven-directed spire,
And steeple tower[1] (with pealing bells
Far-heard)—our only citadels.

II.

O Lady! from a noble line
Of chieftains sprung,* who stoutly bore
The spear, yet gave to works divine
A bounteous help in days of yore,
(As records mouldering in the Dell
Of Nightshade † haply yet may tell;)
Thee kindred aspirations moved
To build, within a vale beloved,
For Him upon whose high behests
All peace depends, all safety rests.

III.‡

How fondly will the woods embrace
This daughter of thy pious care,

[1] 1827.
Or steeple tower MS. Letter to Lady Beaumont.

* The Fleming family is descended from Sir Michael le Fleming, a relative of Baldwin, Earl of Flanders, a brother-in-law of William the Conqueror. This Sir Michael le Fleming, who came over with the Conqueror, was sent into Cumberland against the Scots, and was rewarded for his services by the gift of several manors in *Copeland*, Cumberland.—Ed.

† Bekangs Ghyll—or the dell of Nightshade—in which stands St Mary's Abbey in Low Furness.—W. W., 1827.

‡ In the edition of 1827, the stanzas III. and IV. are numbered IV. and III. respectively.—Ed.

Lifting her[1] front with modest grace
To make a fair recess more fair;
And to exalt the passing hour;
Or soothe it with a healing power
Drawn from the Sacrifice fulfilled
Before this rugged soil was tilled,
Or human habitation rose
To interrupt the deep repose!*

IV.

Well may the villagers rejoice!
Nor heat, nor cold, nor weary ways,
Will be a hindrance to the voice
That would unite in prayer and praise;
More duly shall wild wandering Youth
Receive the curb of sacred truth,
Shall tottering Age, bent earthward, hear
The Promise, with uplifted ear;
And all shall welcome the new ray
Imparted to their sabbath-day.

V.

Nor deem the Poet's hope misplaced,
His fancy cheated—that can see
A shade upon the future cast,
Of time's pathetic sanctity;

1832.

Even strangers, slackening here their pace,
Shall hail this work of pious care,
Lifting its . . . . . 1827.

Compare *Glen-Almain*—

A convent, even a hermit's cell,
Would break the silence of this Dell.

—Vol. II., p. 342.—Ed.

Can hear the monitory clock
Sound o'er the lake with gentle shock[1]
At evening,* when the ground beneath
Is ruffled o'er with cells of death;
Where happy generations lie,
Here tutored for eternity.

VI.

Lives there a man whose sole delights
Are trivial pomp and city noise,
Hardening a heart that loathes or slights
What every natural heart enjoys?
Who never caught a noon-tide dream
From murmur of a running stream;
Could strip, for aught the prospect yields
To him, their verdure from the fields;
And take the radiance from the clouds
In which the sun his setting shrouds.†

VII.

A soul so pitiably forlorn,
If such do on this earth abide,
May season apathy with scorn,
May turn indifference to pride;

1832.

Not yet the corner stone is laid
With solemn rite; but fancy sees
The tower time-stricken, and in shade
Embosomed of coeval trees;
Hears, o'er the lake, the warning clock
As it shall sound with gentle shock 1827.

* Compare the last stanza of *The Wishing Gate*.—Ed.
† Compare the *Ode on Immortality*, xi.—Ed.

And still be not unblest—compared
With him who grovels, self-debarred[1]
From all that lies within the scope
Of holy faith and christian hope;
Or, shipwrecked, kindles on the coast
False fires, that others may be lost.[2]

VIII.

Alas! that such perverted zeal
Should spread on Britain's favoured ground![3]
That public order, private weal,
Should e'er have felt or feared a wound
From champions of the desperate law
Which from their own blind hearts they draw;[4]
Who tempt their reason to deny
God, whom their passions dare defy,[5]
And boast that they alone are free
Who reach this dire extremity!

IX.

But turn we from these 'bold bad' men;
The way, mild Lady! that hath led
Down to their 'dark opprobrious den,'

[1] 1827.
With one who fosters disregard. MS. Letter to Lady Beaumont.

[2] 1827.
Yea, strives for others to bedim
The glorious light too pure for him. 1832.
1845 returns to text of 1827.

[3] 1827.
. . on Britain's happy ground.
MS Letter to Lady Beaumont.

[4] 1827.
From Scoffers leagued in desperate plot
To make their own the general lot. MS. Letter to Lady Beaumont.

[5] 1827.
. . passions do deny. MS. Letter to Lady Beaumont.

Is all too rough for Thee to tread.
Softly as morning vapours glide
Down Rydal-cove from Fairfield's side,[1]
Should move the tenor of *his* song
Who means to charity no wrong;
Whose offering gladly would accord
With this day's work, in thought and word

X.

Heaven prosper it! may peace, and love,
And hope, and consolation, fall,
Through its meek influence, from above,
And penetrate the hearts of all;
All who, around the hallowed Fane,
Shall sojourn in this fair domain;
Grateful to Thee, while service pure,
And ancient ordinance, shall endure,
For opportunity bestowed
To kneel together, and adore their God!

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

Comp. 1823. Pub. 1827.

Oh! gather whencesoe'er ye safely may
The help which slackening Piety requires;
Nor deem that he perforce must go astray
Who treads upon the footmarks of his sires.

Our churches, invariably perhaps, stand east and west, but *why* is by few persons *exactly* known; nor, that the degree of deviation from *due* east often noticeable in the ancient ones was determined, in each

[1] 1832.
Through Rydal Cove from Fairfield's side. MS. Letter to Lady Beaumont.
Through Mosedale-Cove from Carrock's side, 1837.

particular case, by the point in the horizon, at which the sun rose upon the day of the saint to whom the church was dedicated.* These observances of our ancestors, and the causes of them, are the subject of the following stanzas.

When in the antique age of bow and spear
And feudal rapine clothed with iron mail,
Came ministers of peace, intent to rear
The Mother Church in yon sequestered vale; †

Then, to her Patron Saint a previous rite
Resounded with deep swell and solemn close,
Through unremitting vigils of the night,
Till from his couch the wished-for Sun uprose.

He rose, and straight—as by divine command,
They, who had waited for that sign to trace
Their work's foundation, gave with careful hand
To the high altar its determined place;

Mindful of Him who in the Orient born
There lived, and on the cross his life resigned,
And who, from out the regions of the morn,
Issuing in pomp, shall come to judge mankind.

So taught *their* creed;—nor failed the eastern sky,
'Mid these more awful feelings, to infuse
The sweet and natural hopes that shall not die,
Long as the sun his gladsome course renews.

* St Oswald's Day is the 8th of August in the Calendar.—Ed.

† Doubtless Grasmere Church, (itself originally a chapelry under Kendal), the advowson of which was sold in 1573 to the Le Flemings of Rydal. The date of the foundation is prehistoric. There is a thirteenth century window in it, but the tower is older. The church is dedicated to St Oswald, King of Northumbria.—Ed.

For us hath such prelusive vigil ceased;
Yet still we plant, like men of elder days*
Our christian altar faithful to the east,
Whence the tall window drinks the morning rays;

That obvious emblem giving to the eye
Of meek devotion, which erewhile it gave,
That symbol of the day-spring from on high,
Triumphant o'er the darkness of the grave.

Comp. 1827. Pub. 1827.

NOT Love, not[1] War, nor the tumultuous swell
Of civil conflict, nor the wrecks of change,
Nor Duty struggling with afflictions strange—
Not these *alone* inspire the tuneful shell;
But where untroubled peace and concord dwell,
There also is the Muse not loth to range,
Watching the twilight smoke of cot or grange,[2]
Skyward ascending from a woody dell.[3]
Meek aspirations please her, lone endeavour,
And sage content, and placid melancholy;
She loves to gaze upon a crystal river—
Diaphanous because it travels slowly;
Soft is the music that would charm for ever;
The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.

1832.

1823.

[1] 1837.

Watching the blue smoke of the elmy grange, 1823.

[1] 1837.

. . . . from the twilight dell. 1823.

* Compare *Tintern Abbey*, l. 17-18.—ED.
† *E.g.*, The Rothay, or the Duddon.—ED.

Comp. 1827. —— Pub. 1827.

A VOLANT Tribe of Bards on earth are found,
Who, while the flattering Zephyrs round them play,
On 'coignes of vantage'* hang their nests of clay;
How quickly from that aery hold unbound,[1]
Dust for oblivion! To the solid ground
Of nature trusts the Mind that builds for aye
Convinced that there, there only, she can lay
Secure foundations. As the year runs round,
Apart she toils within the chosen ring;
While the stars shine, or while day's purple eye
Is gently closing with the flowers of spring;
Where even the motion of an Angel's wing
Would interrupt the intense tranquillity
Of silent hills, and more than silent sky.†

. . . . . nests of clay,
Work cunningly devised, and seeming sound;
But quickly from its airy hold unbound
By its own weight, or washed, or blown away
With silent imperceptible decay.
If man must build, admit him to thy ground,
O Truth! to work within the eternal ring,
Where the stars shine . . . MS., 1832.

* Macbeth, Act I., Sc. 6.—Ed.

† Compare Alexander Hume's *Day Estival* (1599). This and the preceding Sonnet were first published in 1823 in "A Collection of Poems, chiefly manuscript, and from living authors, edited for the benefit of a Friend," by Joanna Baillie. The collection includes Sir Walter Scott's *Macduff's Cross*, and Southey's *Lodore*.—Ed.

1824.

The poems written in 1824 were few. They include two addressed to Mrs Wordsworth, two or three composed at Coleorton, and a couple of memorial sonnets suggested during a tour in North Wales.

TO ——.

Comp. 1824. —— Pub. 1827.

[Written at Rydal Mount. On Mrs Wordsworth.]

LET other bards of angels sing,
  Bright suns without a spot;
But thou art no such perfect thing:
  Rejoice that thou art not![1]

Heed not tho' none should call thee fair;[2]
  So, Mary, let it be
If nought in loveliness compare
  With what thou art to me.

True beauty dwells in deep retreats,
  Whose veil is unremoved
Till heart with heart in concord beats,
  And the lover is beloved.

TO ——.

Comp. 1824. —— Pub. 1827.

[Written at Rydal Mount. To Mrs W.]

O DEARER far than light and life are dear,
Full oft our human foresight I deplore;

1 Such if thou wert in all men's view,
  A universal show,
What would my fancy have to do
  My feelings to bestow? Additional stanza (Second) in eds. 1827-43.

[1] 1832.
The world denies that thou art fair; 1827.

Trembling, through my unworthiness, with fear
That friends, by death disjoined, may meet no more!

Misgivings, hard to vanquish or control,
Mix with the day, and cross the hour of rest;
While all the future, for thy purer soul,
With 'sober certainties' of love is blest.

That sigh of thine,[1] not meant for human ear,
Tells[2] that these words thy humbleness offend;
Yet bear me up[3]—else faltering in the rear
Of a steep march: support[4] me to the end.

Peace settles where the intellect is meek,
And Love is dutiful in thought and deed;
Through Thee communion with that Love I seek:
The faith Heaven strengthens where *he* moulds the Creed.

Comp. 1824. —— Pub. 1827.

[Written at Rydal Mount. Mrs Wordsworth's impression is that the Poem was written at Coleorton: it was certainly suggested by a Print at Coleorton Hall.]

How rich that forehead's calm expanse!
How bright that heaven-directed glance!
—Waft her to glory, winged Powers,
Ere sorrow be renewed,
And intercourse with mortal hours
Bring back a humbler mood!

[1] 1836.
If a faint sigh, . 1827.

[2] 1836.
Tell

[3] 1836.
Cherish me still— 1827.

[4] 1836.
uphold 1827

So looked Cecilia when she drew
An Angel from his station;*
So looked; not ceasing to pursue
Her tuneful adoration!

But hand and voice alike are still;
No sound *here* sweeps away the will
That gave it birth: in service meek
One upright arm sustains the cheek,
And one across the bosom lies—
That rose, and now forgets to rise,
Subdued by breathless harmonies
Of meditative feeling;
Mute strains from worlds beyond the skies,
Through the pure light of female eyes,
Their sanctity revealing!

TO ——.

Comp. 1824. —— Pub. 1827.

[Written at Rydal Mount. Prompted by the undue importance attached to personal beauty by some dear friends of mine.]

LOOK at the fate of summer flowers,
Which blow at daybreak, droop ere even-song;†

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* Compare Dryden's *Ode to St Cecilia*, or *Alexander's Feast*—
"He" (*Timotheus*) "raised a mortal to the skies."
"She" (*Cecilia*) "drew an angel down." —ED.

† Compare Robert Herrick's poem *To Daffodils*—
"Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song," &c.
See also his poem *To Blossoms*.—ED.

And, grieved for their brief date, confess that ours,
Measured by what we are and ought to be,
Measured by all that, trembling, we foresee,
Is not so long!

If human Life do pass away,
Perishing yet more swiftly than the flower,
If we are creatures of a *winter's* day;[1]
What space hath Virgin's beauty to disclose
Her sweets, and triumph o'er the breathing rose?
Not even an hour!

The deepest grove whose foliage hid
The happiest lovers Arcady might boast
Could not the entrance of this thought forbid:
O be thou wise as they, soul-gifted Maid!
Nor rate too high what must so quickly fade,
So soon be lost.

Then shall love teach some virtuous Youth
'To draw, out of the object of his eyes,'
The while[2] on thee they gaze in simple truth,
Hues more exalted, 'a refined Form,'
That dreads not age, nor suffers from the worm,
And never dies.

[1] 1836.
Whose frail existence is but of a day; 1827.

[2] 1836.
The whilst . . 1827.

A FLOWER GARDEN,

AT COLEORTON HALL, LEICESTERSHIRE.[1]

Comp. 1824. —— Pub. 1827.

[Planned by my friend, Lady Beaumont, in connection with the garden at Coleorton.]

TELL me, ye Zephyrs! that unfold,
While fluttering o'er this gay Recess,*
Pinions that fanned the teeming mould
Of Eden's blissful wilderness,
Did only softly-stealing hours
There close the peaceful lives of flowers?

Say, when the *moving* creatures saw
All kinds commingled without fear,
Prevailed a like indulgent law
For the still growths that prosper here?
Did wanton fawn and kid forbear
The half-blown rose, the lily spare?

Or peeped they often from their beds
And prematurely disappeared,
Devoured like pleasure ere it spreads
A bosom to the sun endeared?
If such their harsh untimely doom,
It falls not *here* on bud or bloom.

All summer-long the happy Eve
Of this fair Spot her flowers may bind,
Nor e'er, with ruffled fancy, grieve,

[1] 1836.
A flower garden. 1827.

* The flower garden was constructed below the terrace to the east of the Hall.—ED.

From the next glance she casts, to find
That love for little things by Fate
Is rendered vain as love for great.

Yet, where the guardian fence is wound,
So subtly are our eyes beguiled
We see not nor suspect a bound,[1]
No more than in some forest wild;
The sight is free as air—or crost[2]
Only by art in nature lost.

And, though the jealous turf refuse[3]
By random footsteps to be prest,
And feed[4] on never-sullied dews,
Ye, gentle breezes from the west,
With all the ministers of hope
Are tempted to this sunny slope!

And hither throngs of birds resort;
Some, inmates lodged in shady nests,
Some, perched on stems of stately port
That nod to welcome transient guests;
While hare and leveret, seen at play,
Appear not more shut out than they.

[1] 1836.
So subtly the eye beguiled
It sees not nor suspects a bound. 1827.
MS. copy sent by Mrs Wordsworth to Lady Beaumont.

Free as the light in semblance crost. 1827.
MS. copy sent by Mrs Wordsworth to Lady Beaumont.

[3] 1827.
What though the jealous turf . . . 1827.
MS. copy sent by Mrs Wordsworth to Lady Beaumont.

[4] 1836.
And feeds 1827.

Apt emblem (for reproof of pride)
This delicate Enclosure shows
Of modest kindness, that would hide
The firm protection she bestows;
Of manners, like its viewless fence,
Ensuring peace to innocence.

Thus spake the moral Muse—her wing
Abruptly spreading to depart,
She left that farewell offering,[1]
Memento for some docile heart;
That may respect the good old age
When Fancy was Truth's willing Page;
And Truth would skim the flowery glade,
Though entering but as Fancy's Shade.

In a letter from Mrs Wordsworth to Lady Beaumont, dated "Rydal Mount, Feb. 28" (1824), the following occurs:—

"This garden is made out of Lady Caroline Price's, and your own, combining the recommendations of both. Like you, I enjoy the beauty of flowers, but do not carry my admiration so far as my sister, not to feel how very troublesome they are. I have more pleasure in clearing away thickets, and making such arrangements as produced the Winter Garden, and these sweet glades behind Coleorton Church."
—Ed.

TO THE LADY E. B. AND THE HON. MISS P.

Composed in the Grounds of Plas Newidd,* near Llangollen, 1824.

Comp. 1824. —— Pub. 1827.

[In this Vale of Meditation my friend Jones resided, having been allowed by his diocesan to fix himself there without resigning his Living in Oxfordshire. He was with my wife and daughter and me when we

[1] 1827. . this farewell offering . . .
MS. copy sent by Mrs Wordsworth to Lady Beaumont.

* Plas Newidd is close to Llangollen, a small cottage a quarter of a mile to the south of the town. The ladies referred to in the Fenwick note, Lady Eleanor Butler and the Hon. Miss Ponsonby, formed a romantic

visited these celebrated ladies who had retired, as one may say, into notice in this vale. Their cottage lay directly in the road between London and Dublin, and they were of course visited by their Irish friends as well as innumerable strangers. They took much delight in passing jokes on our friend Jones's plumpness, ruddy cheeks and smiling countenance as little suited to a hermit living in the Vale of Meditation. We all thought there was ample room for retort on his part, so curious was the appearance of these ladies, so elaborately sentimental about themselves and their *Caro Albergo* as they named it in an inscription on a tree that stood opposite, the endearing epithet being preceded by the word Ecco! calling upon the sauntener to look about him. So oddly was one of these ladies attired that we took her, at a little distance, for a Roman Catholic priest, with a crucifix and relics hung at his neck. They were without caps, their hair bushy and white as snow, which contributed to the mistake.]

A STREAM, to mingle with your favourite Dee,
Along the VALE OF MEDITATION * flows;
So styled by those fierce Britons, pleased to see
In Nature's face the expression of repose;
Or haply there some pious hermit chose
To live and die, the peace of heaven his aim;
To whom the wild sequestered region owes,
At this late day, its sanctifying name.
GLYN CAFAILLGAROCH, in the Cambrian tongue,
In ours, the VALE OF FRIENDSHIP, let *this* spot

attachment; and, having an extreme love of independence, they withdrew from society, and settled in this remote and secluded cottage. Lady Butler died in 1829, aged ninety, and Miss Ponsonby in 1831, aged seventy-six, their faithful servant, Mary Caroll, having predeceased them. The three are buried in the same grave in Llangollen Churchyard, and an inscription to the memory of each is carved on a triangular pillar beside their tomb.

In a letter to Sir George Beaumont from Hindwell, Radnorshire, Wordsworth gives an account of this tour in North Wales . . . "We turned from the high road three or four miles to visit the 'Valley of Meditation,' (Glyn Magyr) where Mr Jones has, at present, a curacy with a comfortable parsonage. We slept at Corwen, and went down the Dee to Llangollen, which you and dear Lady B. know well. Called upon the celebrated Recluses, who hoped that you and Lady B. had not forgotten them. . . . Next day I sent them the following sonnet from Ruthin, which was conceived, and in a great measure composed, in their grounds."—ED.

* Glyn Myrvr.—W.W.

Be named; where, faithful to a low-roofed Cot,
On Deva's banks, ye have abode so long;
Sisters in love, a love allowed to climb,
Even on this earth, above the reach of Time!

TO THE TORRENT AT THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE,* NORTH WALES, 1824.

Comp. 1824. —— Pub. 1827.

How art thou named? In search of what strange land
From what huge height, descending? Can such force
Of waters issue from a British source,†
Or hath not Pindus fed thee,‡ where the band
Of Patriots scoop their freedom out, with hand
Desperate as thine? Or come the incessant shocks
From that young Stream,§ that smites the throbbing rocks

* The Devil's Bridge in North Wales is at Hafod, near Aberystwith, in Cardiganshire. Like the Teufelsbrücke, on the road from Goschenen to Airolo, over the St Gothard in Switzerland, which spans the Reuss, the Devil's Bridge in Wales is double; *i.e.*, an upper and an under bridge span the river Mynach. This *Pont-y-Mynach* was built either by the monks of Strata Florida, or by the Knights Hospitallers.

In the letter to Sir George Beaumont, referred to in a previous note, Wordsworth writes: "We went up the Rhydiol to the Devil's Bridge, where we passed the following day in exploring these two rivers, and Hafod in the neighbourhood. I had seen these things long ago, but either my memory or my powers of observation had not done them justice. It rained heavily in the night, and we saw the waterfalls in perfection. While Dora was attempting to make a sketch from the chasm in the rain, I composed by her side the following address to the torrent,

'How art thou named? &c.'" —Ed.

† There are several consecutive falls on the river Mynach, at the Devil's Bridge, the longest being one of 114 feet, and the whole taken together amounting to 314 feet.—Ed.

‡ The lofty ridge of mountains in northern Greece between Thessaly and Epirus, which, like the Appennines in Italy, form the back bone of the country.—Ed.

§ The Rhine. The Via Mala is the gorge between Thusis and Zillis, near the source of the Rhine. Compare *Descriptive Sketches*—

"Or, led where Via Mala's chasms confine
The indignant waters of the infant Rhine."—
(Vol. I., p. 40.)—Ed.

Of Viamala? There I seem to stand,
As in life's morn; permitted to behold,
From the dread chasm, woods climbing above woods,
In pomp that fades not; everlasting snows;
And skies that ne'er relinquish their repose;
Such power possess the family of floods
Over the minds of Poets, young or old!

COMPOSED AMONG THE RUINS OF A CASTLE IN NORTH WALES.

Comp. 1827. —— Pub. 1827.

THROUGH shattered galleries, 'mid roofless halls,
Wandering with timid footsteps[1] oft betrayed,
The Stranger sighs, nor scruples to upbraid
Old Time, though he, gentlest among the Thralls
Of Destiny, upon these wounds hath laid
His lenient touches, soft as light that falls,
From the wan Moon, upon the towers and walls,
Light deepening the profoundest sleep of shade.
Relic of Kings! Wreck of forgotten wars,
To winds abandoned and the prying stars,
Time *loves* Thee! at his call the Seasons twine
Luxuriant wreaths around thy forehead hoar;
And, though past pomp no changes can restore,
A soothing recompence, his gift, is thine!*

[1] 1837.
. . . . footstep . . 1827.

* Compare the *White Doe of Rylstone*, Canto I. (Vol. IV., p. 108)—
"Nature, softening and concealing,
And busy with a hand of healing."

This was doubtless Carnarvon Castle, which Wordsworth visited in September 1824, at the close of his three weeks' ramble in North Wales, of which he wrote to Sir George Beaumont. "We employed several hours in exploring the interior of the noble castle, and looking at it from different points of view in the neighbourhood."—ED.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

(ADDRESSED TO SIR G. H. B. UPON THE DEATH OF HIS SISTER-IN-LAW.)

1824.[1]

Comp. 1824. —— Pub. 1827.

[On Mrs Fermor. This lady had been a widow long before I knew her. Her husband was of the family of the lady celebrated in the "Rape of the Lock," and was, I believe, a Roman Catholic. The sorrow which his death caused her was fearful in its character as described in this poem, but was subdued in course of time by the strength of her religious faith. I have been for many weeks at a time, an inmate with her at Coleorton Hall, as were also Mrs Wordsworth and my sister. The truth in the sketch of her character here given was acknowledged with gratitude by her nearest relatives. She was eloquent in conversation, energetic upon public matters, open in respect to those, but slow to communicate her personal feelings; upon these she never touched in her intercourse with me, so that I could not regard myself as her confidential friend, and was accordingly surprised when I learnt she had left me a legacy of £100, as a token of her esteem. See in further illustration the second stanza inscribed upon her cenotaph in Coleorton church.]

O FOR a dirge! But why complain?
Ask rather a triumphal strain
When FERMOR's race is run;
A garland of immortal boughs
To twine[2] around the Christian's brows,
Whose glorious work is done.

We pay a high and holy debt;
No tears of passionate regret
Shall stain this votive lay;
Ill-worthy, Beaumont! were the grief
That flings itself on wild relief
When Saints have passed away.

[1] 1837.
Elegiac Stanzas, 1824. 1827.

[2] 1845.
To bind 1827.

Sad doom, at Sorrow's shrine to kneel,
For ever covetous to feel,
And impotent to bear!
Such once was hers—to think and think
On severed love, and only sink
From anguish to despair!

But nature to its inmost part
Faith had[1] refined; and to her heart
A peaceful cradle given:
Calm as the dew-drop's, free to rest
Within a breeze-fanned rose's breast
Till it exhales to Heaven.

Was ever Spirit that could bend
So graciously?[2]—that could descend,
Another's need to suit.
So promptly from her lofty throne?—
In works of love, in these alone,
How restless, how minute!

Pale was her hue; yet mortal cheek[3]
Ne'er kindled with a livelier streak
When aught had suffered wrong,—
When aught that breathes had felt a wound;
Such look the Oppressor might confound,
However proud and strong.

[1] 1837.

Had faith 1827.

[2] 1824.

So courteously

MS. copy sent to Colsorton.

[3] 1824.

Pale was her hue, but mortal cheek

MS. copy, Mrs Wordsworth to Lady Beaumont.

But hushed be every thought that springs
From out the bitterness of things;
Her quiet is secure;
No thorns can pierce her tender feet,
Whose life was, like the violet, sweet,
As climbing jasmine, pure—

As snowdrop on an infant's grave,
Or lily heaving with the wave
That feeds it and defends;
As Vesper, ere the star hath kissed
The mountain top, or breathed the mist
That from the vale ascends.

Thou takest not away, O Death!
Thou strikest [1]—absence perisheth,
Indifference is no more;
The future brightens on our sight;
For on the past hath fallen a light
That tempts us to adore.

[1] 1843.
Thou strik'st—and 1827.

In a letter from Mrs Wordsworth to Lady Beaumont, dated "Rydal Mount, Feb. 25," she says:—

"We are all much moved by the manner in which Miss Wills has received the verses,—particularly Wm., who feels himself more than rewarded for the *labour* I cannot call it of the composition—for the tribute was poured forth with a deep stream of fervour that was something beyond labour, and it has required very little correction. In one instance a single word in the "Address to Sir George" is changed since we sent the copy, viz: 'graciously' for 'courteously,' as being a word of more dignity."

The following inscription was "copied from the Churchyard of Claynes, Sept. 14, 1826," by Dorothy Wordsworth, in a MS. book containing numerous epitaphs on tombstones, and inscriptions on rural monuments in cathedrals and churches, in the various parts of the country.

Sacred
To the memory of Frances Fermor,
Relict of Henry Fermor, Esqre.,
Of Fritwell, in the County of Oxford,
And eldest Daughter of the late
John Willes, Esqre., of Astrop, in the county
Of Northamptonshire, who departed this life,
Dec. 5th, 1824, aged 68 years.
I am the way, the truth, and
The life. Whoso cometh to me
I will in no wise cast out.

—Ed.

CENOTAPH.

In affectionate remembrance of Frances Fermor, whose remains are deposited in the church of Claines, near Worcester, this stone is erected by her sister, Dame Margaret, wife of Sir George Beaumont, Bart., who, feeling not less than the love of a brother for the deceased, commends this memorial to the care of his heirs and successors in the possession of this place.

Comp. 1824. —— Pub. 1842.

[See "Elegiac Stanzas. (Addressed to Sir G. H. B., upon the death of his sister-in-law.)"]

By vain affections unenthralled,
Though resolute when duty called
To meet the world's broad eye,
Pure as the holiest cloistered nun
That ever feared the tempting sun,
Did Fermor live and die.

* * *

This Tablet, hallowed by her name,[1]
One heart-relieving tear may claim;

1842.

This cenotaph that bears her name,

MS. Letter of Mrs Wordsworth to Lady Beaumont.

This sacred stone that bears her name,

Another MS. copy of the Poem sent by Mrs Wordsworth to Lady Beaumont.

But if the pensive gloom
Of fond regret be still thy choice,
Exalt thy spirit, hear the voice
Of Jesus from her tomb!

'I AM THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE.'

In the letter to Lady Beaumont, referred to in the notes, the title of this poem is "Inscription in the Church of Coleorton," and a footnote is added, "Say, to the left of the vista, within the thicket, below the churchyard wall.—M. W."

Mrs Wordsworth also says, "To fit the lines, intended for an urn, for a Monument, W. has altered the closing stanza, which (though they are not what he would have produced had he first cast them with a view to the Church) he hopes you will not disapprove."—ED.

IV.

EPITAPH

IN THE CHAPEL-YARD OF LANGDALE, WESTMORELAND.

Comp. 1824. —— Pub. 1842.

[OWEN LLOYD, the subject of this epitaph, was born at Old Brathay, near Ambleside, and was the son of Charles Lloyd and his wife Sophia (*née* Pemberton), both of Birmingham, who came to reside in this part of the country, soon after their marriage. They had many children, both sons and daughters, of whom the most remarkable was the subject of this epitaph. He was educated under Mr Dawes, at Ambleside, Dr Butler, of Shrewsbury, and lastly at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he would have been greatly distinguished as a scholar but for inherited infirmities of bodily constitution, which, from early childhood, affected his mind. His love for the neighbourhood in which he was born, and his sympathy with the habits and characters of the mountain yeomanry, in conjunction with irregular spirits, that unfitted him for facing duties in situations to which he was unaccustomed, induced him to accept the retired curacy of Langdale. How much he was beloved and honoured there, and with what feelings he discharged his duty under the oppression of severe malady, is set forth, though imperfectly, in the epitaph.]

BY playful smiles, (alas! too oft
A sad heart's sunshine) by a soft,
And gentle nature, and a free
Yet modest hand of charity,

Through life was OWEN LLOYD endeared
To young and old; and how revered
Had been that pious spirit, a tide
Of humble mourners testified,
When, after pains dispensed to prove
The measure of God's chastening love,
Here, brought from far, his corse found rest,—
Fulfilment of his own request;—
Urged less for this Yew's shade, though he
Planted with such fond hope the tree;
Less for the love of stream and rock,
Dear as they were, than that his Flock,
When they no more their Pastor's voice
Could hear to guide them in their choice
Through good and evil, help might have,
Admonished, from his silent grave,
Of righteousness, of sins forgiven,
For peace on earth and bliss in heaven.

This commemorative epitaph to the Rev. Owen Lloyd is carved on the headstone over his grave in the churchyard at the small hamlet of Chapel Stile, Great Langdale, Westmoreland.—ED.

1825.

Three Poems were written in 1825, *The Pillar of Trajan, The Parrot and the Wren*, and the lines *To a Skylark.*

THE PILLAR OF TRAJAN.

Comp. 1825. Pub. 1827.

[These verses perhaps had better be transferred to the class of "Italian Poems." I had observed in the newspaper, that the Pillar of Trajan was given as a subject for a prize poem in English verse. I had a wish perhaps that my son, who was then an undergraduate at Oxford, should try his fortune, and I told him so; but he, not having been accustomed to write verse, wisely declined to enter on the task; whereupon I showed him these lines as a proof of what might, without difficulty, be done on such a subject.]

WHERE towers are crushed, and unforbidden weeds
O'er mutilated arches shed their seeds;
And temples, doomed to milder change, unfold
A new magnificence that vies with old;
Firm in its pristine majesty hath stood
A votive Column, spared by fire and flood:—
And, though the passions of man's fretful race
Have never ceased to eddy round its base,
Not injured more by touch of meddling hands
Than a lone obelisk, 'mid Nubian sands,
Or aught in Syrian deserts left to save
From death the memory of the good and brave.
Historic figures round the shaft embost
Ascend, with lineaments in air not lost:
Still as he turns, the charmed spectator sees
Group winding after group with dream-like ease,

Triumphs in sunbright gratitude displayed,*
Or softly stealing into modest shade.
—So, pleased with purple clusters to entwine
Some lofty elm-tree, mounts the daring vine;
The woodbine so, with spiral grace, and breathes
Wide-spreading odours from her flowery wreaths.

Borne by the Muse from rills in shepherds' ears
Murmuring but one smooth story for all years,
I gladly commune with the mind and heart
Of him who thus survives by classic art,
His actions witness, venerate his mien,
And study Trajan as by Pliny seen;
Behold how fought the Chief whose conquering sword
Stretched far as earth might own a single lord;
In the delight of moral prudence schooled,
How feelingly at home the Sovereign ruled;
Best of the good—in pagan faith allied
To more than Man, by virtue deified.

Memorial Pillar! 'mid the wrecks of Time
Preserve thy charge with confidence sublime—
The exultations, pomps, and cares of Rome,
Whence half the breathing world received its doom;
Things that recoil from language; that, if shown
By apter pencil, from the light had flown.

* As Wordsworth says, in his note of 1827, "Here and infra, see Forsyth," it may be interesting to add Forsyth's account of the Pillar, in footnotes. "Trajan's Column, considered as a long historical record to be read round and round a long convex surface, made perspective impossible. Every perspective has one fixed point of view, but here are ten thousand. The eye, like the relievos of the column, must describe a spiral round them, widening over the whole piazza. Hence, to be legible the figures must be lengthened as they rise. This licence is necessary here; but in architecture it may be contested against Vitruvius himself."—*Forsyth's Remarks on Antiquities, Arts, and Letters, during an Excursion in Italy in 1802-3*, pp. 250, 251.—Ed.

A Pontiff, Trajan *here* the Gods implores,
There greets an Embassy from Indian shores;
Lo! he harangues his cohorts—*there* the storm
Of battle meets him in authentic form!
Unharnessed, naked, troops of Moorish horse
Sweep to the charge;* more high, the Dacian force
To hoof and finger mailed;†—yet, high or low,
None bleed, and none lie prostrate but the foe;‡
In every Roman, through all turns of fate,
Is Roman dignity inviolate;
Spirit in him pre-eminent, who guides,§
Supports, adorns, and over all presides;
Distinguished only by inherent state
From honoured Instruments that round him wait,‖
Rise as he may, his grandeur scorns the test
Of outward symbol, nor will deign to rest
On aught by which another is deprest.
—Alas! that One thus disciplined could toil

* "In detailing the two wars, this column sets each nation in contrast here the Moorish horse, all naked and unharnessed."—*Forsyth*, p. 251.—Ed.

† Here and infra, see Forsyth.—W. W., 1827.

‡ "There the Taranatians, in complete mail down to the fingers and the hoofs It exhibits without embellishment all the tactics of that age, and forms grand commentary on Vegetius and Frontinus."—*Forsyth*, p. 252.—Ed.

‡ "How unlike the modern relievos, where dress appears in all its distinctions, and prostration in all its angles! none kneel here but priests and captives; no Roman appears in a fallen state: none are wounded or slain but the foe." —*Forsyth*, p 251.

No monument gives the complete and real costume of its kind so correctly as this column. . . . . On this column we can see parts of the *subarmalia*; we can see real drawers falling down to the officers' legs; and some figures have *torcilia*, like invalids, round the neck.—Ed.

§ "This column is an immense field of antiquities, where the emperor appears in a hundred different points, as sovereign, as general, as priest." —*Forsyth*, p. 251.—Ed.

‖ "His dignity he derives from himself or his duties; not from the trappings of power, for he is dressed like any of his officers, not from the debasement of others, for the Romans stand bold and erect before him." —Ed.

To enslave whole nations on their native soil;
So emulous of Macedonian fame,
That, when his age was measured with his aim,
He drooped, 'mid else unclouded victories,
And turned his eagles back with deep-drawn sighs;
O weakness of the Great! O folly of the Wise!

Where now the haughty Empire that was spread
With such fond hope? her very speech is dead;
Yet glorious Art the power of Time defies,
And Trajan still, through various enterprise,
Mounts, in this fine illusion, toward the skies:
Still are we present with the imperial Chief,
Nor cease to gaze upon the bold Relief
Till Rome, to silent marble unconfined,
Becomes with all her years a vision of the Mind.

Trajan's Column was set up by the Senate and people of Rome, in honour of the Emperor, about 114 A.D. It is one of the most remarkable pillars in the world; and still stands, little injured by time, in the centre of the *Forum Trajanum* (now a ruin); its height—132 feet—marking the height of the earth removed when the Forum was made. On the pedestal bas-reliefs were carved in series showing the arms and armour of the Romans; and round the shaft of the column similar reliefs, exhibiting pictorially the whole story of the Decian campaign of the Emperor. These are of great value as illustrating the history of the period, the costume of the Roman soldiers and the barbarians. A colossal statue of Trajan crowned the column; and, when it fell, Pope Sixtus V. replaced it by a figure of St Peter. It is referred to by Pausanias (v. 12. 6) and by all the ancient topographers. See a minute account of it, with excellent illustrations, in Hertzberg's *Geschichte des Romischen Kaiserreiches*, pp. 330-345 (Berlin: 1880); also Müller's *Denkmäler der Alten Kunst*, p. 51. The book, however, from which Wordsworth gained his information of this pillar was evidently Joseph Forsyth's *Remarks on Antiquities, Arts, and Letters, during an Excursion in Italy in* 1802-3 (London: 1813). It is thus that Dean Merivale speaks of it:—

"Amid this profusion of splendour" (*i.e.*, in the *Forum Trajanum*) "the great object to which the eye was principally directed was the column, which rose majestically in the centre of the forum to the height of 126 feet, sculptured from the base of the shaft to the summit

with the story of the Decian wars, shining in every volute and moulding, with gold and pigments, and crowned with the colossal effigy of the august conqueror. . . . The proportions of the Trajan column are peculiarly graceful; the compact masses of stone, nineteen in number, of which the whole shaft is composed, may lead us to admire the skill employed in its construction, but the most interesting feature of this historic monument is the spiral band of figures which throughout enriches it. To the subjects of Trajan himself, this record of his exploits in bold relief must have given a vivid and sufficient idea of the people, the places, and the actions indicated; even to us, after so many centuries, they furnish a correct type of the arms, the arts, and the costume both of the Romans and barbarians which we should vainly seek for elsewhere. The Trajan column forms a notable chapter in the pictorial history of Rome."—*History of the Romans under the Empire* (vol viii, pp. 46, 47).

In the Fenwick note, Wordsworth mentions that what gave rise to this poem was his observing in the newspapers that "the Pillar of Trajan" was prescribed as a subject for a prize poem at Oxford This determines the date of composition *The Pillar of Trajan* was the Newdigate prize poem, won by W. W. Tireman, Wadham Coll, in 1826 We may therefore assume that the subject was proposed about the summer of 1825.

The Fenwick note to this poem mentions that the author's son having declined to attempt to compete for the Oxford prize poem on "The Pillar of Trajan," his father wrote it, to show him how the thing might be done. This son—the Rev John Wordsworth of Brigham—wrote Latin verse, however, with considerable success; and as specimens of the poetic work of Dorothy Wordsworth, the poet's sister, and of Sarah Hutchinson, his sister in-law, are included in these volumes, the following *Epistola ad Patrem suum*, written at Madeira in 1844, may be reproduced.—Ed.

I pete longinquas, non segnis Epistola, terras,
  I pete, Rydalhae conscia saxa lyrae:
I pete, quà valles rident, sylvaeque lacusque,
  Quamvis Arctoo paenè sub axe jacent.
Parvos quaere Lares, non aurea Tecta, poetae,
  Qui tamen ingenii sceptraque mentis habet.
Quid faciat genitor? valeatne, an cura senilis
  Opprimat? Ista refer, filius ista rogat.
Scire velit, quare venias tu scripta *latine?*
  Dic "fugio linguam, magne posita, tuam!
Quem Regina jubet circumdare tempora lauro,
  Quem verè vatem saecula nostra vocant."
Inde refer gressus responsaque tradita curae
  Fida tuae, numeris in loca digna senis,
Haec ego tradideram, majoribus ire per altum

Nunc valis miserum me mea musa rapit.
Solvimus è portu, navisque per aequora currit
Neptuni auxilio fluctifragisque rotis.
Neptunus videt attonitus, Neptunia conjux,
Omnis et aequorei nympha comata chori.
Radimus Hispanum litus, loca saxea crebris
Gallorum belli nobilitata malis.
Haud mora, sunt visae Gades,* urbs fabula quondam,
Claraque ab Herculeo nomine, clara suo.
Hanc magnam cognovit Arabs, Romanus eandem,
Utraque gens illi vimque decusque tulit.
Hora brevis, fragilisque viris! similisque ruina
Viribus humanis omnia facta manet.
Pulchra jaces, olim Carthaginis aemula magnae.
Nataque famosae non inhonesta Tyri!
En! ratibus navale caret, nautis caret alnus,
Mercatorque fugit dives inane Forum.
Templa vacant pompâ, nitidisque theatra catervis,
Tristis et it fasciâ foemina virque via.
Segnis in officiis, nec rectus ad aethera miles
Pauperis et vestes, armaque juris habet.
Sic gens quaeque perit,† quando civilia bella
Viscera divellunt, jusque fidesque fugit.
Auspiciis laetam nostris lux proxima pandit
Te, Calpe ‡ celsis imperiosa jugis.
Urbs munimen habet nullo quassabile bello,
Claustrum Tyrrhenis, claustrum et Atlantis, aquis
Undique nam vastae sustentant moenia rupes,
Quae torvè in terras inque tuentur aquas.
Arteque sunt mirà sectae per saxa cavernae
Atria sanguineo saeva sacrata Deo.
Urbs invicta tamen populis commercia tuta
Praebet, et in portus illicit inque Forum.
Hic Mercator adest Maurus cui rebus agendis
Ah! nimis est cordi Punica prisca fides;
Afer et è mediis Libyae sitientis arenis,
Suetus in immundâ vivere barbarie;
Multus et aequoreis, ut quondam, Graius in undis,
Degener, antiquum sic prolat ille genus;
Niliacae potator aquae, Judaeus, et omne
Litus Tyrrhenum quos, et Atlantis, alit.
Hos quàm dissimiles (linguae sive ora notentur)
Hos quàm felices pace Britannus habet!

* Cadiz.
† Hispania hoc tempore bello civili divulsa fuit.
‡ Gibraltar.

Anglia! dum pietas et honos, dum nota per orbem
Sit tibi in intacto pectore prisca fides;
Dum pia cura tibi, magnos meruisse triumphos,
Justaque per populos jura tulisse feros;
Longinquas teneat tua vasta potentia terras,
Et maneat Calpe gloria magna Tibi!
Insula Atlantaeis assurgit ab aequoris undis,
Insula flammigero semper amata Deo,
Seu teneat celsi flagrantia signo Leonis,
Seu gyro Pisces interiora petat.
"Hic ver assiduum atque alienis mensibus aestas,"
Flavus et autumnus frugibus usque tumet.
Non jacet Ionio felicior Insula ponto,
Ulla, nec Eoi fluctibus oceani.
Vix, Madeira! tuum nunc refert dicere nomen,
Floribus, et Bacchi munere pingue solum.
Te vetus haud vanis cumulavit laudibus aetas,
O fortunato conspicienda choro!
Haec nunc terra sinu nos detinet alma, proculque
A Patriae curis, anxietate domu.
Sic cepisse ferunt humanae oblivia curae
Quisquis Lethaeae pocula sumpsit aquae:
Sic semota sequi studiisque odiisque docebas
Otia discipulos, docte Epicure, tuos.
Sed non ulla dies grato sine sole, nec ullo
Fruge carens hortus tempore,* fronde nemus; †
Nec levis ignotis oneratus odoribus aer,
Quales doctus equum flectere novit Arabs;
Nec caecae quacunque jacent sub rupe cavernae, ‡
Quels nunquam radius Phoebus adire potest;
Nec currentis aquae strepitus, § nec saxa, potensque
Mons || excelsa suis sidera culminibus;
Nec tranquilla quies, rerumque oblivia, ponti
Sunt, hunt iterum solicitare vias!
Rident at quamvis haec vultu terra sereno,
Tabescit pravo gens malefida jugo:
Dum sedet heu! tristis morborum pallor in ore,
Crebraque anhelanti pectore tussis inest.
Ambitus et luxus, totoque accersita mundo,
Quels omnis populus quoque sub axe perit;

* Sunt hibernis mensibus aurea mala.
† Laurene sylvae sunt.
‡ Antris abundat Insula.
§ Multos rivos naturâ, mirâque humani ingenii arte constructos continet Madeira.
|| Pace Lusitanorum Insula nil nisi mons est, rectis culminibus mari conspicua.

Fumae dira sitis, rerumque onerosa cupido.
Raptaque ab irato templa diesque Deo,
Supplicium nostlene suum, poenasque tulerunt
Saepè petis proprio, vir miser, ense latus!
Ut nihilhuc aegros dilecta resuscitat artus;
Anxia cura suis, anxia cura mihi.
Altera quodque dies jam roboris attulit, illud
Altera dura suis febribus abstulerit.
Aurea mens illi, mollique in pectore corda,
Et clarum longâ nobilitate genus.
Quamquàm saepe trahunt Libycum non * aera sanum,
(Gratia magna Dei), frignora nostra vigent.
Iamque vale grandaeve Pater, grandaevaque Mater,
Tuque O dilecto conjuge laeta soror!
Quaeque pias nobis partes cognata ferebas
Nomina vana cadunt, Tu mihi Mater eras;
Ingenioque mari, pietate ornata fideque
Sanguine nulla domûs, semper amore, soror;
Tu quoque, care, vale, Frater, quamvis procul abeis,
Per virides campos, quà petit aequor Eden.
Denique tota domus, cunctique valete propinqui,
Carmina plura mihi, musa manusque negat.

MADEIRAE, MARTIIS CALENDIS,
1844.

See also the *Carmen Maiis calendis compositum*, the *Carmen ad Maium mensem*, and the *Somnivaga*,—evidently by the same writer,—in the appendix to the second edition of *Yarrow Revisited*, 1836.—ED.

THE CONTRAST.

THE PARROT AND THE WREN.[1]

Comp. 1825. —— Pub. 1827.

[The Parrot belonged to Mrs Luff while living at Fox-Ghyll. The wren was one that haunted for many years the summer-house between the two terraces at Rydal Mount.]

I.

WITHIN her gilded cage confined,
I saw a dazzling Belle,
A Parrot of that famous kind
Whose name is NON-PAREIL.

[1] 1832.
The Contrast . . . . . 1827.

* Vultus ex Africa.—*Lente.*

Like beads of glossy jet her eyes;
And, smoothed by Nature's skill,
With pearl or gleaming agate vies
Her finely-curved bill.

Her plumy mantle's living hues,
In mass opposed to mass,
Outshine the splendour that imbues
The robes of pictured glass.

And, sooth to say, an apter Mate
Did never tempt the choice
Of feathered Thing most delicate
In figure and in voice.

But, exiled from Australian bowers,
And singleness her lot,
She trills her song with tutored powers,
Or mocks each casual note,

No more of pity for regrets
With which she may have striven!
Now but in wantonness she frets,
Or spite, if cause be given;

Arch, volatile, a sportive bird
By social glee inspired;
Ambitious to be seen or heard,
And pleased to be admired!

II.

THIS moss-lined shed, green, soft, and dry,
Harbours a self-contented Wren,
Not shunning man's abode, though shy,
Almost as thought itself, of human ken.

Strange places, coverts unendeared,
She never tried; the very nest
In which this Child of Spring was reared,
Is warmed, thro' winter, by her feathery breast.

To the bleak winds she sometimes gives
A slender unexpected strain;
Proof that[1] the hermitess still lives,
Though she appear not, and be sought in vain

Say, Dora! tell me, by yon placid moon,
If called to choose between the favourite pair,
Which would you be,—the bird of the saloon,
By lady-fingers tended with nice care,
Caressed, applauded, upon dainties fed,
Or Nature's DARKLING of this mossy shed?

The "moss lined shed, green, soft, and dry," still remains at Rydal Mount, as it was in the poet's time —ED

TO A SKYLARK

Comp 1825 —— Pub 1827.

[Written at Rydal Mount]

ETHEREAL minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!
Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine:

[1] 1836
That tells. 1827

Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct[1] more divine:
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

Compare this with the earlier poem *To a Skylark*, written in 1805, and both poems with Shelley's still finer lyric to the same bird, written in 1820. See also the *Morning Exercise* (1828), stanzas 5-10.—ED.

1826.

The poems composed in 1826 were four. They include two referring to the month of May, and two descriptive of places near Rydal Mount.—ED.

Comp. 1826. —— Pub. 1827.

[Written at Rydal Mount. Suggested by the condition of a friend.]

ERE with cold beads of midnight dew
Had mingled tears of thine,
I grieved, fond Youth! that thou shouldst sue
To haughty Geraldine.

Immoveable by generous sighs,
She glories in a train
Who drag, beneath our native skies,
An oriental chain.

1832.

. . . rapture . . . 1827.

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler! that love-prompted strain,
('Twixt thee and thine an ever failing bond)
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
All independent of the leafy spring (Second Stanza, To a Skylark. See p. 177.) 1827-42.

Pine not like them with arms across,
  Forgetting in thy care
How the fast-rooted trees can toss
  Their branches in mid air.

The humblest rivulet will take
  Its own wild liberties;
And, every day, the imprisoned lake
  Is flowing in the breeze.

Then, crouch no more on suppliant knee,
  But scorn with scorn outbrave;
A Briton, even in love, should be
  A subject, not a slave!

ODE,

COMPOSED ON MAY MORNING.

Comp 1826 —— Pub. 1835

[This and the following poem originated in the lines, "How delicate the leafy veil," &c. My daughter and I left Rydal Mount upon a tour through our mountains, with Mr and Mrs Carr,* in the month of May, 1826, and as we were going up the Vale of Newlands I was struck with the appearance of the little chapel gleaming through the veil of half opened leaves; and the feeling which was then conveyed to my mind was expressed in the stanza referred to above. As in the case of "Liberty" and "Humanity," my first intention was to write only one poem, but subsequently I broke it into two, making additions to each part so as to produce a consistent and appropriate whole.]

While from the purpling east departs
  The star that led the dawn,
Blithe Flora from her couch upstarts,
  For May is on the lawn.†
A quickening hope, a freshening glee,
  Foreran the expected Power,
Whose first-drawn breath, from bush and tree,
  Shakes off that pearly shower.

* Doubtless the Rev. Mr Carr, of Bolton Abbey, and his wife.—Ed.
† Compare *Thought on the Seasons*, written in 1829 (p. 219).—Ed.

All Nature welcomes Her whose sway
  Tempers the year's extremes;
Who scattereth lustres o'er noon-day,
  Like morning's dewy gleams;
While mellow warble, sprightly trill,
  The tremulous heart excite;
And hums the balmy air to still
  The balance of delight.

Time was, blest Power! when youths and maids
  At peep of dawn would rise,
And wander forth in forest glades
  Thy birth to solemnize.
Though mute the song—to grace the rite
  Untouched the hawthorn bow,
Thy Spirit triumphs o'er the slight;
  Man changes, but not Thou!

Thy feathered Lieges bill and wings
  In love's disport employ;
Warmed by thy influence, creeping things
  Awake to silent joy:
Queen art thou still for each gay plant
  Where the slim wild deer roves;
And served in depths where fishes haunt
  Their own mysterious groves.

Cloud-piercing peak, and trackless heath,
  Instinctive homage pay;
Nor wants the dim-lit cave a wreath
  To honour thee, sweet May!
Where cities fanned by thy brisk airs
  Behold a smokeless sky,
Their puniest flower-pot-nursling dares
  To open a bright eye.

And if, on this thy natal morn,
  The pole, from which thy name
Hath not departed, stands forlorn
  Of song and dance and game;
Still from the village-green a vow
  Aspires to thee addrest,
Wherever peace is on the brow,
  Or love within the breast.

Yes! where Love nestles thou canst teach
  The soul to love the more;
Hearts also shall thy lessons reach
  That never loved before:
Stript is the haughty one of pride
  The bashful freed from fear,
While rising, like the ocean-tide,
  In flows the joyous year.

Hush, feeble lyre! weak words refuse
  The service to prolong!
To yon exulting thrush the Muse
  Entrusts the imperfect song;
His voice shall chant, in accents clear,
  Throughout the live-long day,
Till the first silver star appear,
  The sovereignty of May.

TO MAY.

Comp. 1826-34. —— Pub. 1835.

THOUGH many suns have risen and set
  Since thou, blithe May, wert born.
And Bards, who hailed thee, may forget
  Thy gifts, thy beauty scorn;

There are who to a birthday strain
Confine not harp and voice,
But evermore throughout thy reign
Are grateful and rejoice!

Delicious odours! music sweet,
Too sweet to pass away!
Oh for a deathless song to meet
The soul's desire—a lay
That, when a thousand years are told,
Should praise thee, genial Power!
Through summer heat, autumnal cold,
And winter's dreariest hour.

Earth, sea, thy presence feel—nor less,
If yon ethereal blue
With its soft smile the truth express,
The heavens have felt it too.
The inmost heart of man if glad
Partakes a livelier cheer;
And eyes that cannot but be sad
Let fall a brightened tear.

Since thy return, through days and weeks
Of hope that grew by stealth,
How many wan and faded cheeks
Have kindled into health!
The Old, by thee revived, have said,
"Another year is ours;"
And wayward Wanderers, poorly fed,
Have smiled upon thy flowers.

Who tripping lisps a merry song
Amid his playful peers?
The tender Infant who was long
A prisoner of fond fears;

But now, when every sharp-edged blast
  Is quiet in its sheath,
His Mother leaves him free to taste
  Earth's sweetness in thy breath.

Thy help is with the weed that creeps
  Along the humblest ground;
No cliff so bare but on its steeps
  Thy favours may be found;
But most on some peculiar nook
  That our own hands have drest,
Thou and thy train are proud to look,
  And seem to love it best.

And yet how pleased we wander forth
  When May is whispering, "Come!
"Choose from the bowers of virgin earth
  "The happiest for your home;
"Heaven's bounteous love through me is spread
  "From sunshine, clouds, winds, waves,
"Drops on the mouldering turret's head,
  "And on your turf-clad graves!"

Such greeting heard, away with sighs
  For lilies that must fade,
Or 'the rathe primrose as it dies
  Forsaken' in the shade!
Vernal fruitions and desires
  Are linked in endless chase;
While, as one kindly growth retires,
  Another takes its place.

And what if thou, sweet May, hast known
  Mishap by worm and blight;

If expectations newly blown
  Have perished in thy sight;
If loves and joys, while up they sprung,
  Were caught as in a snare;
Such is the lot of all the young,
  However bright and fair.

Lo! Streams that April could not check
  Are patient of thy rule;
Gurgling in foamy water-break,
  Loitering in grassy pool:
By thee, thee only, could be sent
  Such gentle mists as glide,
Curling with unconfirmed intent,
  On that green mountain's side.

How delicate the leafy veil
  Through which yon house of God
Gleams 'mid the peace of this deep dale *
  By few but shepherds trod!
And lowly huts, near beaten ways,
  No sooner stand attired
In thy fresh wreaths, than they for praise
  Peep forth, and are admired.

Season of fancy and of hope,
  Permit not for one hour
A blossom from thy crown to drop,
  Nor add it to a flower!
Keep, lovely May, as if by touch
  Of self-restraining art,
This modest charm of not too much,
  Part seen, imagined part!

* Newlands. See the Fenwick note.—Ed.

Comp. 1826. —— Pub. 1827.

["No faculty yet given me to espy
The dusky Shape within her arms imbound."

Afterwards, when I could not avoid seeing it, I wondered at this, and the more so because, like most children, I had been in the habit of watching the moon through all her changes, and had often continued to gaze at it when at the full till half blinded.]

"Late, late yestreen I saw the new moone
Wi' the auld moone in hir arme."

Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence, Percy's Reliques.

ONCE I could hail (howe'er serene the sky)
The Moon re-entering her monthly round,
No faculty yet given me to espy
The dusky Shape within her arms imbound,
That thin memento of effulgence lost
Which some have named her Predecessor's ghost,

Young, like the Crescent that above me shone,
Nought I perceived within it dull or dim;
All that appeared was suitable to One
Whose fancy had a thousand fields to skim;
To expectations spreading with wild growth,
And hope that kept with me her plighted troth.

I saw (ambition quickening at the view)
A silver boat launched on a boundless flood;
A pearly crest, like Dian's when it threw
Its brightest splendour round a leafy wood;

But not a hint from under-ground, no sign
Fit for the glimmering brow of Proserpine.*

*

Or was it Dian's self * that seemed to move
Before me? nothing blemished the fair sight;
On her I looked whom jocund Fairies love,
Cynthia,* who puts the *little* stars to flight,
And by that thinning magnifies the great,
For exaltation of her sovereign state.

And when I learned to mark the spectral Shape
As each new Moon obeyed the call of Time,
If gloom fell on me, swift was my escape;
Such happy privilege hath life's gay Prime,
To see or not to see, as best may please
A buoyant Spirit, and a heart at ease.

*

Now, dazzling Stranger! when thou meet'st my glance,
Thy dark Associate ever I discern;
Emblem of thoughts too eager to advance
While I salute my joys, thoughts sad or stern;
Shades of past bliss, or phantoms that, to gain
Their fill of promised lustre, wait in vain.

*

So changes mortal Life with fleeting years;
A mournful change, should Reason fail to bring
The timely insight that can temper fears,
And from vicissitude remove its sting;
While Faith aspires to seats in that domain
Where joys are perfect—neither wax nor wane.

* Tunet, lustrat, agit, Proserpina, Luna, Diana;
Ima, suprema, feras, sceptro, fulgore, sagitta.

Comp. 1826. —— Pub. 1835.*

[The walk is what we call the *Fur-terrace*, beyond the summer-house at Rydal Mount. The lines were written when we were afraid of being obliged to quit the place to which we were so much attached.]

THE massy Ways, carried across these heights [1]
By Roman perseverance,† are destroyed,
Or hidden under ground, like sleeping worms.
How venture then to hope that Time will spare [2]
This humble Walk? Yet on the mountain's side
A POET's hand first shaped it; and the steps
Of that same Bard—repeated to and fro
At morn, at noon, and under moonlight skies [3]
Through the vicissitudes of many a year—

[1] 1835.
. . . . once carried o'er these hills MS.

[2] 1835.
. to hope that private claims
Will from the injuries of time protect MS.

[3] 1835.
. . . . . and the foot
Of that same Bard, by pacing to and fro
At morn, and noon, and under moonlight skies MS.

* The title of these lines in the edition of 1835 was *Inscription.*—ED.

† Referring to the Roman wall, fragments of which are to be seen on High Street. Ambleside was a Roman station. "At the upper corner of Windermere lieth the dead carcase of an ancient city, with great ruins of walls, and many heaps of rubbish, one from another, remaining of building without the walls, yet to be seen. The fortress thereof was somewhat long, fenced with a ditch and rampire, took up in length 132 ells, and breadth 80. That it had been the Romans' work is evident by the British bricks, by the mortar tempered with little pieces of brick among it, by small earthern-pots or pitchers, by small cruets or phials of glass, by pieces of Roman money oftentimes found, and by round stones as big as millstones or quernstones, of which laid and couched together they framed in old times their columns, and by the paved ways leading to it. Now the ancient name is gone, unless a man would guess at it, and think it were that Amboglana, whereof the book of notices maketh mention, seeing at this day it is called Ambleside."—See Camden's *Britannia*, 645. (edition 1590).—ED.

Forbade the weeds to creep o'er its grey line.
No longer, scattering to the heedless winds
The vocal raptures of fresh poesy,
Shall he frequent those precincts;[1] locked no more
In earnest converse with beloved Friends,
Here will he gather stores of ready bliss,
As from the beds and borders of a garden
Choice flowers are gathered! But, if Power may spring
Out of a farewell yearning—favoured more
Than kindred wishes mated suitably
With vain regrets—the Exile would consign
This Walk, his loved possession, to the care
Of those pure Minds that reverence the Muse.[2]

FAREWELL LINES.*

Comp. 1826. —— Pub. 1842.

[These lines were designed as a farewell to Charles Lamb and his sister, who had retired from the throngs of London to comparative solitude in the village of Enfield.]

'HIGH bliss is only for a higher state,'
But, surely, if severe afflictions borne

[1] 1845.
. . . these precincts . . . 1835.

[2] 1842.
. . . . . its gray line.
Murmuring his unambitious verse alone,
Or in sweet converse with beloved Friends.
No more must he frequent it. Yet might power
Follow the yearnings of the spirit, he
Reluctantly departing, would consign
This walk, his heart's possession, to the care
Of those pure Minds that reverence the Muse. MS.

* As Charles Lamb retired to Enfield in 1826, these lines cannot have been composed much later than that year, although they were not published till 1842. Lamb wrote thus to Wordsworth on the 6th of April 1825: "I came home FOR EVER on Tuesday in last week. The incomprehensibleness of my condition overwhelmed me. It was like passing from life into

With patience merit the reward of peace,
Peace ye deserve; and may the solid good,
Sought by a wise though late exchange, and here
With bounteous hand beneath a cottage-roof
To you accorded, never be withdrawn,
Nor for the world's best promises renounced.
Most soothing was it for a welcome Friend,
Fresh from the crowded city, to behold
That lonely union, privacy so deep,
Such calm employments, such entire content.
So when the rain is over, the storm laid,
A pair of herons oft-times have I seen,
Upon a rocky islet, side by side,
Drying their feathers in the sun, at ease;
And so, when night with grateful gloom had fallen,
Two glow-worms in such nearness that they shared,
As seemed, their soft self-satisfying light,
Each with the other, on the dewy ground,
Where he that made them blesses their repose.—
When wandering among lakes and hills I note,
Once more, those creatures thus by nature paired,
And guarded in their tranquil state of life,
Even, as your happy presence to my mind
Their union brought, will they repay the debt,
And send a thankful spirit back to you,
With hope that we, dear Friends! shall meet again.

eternity. . . . I wandered about, thinking I was happy, but feeling I was not. But that tumultuousness is passing off, and I begin to understand the nature of the gift. Holidays, even the annual month, were always uneasy joys: their conscious fugitiveness; the craving after making the most of them. Now, when all is holiday, there is no holiday. I can sit at home, in rain or shine, without a restless impulse for walkings. I am daily steadying, and shall soon find it as natural to me to be my own master, as it has been irksome to have had a master. Mary wakes every morning with an obscure feeling that some good has happened to us."—*Ed.*

1827.

The poems composed in 1827 were for the most part sonnets. But several of the sonnets first published in 1827 evidently belong to an earlier year, the date of which it is impossible to discover.

ON SEEING A NEEDLECASE IN THE FORM OF A HARP.

THE WORK OF E. M. S.*

Comp. 1827. —— Pub. 1827.

FROWNS are on every Muse's face,
  Reproaches from their lips are sent,
That mimicry should thus disgrace
  The noble Instrument.

A very Harp in all but size!
  Needles for strings in apt gradation!
Minerva's self would stigmatize
  The unclassic profanation.

Even her *own* needle that subdued
  Arachne's rival spirit, †
Though wrought in Vulcan's happiest mood,
  Such honour [1] could not merit.

[1] 1845.
  Like station 1827.

* Edith May Southey.—ED.

† Arachne, daughter of a dyer of Colophon, skilful with her needle, challenged Minerva to a trial of skill. Minerva defeated her, and committing suicide, she was changed by the goddess into a spider.—ED.

And this, too, from the Laureate's Child,
  A living lord of melody!
How will her Sire be reconciled
  To the refined indignity?

I spake, when whispered a low voice,
  "Bard! moderate your ire;
Spirits of all degrees rejoice
  In presence of the lyre.

The Minstrels of Pygmean bands,*
  Dwarf Genii, moonlight-loving Fays,
Have shells to fit their tiny hands
  And suit their slender lays.

Some, still more delicate of ear,
  Have lutes (believe my words)
Whose framework is of gossamer,
  While sunbeams are the chords.

Gay Sylphs † this miniature will court,
  Made vocal by their brushing wings,
And sullen Gnomes † will learn to sport
  Around its polished strings;

Whence strains to love-sick maiden dear,
  While in her lonely bower she tries
To cheat the thought she cannot cheer,
  By fanciful embroideries.

* Pygmai, the nation of Lilliputian dwarfs, fabled to dwell in India, or Ethiopia. (See Ovid, Meta., vi. 90; Aristotle De Anima, viii. 12.)—Ed.

† According to mediæval belief, the Sylphs were elemental spirits of the air; the Gnomes the elemental spirits of the earth. "The gnomes, or demons of the earth, delight in mischief; but the sylphs, whose habitation is in the air, are the best conditioned creatures imaginable."—(Pope, *Rape of the Lock*, Preface.)—Ed.

Trust, angry Bard! a knowing Sprite,
Nor think the Harp her lot deplores;
Though 'mid the stars the Lyre shine [1] bright,
Love *stoops* as fondly as he soars." [2]

MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS.

DEDICATION.

Comp. 1827. —— Pub. 1827.

[In the cottage, Town-end, Grasmere, one afternoon in 1801, my sister read to me the Sonnets of Milton. I had long been well acquainted with them, but I was particularly struck on that occasion by the dignified simplicity and majestic harmony that runs through most of them,—in character so totally different from the Italian, and still more so from Shakespeare's fine Sonnets. I took fire, if I may be allowed to say so, and produced three Sonnets the same afternoon, the first I ever wrote except an irregular one at school. Of these three, the only one I distinctly remember is "I grieved for Buonapartè." One was never written down: the third, which was, I believe, preserved, I cannot particularise.]

TO ——*

HAPPY the feeling from the bosom thrown
In perfect shape (whose beauty Time shall spare
Though a breath made it) like a bubble blown
For summer pastime into wanton air;
Happy the thought best likened to a stone
Of the sea-beach, when, polished with nice care,
Veins it discovers exquisite and rare,
Which for the loss of that moist gleam atone
That tempted first to gather it. That here,
O chief of Friends!* such feelings I present,

1832.

shines . 1827.

[1] 1827.

as she soars. MS.

* He probably refers to his sister, whose reading of Milton's sonnets in 1801 first led him (as the Fenwick note tells us) to write Sonnets.—ED.

To thy regard, with thoughts so fortunate,
Were a vain notion; but the hope is dear,[1]
That thou, if not with partial joy elate,
Wilt smile upon this gift with[2] more than mild content!*

Comp. 1827. —— Pub. 1827.

HER only pilot the soft breeze, the boat
Lingers, but Fancy is well satisfied;
With keen-eyed Hope, with Memory, at her side,
And the glad Muse at liberty to note
All that to each is precious, as we float
Gently along: regardless who shall chide
If the heavens smile, and leave us free to glide,
Happy Associates breathing air remote
From trivial cares. But, Fancy and the Muse,
Why have I crowded this small bark with you
And others of your kind, ideal crew!
While here sits One whose brightness owes its hues
To flesh and blood; no Goddess from above,
No fleeting Spirit, but my own true Love?†

Comp. 1827. —— Pub. 1827.

"WHY, Minstrel, these untuneful murmurings——
·ll, flagging notes that with each other jar?"

1837.
. . . . . gather it. O chief
Of friends! such feelings if I here present,
Such thoughts, with others mixed less fortunate;
Then smile into my heart a fond belief,
That thou . . . . . 1827.

[1] 1837.
Receiv'st the gift for 1827.

* *"Something less than joy, but more than dull content."*
—COUNTESS OF WINCHILSEA.—W.W., 1827.

† A reminiscence of a day on Grasmere Lake with Mrs Wordsworth.—ED.

"Think, gentle Lady, of a Harp so far
From its own country, and forgive the strings."
A simple answer! but even so forth springs,
From the Castalian fountain of the heart.*
The Poetry of Life, and all *that* Art
Divine of words quickening insensate things.
From the submissive necks of guiltless men
Stretched on the block, the glittering axe recoils:
Sun, moon, and stars, all struggle in the toils
Of mortal sympathy: what wonder then
That[1] the poor Harp distempered music yields
To its sad Lord, far from his native fields?

TO S. H.†

Comp. 1827. —— Pub. 1827.

EXCUSE is needless when with love sincere
Of occupation, not by fashion led,
Thou turn'st the Wheel that slept with dust o'erspread;
My nerves from no such murmur shrink,—tho' near,
Soft as the Dorhawk's to a distant ear,
When twilight shades darken[2] the mountain's head.‡
Even She who toils to spin our vital thread[3] §

[1] 1837. . . . . 1827.
If . . . . . .

[2] 1837. . . . . 1827.
. . . bedim . . .

[3] 1843. . . . . 1827.
She who was feigned to spin our vital thread

* Castalay (Castalius fons), a fountain near Parnassus sacred to the muses. Virg., Georg., iii. 293.—ED.

† Sarah Hutchinson, Mrs Wordsworth's sister.—ED.

‡ Wansfell, or Loughrigg.—ED.

§ Lachesis, the second of the three Parcæ, who was supposed to spin out the actions of our life.

"Clotho colum retinet, Lachesis net, et Atropos occat." —ED.

Might smile on work, O Lady, once so dear[1]
To household virtues. Venerable Art,
Torn from the Poor![*] yet shall kind Heaven protect
Its own: though Rulers, with undue respect,
Trusting to crowded factory and mart †
And[2] proud discoveries of the intellect,
Heed not[3] the pillage of man's ancient heart.

DECAY OF PIETY.

Comp. 1827. —— Pub. 1827.

[Attendance at church on prayer-days, Wednesdays and Fridays and Holidays, received a shock at the Revolution. It is now, however, happily reviving. The ancient people described in this Sonnet were among the last of that pious class. May we hope that the practice, now in some degree renewed, will continue to spread.]

Oft have I seen, ere Time had ploughed my cheek,
Matrons and Sires—who punctual to the call
Of their loved Church, on fast or festival
Through the long year the House of Prayer would seek:
By Christmas snows, by visitation bleak
Of Easter winds, unscared, from hut or hall

[1] 1837.
Might smile, O lady! on a task once dear 1827.

[1] 1827.
. . ! yet will kind Heaven protect
Its own, not left without a guiding chart,
If rulers, trusting with undue respect
To . . . . . 1827.

[1] 1837.
Sanction 1827.

[*] Referring to the introduction of steam-looms, which displaced the hand-loom spinning of a previous generation.—Ed.
† Compare *The Excursion*, Book viii. l. 165-186.—Ed.

They came to lowly bench or sculptured stall,
But with one fervour of devotion meek.
I see the places where they once were known,
And ask, surrounded even by kneeling crowds,
Is ancient Piety for ever flown?
Alas! even then they seemed like fleecy clouds
That, struggling through the western sky, have won
Their pensive light from a departed sun!

Comp. 1827. —— Pub. 1827.

[Composed, almost extempore, in a short walk on the western side of Rydal Lake.]

SCORN not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honours; with this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart;* the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;†
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;‡
With it Camöens soothed[1] an exile's grief;§
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante‖ crowned
His visionary brow: a glow-worm lamp,
It cheered mild Spencer, called from Faery-land

[1] 1837.
Camöens soothed with it . . . 1827.

* Shakespeare's sonnets are autobiographical: compare Nos 24, 30, 39, 105, 116.—ED.

† Petrarch's were all inspired by his devotion to Laura.—ED.

‡ Tasso's works include two volumes of sonnets, first published in 1581 and 1592.—ED.

§ For his satire *Disparates na India*, Camöens was banished to Macao in 1556, where he wrote the *Os Lusiadas*, also many sonnets and lyric poems. —ED.

‖ Compare the *Vita Nuova*, passim.—ED.

To struggle through dark ways;* and, when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a trumpet;† whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!‡

Comp. 1827. —— Pub. 1827.

[Suggested by observation of the way in which a young friend, whom I do not choose to name, misspent his time and misapplied his talents. He took afterwards a better course, and became a useful member of society, respected, I believe, wherever he has been known.]

FAIR Prime of life! were it enough to gild
With ready sunbeams every struggling shower;
And, if an unexpected cloud should lower,
Swiftly thereon a rainbow arch to build
For Fancy's errands,—then, from fields half-tilled
Gathering green weeds to mix with poppy flower,
Thee might thy Minions crown, and chant thy power,
Unpitied by the wise, all censure stilled.
Ah! show that worthier honours are thy due:
Fair Prime of life! arouse the deeper heart;
Confirm the Spirit glorying to pursue
Some path of steep ascent and lofty aim;
And, if there be a joy that slights the claim
Of grateful memory, bid that joy depart.

* Spencer wrote ninety-two sonnets. From the eightieth sonnet it would seem that the writing of them was a relaxtion, after the labour spent upon the "Faery Queen." It is to this sonnet that Wordsworth alludes.

"After so long a race as I have run
Through Faery land, which these six books compile,
Give leave to rest me, being half foredone,
And gather to myself new breath awhile."—ED.

† Milton's twenty-three sonnets were written partly in English, partly in Italian. Compare Wordsworth's sonnet addressed to him in 1802—

"Milton, Thou shouldst be living at this hour," &c.

(Vol. II. p. 300.)—ED.

‡ Compare the sonnet beginning—

"Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room."

(Vol. IV. p. 21.)—ED.

RETIREMENT.

Comp. 1827. —— Pub. 1827.

If the whole weight of what we think and feel,
Save only far as thought and feeling blend
With action, were as nothing, patriot Friend!
From thy remonstrance would be no appeal;
But to promote and fortify the weal
Of our own Being is her paramount end;
A truth which they alone shall comprehend
Who shun the mischief which they cannot heal.
Peace in these feverish times is sovereign bliss:
Here, with no thirst but what the stream can slake,
And startled only by the rustling brake,
Cool air I breathe; while the unincumbered Mind
By some weak aims at services assigned
To gentle Natures, thanks not Heaven amiss.

Comp. 1827. —— Pub. 1827.

There is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which only Poets know;—'twas rightly said
Whom could the Muses else allure to tread
Their smoothest paths, to wear their lightest chains?
When happiest Fancy has inspired the strains,
How oft the malice of one luckless word
Pursues the Enthusiast to the social board,
Haunts him belated on the silent plains!
Yet he repines not, if his thought stand clear,
At last, of hindrance and obscurity,
Fresh as the star that crowns the brow of morn;
Bright, speckless, as a softly-moulded tear
The moment it has left the virgin's eye,
Or rain-drop lingering on the pointed thorn.

RECOLLECTION OF THE PORTRAIT OF KING HENRY EIGHTH, TRINITY LODGE, CAMBRIDGE

Comp. 1827. —— Pub. 1827.

THE imperial Stature, the colossal stride,
Are yet before me; yet do I behold
The broad full visage, chest of amplest mould,
The vestments 'broidered with barbaric pride:
And lo! a poniard, at the Monarch's side,
Hangs ready to be grasped in sympathy
With the keen threatenings of that fulgent eye,
Below the white-rimmed bonnet, far-descried.
Who trembles now at thy capricious mood?
'Mid those surrounding Worthies, haughty King,
We rather think, with grateful mind sedate,
How Providence educeth, from the spring
Of lawless will, unlooked-for streams of good,
Which neither force shall check nor time abate!

Comp. 1827. —— Pub. 1827.

WHEN Philoctetes in the Lemnian isle †
Like a Form sculptured on a monument
Lay couched; on him or his dread bow unbent [1]
Some wild Bird oft might settle and beguile

[1] 1837.
. . . . . isle
Lay couched;—upon that breathless monument,
On him, or on his fearful bow unbent, 1827.

* Trinity College, Cambridge, was founded by King Henry VIII. in 1546, on the site of King's Hall, founded by Edward III. in 1337. Two of the gateways of the latter remain as parts of the great court of Trinity. Over one of these—the King's or entrance gateway—the statue of Henry VIII., described in the sonnet, is erected.—ED.

† The original title of this sonnet in MS. was *Suggested by the same*

The rigid features of a transient smile,
Disperse the tear, or to the sigh give vent,
Slackening the pains of ruthless banishment
From his loved home, and from heroic toil.
And trust[1] that spiritual Creatures round us move,
Griefs to allay which[2] Reason cannot heal;
Yea, veriest[3] reptiles have sufficed to prove
To fettered wretchedness, that no Bastile *
Is deep enough to exclude the light of love,
Though man for brother man has ceased to feel.

[1] 1837.
From home affections, and heroic toil.
Nor doubt . . . . . 1827.

[2] 1827.
that 1837.

[3] 1837.
And very . . . . . 1827.

Incident (referring to the previous sonnet); and its original form, with one line awanting, was as follows:-

When Philoctetes, in the Lemnian Isle
Reclined with shaggy forehead earthward bent,
Lay silent like a weed-grown Monument,
Such Friend, for such brief moment as a smile
Asks to be born and die in, might beguile
The wounded Chief of pining discontent
From home affections, and heroic toil.
Seen, or unseen, beneath us, or above,
Are Powers that soften anguish, if not heal;
And toads and spiders have sufficed to prove
To fettered wretchedness that no Bastile
Is deep enough to exclude the light of Love,
Though man for Brother man have ceased to feel.

Philoctetes, one of the Argonauts, received from the dying Hercules his arrows. Called by Menelaus to go with the Greeks to the Trojan war, he was sent to the island of Lemnos, owing to a wound in his foot. There he remained for ten years, till the oracle informed the Greeks that Troy could not be taken without the arrows of Hercules. The sonnet refers to the legend of his life in Lemnos.—Ed.

* Compare the sonnet *To Toussaint l'Ouverture* (Vol. II. p. [illegible]).—Ed.

Comp. 1827. —— Pub. 1827.

[This is taken from the account given by Miss Jewsbury of the pleasure she derived, when long confined to her bed by sickness, from the inanimate object on which this sonnet turns.]

WHILE Anna's peers * and early playmates tread,
In freedom, mountain-turf and river's marge;[1]
Or float with music in the festal barge;
Rein the proud steed, or through the dance are led;
Her doom it is[2] to press a weary bed—
Till oft her guardian Angel, to some charge
More urgent called, will stretch his wings at large,
And friends too rarely prop the languid head.
Yet, helped by Genius—untired comforter,[3]
The presence even of a stuffed Owl for her
Can cheat the time; sending her fancy out
To wind castles and to moonlight skies,
Though he can neither stir a plume, nor shout;
Nor veil, with restless film, his staring eyes.

TO THE CUCKOO.

Comp 1827. —— Pub 1827.

NOT the whole warbling grove in concert heard
When sunshine follows shower, the breast can thrill
Like the first summons, Cuckoo! of thy bill,

[1] 1827.
While they, her playmates once, light-hearted tread
The mountain turf and river's flowery marge, 1827
While they, who once were Anna's playmates, tread
The mountain turf and river's flowery marge; 1832.

[2] 1832.
Is Anna doomed 1827.

[3] 1827.
Yet genius is no feeble comforter: 1827.

* Anna Jewsbury, afterwards Mrs William Fletcher. Compare *Liberty*, I, and the note (p. 203).—ED.

With its twin notes inseparably paired.*
The captive 'mid damp vaults unsunned, unaired,
Measuring the periods of his lonely doom,
That cry can reach; and to the sick man's room
Sends gladness, by no languid smile declared.
The lordly eagle-race through hostile search
May perish; time may come when never more
The wilderness shall hear the lion roar;
But, long as cock shall crow from household perch*
To rouse the dawn, soft gales shall speed thy wing,
And thy erratic voice † be faithful to the spring!

THE INFANT M- M——.

Comp. 1827. —— Pub. 1827.

[The infant was Mary Monkhouse,‡ the only daughter of my friend and cousin, Thomas Monkhouse.]

UNQUIET Childhood here by special grace
Forgets her nature, opening like a flower
That neither feeds nor wastes its vital power
In painful struggles. Months each other chase,
And nought untunes that Infant's voice; no trace [1]

[1] 1827.

a trace 1827.

* Compare *To the Cuckoo*—1804—(Vol. III. p. 1)—
"Thy two-fold shout I hear."
Also R. Browning's,—
"We shall have the word
In a minor-third
There is none but the cuckoo knows."
—(*A Lovers' Quarrel*, st. 18.)—ED.

† Compare
"O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice!" (Vol. III. p. 1.)—ED.

‡ Now Mrs Henry Dew of Whitney Rectory, Herefordshire.—ED.

Of fretful temper sullies her pure cheek;[1]
Prompt, lively, self-sufficing, yet so meek
That one enrapt with gazing on her face
(Which even the placid innocence of death
Could scarcely make more placid, heaven more bright)
Might learn to picture, for the eye of faith,
The Virgin, as she shone with kindred light;
A nursling couched upon her mother's knee,
Beneath some shady palm of Galilee.

TO ROTHA Q——.

Comp. 1827. —— Pub. 1827.

[Rotha, the daughter of my son-in-law, Mr Quillinan.]

ROTHA, my Spiritual Child! this head was grey
When at the sacred font for thee I stood:
Pledged till thou reach the verge of womanhood,
And shalt become thy own sufficient stay:
Too late, I feel, sweet Orphan! was the day
For stedfast hope the contract to fulfil;
Yet shall my blessing hover o'er thee still,
Embodied in the music of this Lay,
Breathed forth beside the peaceful mountain Stream
Whose murmur soothed thy languid Mother's ear
After her throes, this Stream of name more dear

[1] 1837,

sullies not her cheek; 1827.

* The river Rotha, which flows into Windermere from the lakes of Grasmere and

Since thou dost bear it,—a memorial theme
For others; for thy future self, a spell
To summon fancies out of Time's dark cell.*

TO ——, IN HER SEVENTIETH YEAR.[1]

[Lady Fitzgerald, as described to me by Lady Beaumont.]

Comp. 1827. —— Pub. 1827.

SUCH age how beautiful! O Lady bright,
Whose mortal lineaments seem all refined
By favouring Nature and a saintly Mind
To something purer and more exquisite
Than flesh and blood, whene'er thou meet'st my sight,
When I behold thy blanched unwithered cheek,
Thy temples fringed with locks of gleaming white,
And head that droops because the soul is meek,
Thee with the welcome Snowdrop I compare;
That child of winter, prompting thoughts that climb
From desolation toward[2] the genial prime;
Or with the Moon conquering earth's misty air,
And filling more and more with crystal light
As pensive Evening deepens into night.†

Comp. 1827. —— Pub. 1827.

IN my mind's eyes a Temple, like a cloud
Slowly surmounting some invidious hill,

[1] 1832. *
To · 1837.

[2] 1832.
towards 1837.

* Compare the poem on the Borrowdale *Yew Trees*.—ED.
† For another version of this sonnet see note A. in the Appendix to this volume.—ED.

Rose out of darkness: the bright Work stood still
And might of its own beauty have been proud,
But it was fashioned and to God was vowed
By Virtues that diffused, in every part,
Spirit divine through forms of human art:
Faith had her arch—her arch, when winds blow loud,
Into the consciousness of safety thrilled;
And Love her towers of dread foundation laid
Under the grave of things; Hope had her spire
Star-high, and pointing still to something higher;
Trembling, I gazed, but heard a voice—it said,
"Hell-gates are powerless Phantoms when we build."

Comp. 1827. —— Pub. 1827.

Go back to antique ages, if thine eyes
The genuine mien and character would trace
Of the rash Spirit that still holds her place,
Prompting the world's audacious vanities!
Go back, and see[1] the Tower of Babel rise;
The pyramid extend its monstrous base,
For some Aspirant of our short-lived race,
Anxious an aery name to immortalize.
There, too, ere wiles and politic dispute
Gave specious colouring to aim and act,
See the first mighty Hunter leave the brute—
To chase mankind, with men in armies packed
For his field-pastime high and absolute,
While, to dislodge his game, cities are sacked!

[1] 1827.
See, at her call, ...

IN THE WOODS OF RYDAL.*

Comp. 1827. —— Pub. 1827.

WILD Redbreast! † hadst thou at Jemima's lip ‡
Pecked, as at mine, thus boldly, Love might say [1]
A half-blown rose had tempted thee to sip
Its glistening dews; but hallowed is the clay
Which the Muse warms; and I, whose head is grey,[2]
Am not unworthy of thy fellowship;
Nor could I let one thought—one motion—slip
That might thy sylvan confidence betray.
For are we not all His, without whose care
Vouchsafed no sparrow falleth to the ground?

[1] 1837.

Strange visitation! at Jemima's lip
Thus hadst thou pecked, wild Rebreast! love
might say. 1827.

[2] 1827.

That the Muse warms; and I, though old and
grey. MS

* The original title (in MS.) was "To a Redbreast." *In the Woods of Rydal* was added in 1836.—ED.

† This Sonnet, as Poetry, explains itself, yet the scene of the incident having been a wild wood, it may be doubted, as a point of natural history, whether the bird was aware that his attentions were bestowed upon a human, or even a living creature. But a Redbreast will perch upon the foot of a gardener at work, and alight on the handle of the spade when his hand is half upon it,—this I have seen And under my own roof I have witnessed affecting instances of the creature's friendly visits to the chambers of sick persons, as described in the verses to the Redbreast. One of these welcome intruders used frequently to roost upon a nail in the wall, from which a picture had hung, and was ready, as morning came, to pipe his song in the hearing of the Invalid, who had been long confined to her room. These attachments to a particular person, when marked and continued, used to be reckoned ominous; but the superstition is passing away. —W. W., 1827.

‡ Jemima Quillinan.—ED.

§ Compare the *Ancient Mariner*, Part VII., st. 23.—ED.

Who gives his Angels wings to speed through air,
And rolls the planets through the blue profound;
Then peck or perch, fond Flutterer! nor forbear
To trust a Poet in still musings bound.[1]

CONCLUSION.

TO ——*

Comp. 1827. — Pub. 1827

In these brief Records, by the Muses' art
Produced as lonely Nature or the strife
That animates the scenes of public life †
Inspired, may in thy leisure claim a place
And if these transcripts of the private heart
Have gained a benediction from thy faltering tears;
Then I repeat not. But my soul hath fears
Breathed from eternity; for as a dart
Cleaves the blank air, Life flies: now every day
Is but a glimmering spoke in the swift wheel
Of the revolving week. Away, away,
All fitful cares, all transitory zeal!
So Holy Grace the immortal wing may heal,
And honour rest upon the senseless clay.

[1] [illegible]
[illegible] vision bound. 1827.

* To whom the *Dedication* of these sonnets in 1827 (p. 154), and the *Conclusion* (p. [illegible]), were addressed, it is perhaps impossible to determine. I [illegible] belief that the series was dedicated to his sister, and that the concluding sonnet was inscribed to his daughter.—Ed.

† This line [illegible] to Sonnets which will be found in another Class.—W. [illegible] refers to the Sonnets on Liberty, &c.—Ed.

1828.

The poems belonging to 1828 include two short pieces, suggested during the fortnight which Wordsworth spent on the Rhine with his daughter and S. T. Coleridge in that year, *The Morning Exercise*, *The Triad*, the two on *The Wishing-Gate*, *The Gleaner*, and the ode on *The Power of Sound*.

A JEWISH FAMILY.

(IN A SMALL VALLEY OPPOSITE ST GOAR, UPON THE RHINE.)

Comp. 1828. —— Pub. 1835.

[Coleridge, my daughter, and I, in 1828, passed a fortnight upon the banks of the Rhine, principally under the hospitable roof of Mr Aders of Gotesburg, but two days of the time we spent at St Goar in rambles among the neighbouring valleys. It was at St Goar that I saw the Jewish family here described * Though exceedingly poor, and in rags, they were not less beautiful than I have endeavoured to make them appear. We had taken a little dinner with us in a basket, and invited them to partake of it, which the mother refused to do, both for herself and children, saying it was with them a fast-day; adding, diffidently, that whether such observances were right or wrong, she felt it her duty to keep them strictly. The Jews, who are numerous on this part of the Rhine, greatly surpass the German peasantry in the beauty of their features and in the intelligence of their countenances. But the lower classes of the German peasantry have, here at least, the air of people grievously oppress. Nursing mothers, at the age of seven or eight-and-twenty, often look haggard and far more decayed and withered than women of Cumberland and Westmoreland twice their age. This comes from being under-fed and over-worked in their vineyards in a hot and glaring sun.]

GENIUS of Raphael! if thy wings
Might bear thee to this glen,
With faithful memory left of things[1]
To pencil dear and pen,

[1] 1835.
With memory left of shapes and things.
MS. Letter of Dorothy Wordsworth.

Thou would'st forego the neighbouring Rhine,
  And all his majesty,—
A studious forehead to incline
  O'er this poor family.[1]

The Mother—her thou must have seen,
  In spirit, ere she came
To dwell these rifted rocks between,
  Or found on earth a name;
An image, too, of that sweet Boy,[2]
  Thy inspirations give—
Of playfulness, and love, and joy,[3]
  Predestined here to live.

Downcast, or shooting glances far,
  How beautiful his eyes,
That blend the nature of the star
  With that of summer skies!
I speak as if of sense beguiled;
  Uncounted months are gone,
Yet am I with the Jewish Child,
  That exquisite Saint John.

I see the dark-brown curls, the brow,
  The smooth transparent skin,
Refined, as with intent to show
  The holiness within;

[1] 1828.
  On this poor . . . MS copy by Dorothy Wordsworth

[2] 1828.
  . . . . . this sweet Boy,
  MS. Letter of Dorothy Wordsworth

[3] 1828.
  In playfulness, ...
  MS. Letter of Dorothy Wordsworth

The grace of parting Infancy
By blushes yet untamed;
Age faithful to the mother's knee,
Nor of her arms ashamed.

Two lovely Sisters, still and sweet
As flowers, stand side by side;
Their soul-subduing looks might cheat[1]
The Christian of his pride:
Such beauty hath the Eternal poured
Upon them not forlorn,[2]
Though of a lineage once abhorred,
Nor yet redeemed from scorn.

Mysterious safeguard, that, in spite
Of poverty and wrong,
Doth here preserve a living light,
From Hebrew fountains sprung;
That gives this ragged group to cast
Around the dell a gleam
Of Palestine, of glory past,
And proud Jerusalem!

[1] 1833.
Fair Creatures, in this lone retreat
By happy chance espied,
Your soul-subduing looks
MS. Letter of Dorothy Wordsworth.

[2] 1833.
Upon you—not forlorn, MS. Letter of Dorothy Wordsworth.

The title given to this poem by Dorothy Wordsworth, in the letter to Lady Beaumont in which the different MS. readings occur, is "A Jewish Family, met with in a Dingle near the Rhine." During the Continental Tour of 1820,—in which Wordsworth was accompanied by his wife and sister and other friends,—they went up the Rhine (see notes to the poems recording that Tour), and an extract from Mrs Wordsworth's Journal, in reference to the road from St Goar to Bingen, may illustrate this poem, written in 1833. "From St Goar to Bingen, castles commanding innumerable small fortified villages. Nothing could exceed the delightful variety, and at first the postilions whisked us too

fast through these scenes; and afterwards, the same variety so often repeated, we became quite exhausted, at least D. and I were; and, beautiful as the road continued to be, we could scarcely keep our eyes open: but, on my being roused from one of these slumbers, no eye wide-awake ever beheld such celestial pictures as gleamed before mine, like visions belonging to dreams. The castles seemed now almost *stationary*, a continued succession always in sight, rarely without two or three before us at once. There they rose from the craggy cliffs, out of the centre of the stately river, from a green island, or a craggy rock, &c., &c."

In Dorothy Wordsworth's record of the same Tour, the following occurs —"July 24 -We looked down into one of the vales tributary to the Rhine, which, in memory of the mountain recesses of Ullswater, I named Deep-dale, a green quiet place, spotted with villages and single houses, and enlivened by a sinuous brook." . . . "A lovely dell runs behind one of these hills. At its opening, where it pours out its stream into the Rhine, we espied a one-arched Borrowdale bridge, and, behind the bridge, a village almost buried between the abruptly rising steeps"—ED.

INCIDENT AT BRUGES.

Comp 1828. —— Pub 1835.

[This occurred at Bruges in 1828. Mrs Coleridge, my daughter, and I made a tour together in Flanders, upon the Rhine, and returned by Holland. Dora and I, while taking a walk along a retired part of the town, heard the voice as here described, and were afterwards informed it was a convent in which were many English. We were both much touched, I might say affected, and Dora moved as appears in the verses.]

In Bruges town is many a street
  Whence busy life hath fled;[1]
Where, without hurry, noiseless feet,
  The grass-grown pavement tread
There heard we, halting in the shade
  Flung from a Convent-tower,
A harp that tuneful prelude made
  To a voice of thrilling power.[2]

[1] 1835.
Whence busy life is fled, MS copy by Dorothy Wordsworth

[2] 1835.
To a voice like bird in bower. MS., Dorothy Wordsworth.
. . . . birds . . . MS., Mrs Wordsworth.

The measure, simple truth to tell,
Was fit for some gay throng;
Though from the same grim turret fell
The shadow and the song.
When silent were both voice and chords,
The strain seemed doubly dear,
Yet sad as sweet, for *English* words
Had fallen upon the ear.[1]

It was a breezy hour of eve,
And pinnacle and spire[2]
Quivered and seemed almost to heave,
Clothed with innocuous fire;
But, where we stood, the setting sun
Showed little of his state,
And, if the glory reached the Nun,
'Twas through an iron grate.

Not always is the heart unwise,[3]
Nor pity idly born,
If even a passing Stranger sighs[4]
For them who do not mourn.

[1] 1845.

Like them who *think* they hear,
We listened still, for *English* words
Had dropped upon the ear. MS., Mrs Wordsworth

The strain seemed doubly dear,
Yea passing sweet—for English words
Had dropt upon the ear. MS., Dorothy Wordsworth.

[2] 1835.

When pinnacle and spire, MS., Dorothy Wordsworth.

[3] 1835.

The restless heart is not unwise, MS., Dorothy Wordsworth.

[4] 1835.

When even a passing . . MS., Dorothy Wordsworth.

Sad is thy doom, self-schooed dove,
  Captive, whoe'er thou be![1]
Oh! what is beauty, what is love,
  And opening life to thee?

Such feeling pressed upon my soul,
  A feeling sanctified
By one soft trickling tear that stole
  From the Maiden at my side;
Less tribute could she pay than this,
  Borne gaily o'er the sea,
Fresh from the beauty and the bliss
  Of English liberty?

In the final arrangement of the poems, this one was published amongst the *Memorials of a Tour in the Continent* (1820), where it followed the two sonnets on Bruges. The poems suggested by the shorter Tour of 1828 are here published together, in their chronological place.

In an undated letter of Dorothy Wordsworth's to Lady Beaumont, before copying out this poem and the *Jewish Family*, she says, "The two following poems were taken from incidents recorded in Dora's journal of her tour with her father and S. T. Coleridge. As I well recollect, she has related the incidents very pleasingly, and I hope you will agree with me in thinking that the poet has made good use of them."—Ed.

A MORNING EXERCISE.

Comp. 1828. —— Pub. 1832.

[Written at Rydal Mount. I could wish the last five stanzas of this to be read with the poem addressed to the skylark.]

FANCY, who leads the pastimes of the glad,
Full oft is pleased a wayward dart to throw;
Sending sad shadows after things not sad,
Peopling the harmless fields with signs of woe

[1] 1st.
  Sad is thy doom, imprisoned dove,
  Whoe'er thou mayest be. MS., Dorothy Wordsworth.

Beneath her sway, a simple forest cry
Becomes an echo of man's misery.

Blithe ravens croak of death; and when the owl
Tries his two voices for a favourite strain—
Tu-whit—tu-whoo! the unsuspecting fowl
Forebodes mishap or seems but to complain;
Fancy, intent to harass and annoy,
Can thus pervert the evidence of joy.

Through border wilds where naked Indians stray,
Myriads of notes attest her subtle skill;
A feathered task-master cries, "WORK AWAY!"
And, in thy iteration, "WHIP POOR WILL!" *
Is heard the spirit of a toil-worn slave,
Lashed out of life, not quiet in the grave.

What wonder? at her bidding, ancient lays
Steeped in dire grief the voice of Philomel;
And that fleet messenger of summer days,
The Swallow, twittered subject to like spell;
But ne'er could Fancy bend the buoyant Lark
To melancholy service—hark! O hark!

The daisy sleeps upon the dewy lawn,
Not lifting yet the head that evening bowed;
But *He* is risen, a later star of dawn,
Glittering and twinkling near yon rosy cloud;

* See Waterton's *Wanderings in South America*.—W. W. Compare the reference to the "Melancholy Muccawis" in *The Excursion*, Book III., l. 953 (Vol. V. p. 142), and the notes p. 142, and appendix notes E and L, pp. 417-418 and 434. When these notes were written,—and the search made by myself and several friends, both in England and America, for the Muccawis,—I had forgotten this reference to "Whip-poor-Will" in the *Morning Exercise*. Its remembrance would have saved much long and fruitless labour.—ED.

Bright gem instinct with music, vocal spark;
The happiest bird that sprang out of the Ark!

Hail, blest above all kinds!—Supremely skilled
Restless with fixed to balance, high with low,
Thou leav'st the halcyon free her hopes to build
On such forbearance as the deep may show;
Perpetual flight, unchecked by earthly ties,
Leav'st to the wandering bird of paradise.

Faithful, though swift as lightning, the meek dove;
Yet more hath Nature reconciled in thee;
So constant with thy downward eye of love,
Yet, in aerial singleness, so free;*
So humble, yet so ready to rejoice
In power of wing and never-wearied voice.†

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler!—that love-prompted strain,
('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
All independent of the leafy spring.‡

How would it please old Ocean to partake,
With sailors longing for a breeze in vain,
The harmony thy notes most gladly make[1]

[1] 1832. The harmony that thou best lovest to make 1832.

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* Compare the poem of 1825 to the Skylark—
"Type of the wise who soar but never roam,
True to the kindred points of Heaven and home" —Ed.

† Compare
"Still singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest."
—SHELLEY, *Ode to the Skylark*, stanza 2.—Ed.

‡ This line was transferred from the sonnet "To a Skylark" in 1845. See p. 140. —Ed.

Where earth resembles most his own domain![1]
Urania's self,* might welcome with pleased ear
These matins mounting towards her native sphere.

Chanter by heaven attracted, whom no bars
To daylight known deter from that pursuit,
'Tis well that some sage instinct, when the stars
Come forth at evening, keeps Thee still and mute;
For not an eyelid could to sleep incline
Wert thou among them, singing as they shine!

THE TRIAD.

Comp. 1828. —— Pub. 1829.

[Written at Rydal Mount. The girls, Edith Southey, my daughter Dora, and Sara Coleridge.]

SHOW me the noblest Youth of present time,
Whose trembling fancy would to love give birth
Some God or Hero, from the Olympian clime
Returned, to seek a Consort upon earth;
Or, in no doubtful prospect, let me see
The brightest star of ages yet to be,
And I will mate and match him blissfully.

I will not fetch a Naiad from a flood
Pure as herself—(song lacks not mightier power)
Nor leaf-crowned Dryad from a pathless wood,
Nor Sea-nymph glistening from her coral bower
Mere Mortals bodied forth in vision still,

[1] 1828.
his blank domain! 1832.

* The muse who presided over astronomy.—ED.

Shall with Mount Ida's triple lustre fill *
The chaster coverts of a British hill

* * *

"Appear!—obey my lyre's command!
Come, like the Graces† hand in hand!†
For ye, though not by birth allied,
Are Sisters in the bond of love;
Nor shall the tongue of envious pride
Presume those interweavings to reprove
In you, which that fair progeny of Jove, ‡
Learned [1] from the tuneful spheres that glide
In endless union, earth and sea above."
—I sing [2] in vain;—the pines have hushed their waving:
A peerless Youth expectant at my side,
Breathless as they, with unabated craving
Looks to the earth, and to the vacant air;
And, with a wandering eye that seems to chide,
Asks of the clouds what occupants they hide:—
But why solicit more than sight could bear,
By casting on a moment all we dare?
Invoke we those bright Beings one by one;
And what was boldly promised, truly shall be don

[1] 1836.

And not the boldest tongue of envious pride
In you those interweavings could reprove
Which they, the progency of Jove,
Learnt . . . . . 1829.

[2] 1836.

—I speak . . . . . 1829.

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* The Phrygian Ida was a many-branched range of mountains; two subordinate ranges, running from the principal summit, enclosed Troy as with a crescent. The Cretan Ida terminated in three snowy peaks. There may be a reference to Skiddaw's triple summit in the "British hill."—Ed.

† The Charites—Aglaia, Thalia, and Euphrosyne—were usually represented with hands joined, as tokens of graciousness and friendship.—Ed.

‡ They were the daughters of Zeus, and were commonly represented as embracing each other.—Ed.

"Fear not a constraining measure!
—Yielding to this gentle spell,[1]
Lucida! * from domes of pleasure,
Or from cottage-sprinkled dell,
Come to regions solitary,
Where the eagle builds her aery,
Above the hermit's long-forsaken cell!"
—She comes!—behold
That Figure, like a ship with snow-white sail![2]
Nearer she draws; a breeze uplifts her veil;
Upon her coming wait
As pure a sunshine and as soft a gale
As e'er, on herbage covering earthly mold,
Tempted the bird of Juno † to unfold
His richest splendour—when his veering gait
And every motion of his starry train
Seem governed by a strain
Of music, audible to him alone.

"O Lady, worthy of earth's proudest throne!
Nor less, by excellence of nature, fit
Beside an unambitious hearth to sit
Domestic queen, where grandeur is unknown;
What living man could fear
The worst of Fortune's malice, wert Thou near,
Humbling that lily-stem, thy sceptre meek,
That its fair flowers may from his cheek

[1] 1836. this constraining measure!
Drawn by a poetic spell, 1836.
[2] 1836. with silver sail! 1836.

* Edith Southey.—Ed. † The peacock.—Ed.

brush the too happy tear?[1]
——Queen, and handmaid lowly!
Whose skill can speed the day with lively cares,
And banish melancholy
By all that mind invents or hand prepares;
O Thou, against whose lip, without its smile
And in its silence even, no heart is proof;
Whose goodness, sinking deep, would reconcile
The softest Nursling of a gorgeous palace
To the bare life beneath the hawthorn-roof
Of Sherwood's Archer,* or in caves of Wallace—
Who that hath seen thy beauty could content
His soul with but a *glimpse* of heavenly day?
Who that hath loved thee, but would lay
His strong hand on the wind, if it were bent
To take thee in thy majesty away?
—Pass onward (even the glancing deer
Till we depart intrude not here;)
That mossy slope, o'er which the woodbine throws
A canopy, is smoothed for thy repose!"

Glad moment is it when the throng,
Of warblers in full concert strong
Strive, and not vainly strive, to rout
The lagging shower, and force coy Phœbus out,
Met by the rainbow's form divine,
Issuing from her cloudy shrine;—
So may the thrillings of the lyre
Prevail to further our desire,
While to these shades a sister Nymph I call.

[1] 1822. . . . . may brush from off his cheek
The too, too happy tear! 1832.

* Robin Hood.—Ed.

"Come, if the notes thine ear may pierce,
Come, youngest of the lovely Three,*
Submissive to the might of verse
And the dear voice of harmony,
By none[1] more deeply felt than Thee!"
—I sang; and lo! from pastimes virginal
She hastens to the tents
Of nature, and the lonely elements.
Air sparkles round her with a dazzling sheen;
But[2] mark her glowing cheek, her vesture green!

And, as if wishful to disarm
Or to repay the potent Charm,
She bears the stringed lute of old romance,
That cheered the trellised arbour's privacy,
And soothed war-wearied knights in raftered hall.
How vivid, yet[3] how delicate, her glee!
So tripped the Muse, inventress of the dance;
So, truant in waste woods, the blithe Euphrosyne! †

But the ringlets of that head
Why are they ungarlanded?

[1] 1836.
. . . a Nymph I call.
The youngest of the lovely Three.—
"Come, if the notes thine ear may pierce,
Submissive to the might of verse,
By none, ... 1829.

[2] 1836.
And . . . . . 1829.

[3] 1836.
How light her air! . . . . . 1829.

* Dora Wordsworth.—Ed.

† "Thou goddess fair and free,
In Heaven yclepad Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing mirth."
—Milton, *L'Allegro*, 11-13.—Ed.

Why bedeck her temples less
Than the simplest shepherdess?
Is it not a brow inviting
Choicest flowers[1] that ever breathed,
Which the myrtle would delight in
With Idalian rose enwreathed?
But her humility is well content
With *one* wild floweret (call it not forlorn)
FLOWER OF THE WINDS,* beneath her bosom worn—
Yet[2] more for love than ornament.

Open, ye thickets! let her fly,
Swift as a Thracian Nymph o'er field and height:
For She, to all but those who love her, shy,
Would gladly vanish from a Stranger's sight;
Though where she is beloved and loves,
Light as the wheeling butterfly she moves;
Her happy spirit as a bird is free,
That rifles blossoms on a tree,[3]
Turning them inside out with arch audacity.
Alas! how little can a moment show
Of an eye where feeling plays
In ten thousand dewy rays;
A face o'er which a thousand shadows go!
—She stops—is fastened to that rivulet's side;
And there (while, with sedater mien,
O'er timid waters that have scarcely left
Their birth-place in the rocky cleft

[1] 1832.
Choicest flower . . . . 1820.
[1] 1836.
Yet is it . . . . . 1820.
[1] 1836.
She is beloved and loves, as free
As bird that rifles blossoms on a tree, 1820.

* The wild anemone.—ED.

She bends) at leisure may be seen
Features to old ideal grace allied,*
Amid their smiles and dimples dignified—
Fit countenance for the soul of primal truth;
The bland composure of eternal youth!

What more changeful than the sea?
But over his great tides
Fidelity presides;
And this light-hearted Maiden constant is as he.
High is her aim as heaven above,
And wide as ether her good-will;
And, like the lowly reed, her love
Can drink its nurture from the scantiest rill:
Insight as keen as frosty star
Is to *her* charity no bar,
Nor interrupts her frolic graces
When she is, far from these wild places,
Encircled by familiar faces

O the charm that manners draw,
Nature, from thy genuine law![1]
If from what her hand would do,
Her voice would utter, aught ensue
Untoward[2] or unfit;
She, in benign affections pure,
In self-forgetfulness secure,

[1] 1848.
. . . . . the genuine law 1836.

[2] 1845.
. . . . . , there ensue
Aught untoward . . . 1832.

* According to Sarah Coleridge this was an allusion to a likeness supposed to have been found in the poet's daughter's countenance to the Memnon Head in the British Museum. See Sarah Coleridge's *Memoirs*, ii. p. 410. Ed.

Sheds round the transient harm or vague mischance
A light unknown to tutored elegance:[1]

Here is not a cheek shame-stricken,
But her blushes are joy-flushes;
And the fault (if fault it be)
Only ministers to quicken
Laughter loving gaiety,
And kindle sportive wit—
Leaving this Daughter of the mountains free
As if she knew that Oberon king of Faery[2]
Had crossed her purpose with some quaint vagary,
And heard his viewless bands
Over their mischiefful triumph clapping hands.

[illegible] of the Three, though eldest born,*
[illegible] the pensive Morn
[illegible] skylark's earliest note,
[illegible] gladness be afloat.
[illegible] the semblance drest
[illegible] fair vision of the west,
[illegible] anxious hope subdued
[illegible] gratitude,
[illegible] meekness, settling into rest.
—Or [illegible] when some high-wrought page

[1] 18.2

Nor [illegible] perfect law!
Though [illegible] affections pure
In [illegible] secure,
If from [illegible] would do
Or tongue utter [illegible]
Aught untoward or [illegible]
Transient mischief, vague mischance
Shunned by guarded [illegible] 1899

[2] 1832

. . . . . that Oberon the fairy 1899.

* Sarah Coleridge.—Ed

Of a closed volume lingering in thy hand
Has raised thy spirit to a peaceful stand
Among the glories of a happier age."
Her brow hath opened on me—see it there,
Brightening the umbrage of her hair;
So gleams the crescent moon, that loves
To be descried through shady groves.
Tenderest bloom is on her cheek;
Wish not for a richer streak;
Nor dread the depth of meditative eye;
But let thy love, upon that azure field
Of thoughtfulness and beauty, yield
Its homage offered up in purity.
What would'st thou more? In sunny glade,
Or under leaves of thickest shade,
Was such a stillness e'er diffused
Since earth grew calm while angels mused?
Softly she treads, as if her foot were loth
To crush the mountain dew-drops—soon to melt
On the flower's breast; as if she felt
That flowers themselves, whate'er their hue,
With all their fragrance, all their glistening,
Call to the heart for inward listening—
And though for bridal wreaths and tokens true
Welcomed wisely; though a growth
Which the careless shepherd sleeps on
As fitly spring from turf the mourner weeps on—
And without wrong are cropped the marble tomb to strew
The Charm is over;* the mute Phantoms gone,
Nor will return—but droop not, favoured Youth;
The apparition that before thee shone
Obeyed a summons covetous of truth.

* Compare

"The charm is fled."

The Wishing-Gate destroyed, st. 4.—Ed.

From these wild rocks thy footsteps I will guide
To bowers in which thy fortune may be tried,
And one of the bright Three become thy happy Bride.

The Triad was first published in *The Keepsake*, in 1829, and next in the 1832 edition of the Poems. See the criticism passed upon it by one of the three described in it, viz., Sarah Coleridge, in her *Memoirs*, Vol. II. pp. 409-10.—Ed.

THE WISHING-GATE.

Comp. 1828. —— Pub. 1829.

[Written at Rydal Mount. See also "Wishing-gate destroyed."]

In the vale of Grasmere, by the side of the old high-way leading to Ambleside, is a gate, which, time out of mind, has been called the Wishing-gate, from a belief that wishes formed or indulged there have a favourable issue.*

Hope rules a land for ever green:
All powers that serve the bright-eyed Queen
Are confident and gay;
Clouds at her bidding disappear
Points she to aught?—the bliss draws near,
And Fancy smooths the way.

Not such the land of Wishes—there
Dwell fruitless day-dreams, lawless prayer,
And thoughts with things at strife;
Yet how forlorn, should *ye* depart,
Ye superstitions of the *heart*,
How poor, were human life!

When magic lore abjured its might,
Ye did not forfeit one dear right,
One tender claim abate;

* Having been told, upon what I thought good authority, that this gate had been destroyed, and the opening where it hung, walled up, I gave vent immediately to my feelings in these stanzas. But going to the place some time after, I found with much delight, my old favourite unmolested.—W. W., 1832.

Witness this symbol of your sway,
Surviving near the public way,
The rustic Wishing-gate!

Inquire not if the faery race
Shed kindly influence on the place,
Ere northward they retired;
If here a warrior left a spell,
Panting for glory as he fell;
Or here a saint expired.

Enough that all around is fair,
Composed with Nature's finest care,
And in her fondest love—
Peace to embosom and content—
To overawe the turbulent,
The selfish to reprove.

Yea![1] even the Stranger from afar,
Reclining on this moss-grown bar,
Unknowing, and unknown,
The infection of the ground partakes,
Longing for his Beloved—who makes
All happiness her own.

Then why should conscious Spirits fear
The mystic stirrings that are here,
The ancient faith disclaim?
The local Genius ne'er befriends
Desires whose course in folly ends,
Whose just reward is shame.

Smile if thou wilt, but not in scorn,
If some, by ceaseless pains outworn,
Here crave an easier lot;

[1] 1822.
Yes! even . . . . . 1820.

If some have thirsted to renew
A broken vow, or bind a true,
With firmer, holier knot;

And not in vain, when thoughts are cast
Upon the irrevocable past,
Some Penitent sincere
May for a worthier future sigh,
While trickles from his downcast eye
No unavailing tear.

The Worldling, pining to be freed
From turmoil, who would turn or speed
The current of his fate,
Might stop before this favoured scene,
At Nature's call, nor blush to lean
Upon the Wishing-gate.

The Sage, who feels how blind, how weak
Is man, though loth such help to *seek*,
Yet, passing, here might pause,
And thirst[1] for insight to allay
Misgiving, while the crimson day
In quietness withdraws;

Or when the church-clock's knell profound*
To Time's first step across the bound
Of midnight makes reply;
Time pressing on with starry crest,
To filial sleep upon the breast
Of dread eternity.

The Wishing-gate was first published in *The Keepsake* in 1829, and next in the 1832 edition of the Poems.—Ed.

[1] 1836.
And yearn . . . . . 1829.

* Grasmere Church.—Ed.

THE WISHING-GATE DESTROYED.

Comp. 1828. —— Pub. 1842.

'Tis gone—with old belief and dream
That round it clung, and tempting scheme
  Released from fear and doubt;
And the bright landscape too must lie,
By this blank wall, from every eye,
  Relentlessly shut out.

Bear witness ye who seldom passed
That opening—but a look ye cast
  Upon the lake below,
What spirit-stirring power it gained
From faith which here was entertained,
  Though reason might say no.

Blest is that ground, where, o'er the springs
Of history, Glory claps her wings,
  Fame sheds the exulting tear;
Yet earth is wide, and many a nook
Unheard of is, like this, a book
  For modest meanings dear.

It was in sooth a happy thought
That grafted, on so fair a spot,
  So confident a token
Of coming good;—the charm is fled;
Indulgent centuries spun a thread,
  Which one harsh day has broken.

Alas! for him who gave the word;
Could he no sympathy afford,
  Derived from earth or heaven,

To hearts so oft by hope betrayed;
Their very wishes wanted aid
  Which here was freely given?

Where, for the love-lorn maiden's wound,
Will now so readily be found
  A balm of expectation?
Anxious for far-off children, where
Shall mothers breathe a like sweet air
  Of home-felt consolation?

And not unfelt will prove the loss
'Mid trivial care and petty cross
  And each day's shallow grief:
Though the most easily beguiled
Were oft among the first that smiled
  At their own fond belief.

If still the reckless change we mourn,
A reconciling thought may turn
  To harm that might lurk here,
Ere judgment prompted from within
Fit arms, with courage to begin,
  And strength to persevere.

Not Fortune's slave is Man: our state
Enjoins, while firm resolves await
  On wishes just and wise,
That strenuous action follow both,
And life be one perpetual growth
  Of heaven-ward enterprise.

So taught, so trained, we boldly face
All accidents of time and place;
  Whatever props may fail,

Trust in that sovereign law can spread
New glory o'er the mountain's head,
Fresh beauty through the vale.

That truth informing mind and heart,
The simplest cottager may part,
Ungrieved, with charm and spell;
And yet, lost Wishing-gate, to thee
The voice of grateful memory
Shall bid a kind farewell!

A Gate—though not the "moss-grown bar" of 1828—still stands at the old place, where Wordsworth tells us one had stood "time out of mind;" so that the "blank wall" does not shut out the "bright landscape" at the old and now classic spot. Long may it stand, defying wind and weather!—Ed.

THE GLEANER.

(SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.)

Comp. 1828. —— Pub. 1829.

[This poem was first printed in the annual called the "Keepsake" The painter's name I am not sure of, but I think it was Holmes *]

THAT happy gleam of vernal eyes,
Those locks from summer's golden skies,
That o'er thy brow are shed;
That cheek—a kindling of the morn,
That lip—a rose-bud from the thorn,
I saw; and Fancy sped
To scenes Arcadian, whispering, through soft air,
Of bliss that grows without a care,
And[1] happiness that never flies—
(How can it where love never dies?)

[1] 1827.
Of . . . . . 1832.

* It was by J. Holmes, and was engraved by C. Heath.—Ed.

Whispering [illegible]
Can [illegible]
Where [illegible]
In pleasure, is [illegible]
That Time [illegible]
From his [illegible]

Why [illegible] mortal form [illegible]
Ing [illegible] fed the pencil [illegible]
[illegible] mingle colours that should [illegible]
[illegible] rapture, nor [illegible] to [illegible]
[illegible] had thy charge been idle flowers,
[illegible] Damsel! over my captive mind
[illegible] truth and sober reason blind,
[illegible] that soft air, those long-lost bowers,
[illegible] sweet [illegible] might have hung, for hours.

Thanks to this tell-tale sheaf of corn,
That touchingly bespeaks thee born,
Life's [illegible] tasks with them to share,
Who, whether from their lowly bed
They rise, or rest the weary head,
Ponder the blessing they entreat
From Heaven, and feel what they repeat,
While they give utterance to the prayer
That asks for daily bread.

[illegible] year of the publication of this poem in *The Keepsake* was 1829. It [illegible] appeared under the title of "The Country Girl," and was afterwards included in the 1836 edition of the poems.—Ed.

[illegible]
[illegible] provide whispering [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] make the blessing [illegible]
[illegible]
VII [illegible]

ON THE POWER OF SOUND.

Coup, December 1[illegible] — Feb. 1[illegible].

[Written at Dyrid Mansion. I have since regretted that my tour in Ireland, during particularly the latter days of October in a carriage-and-four, I was with Mr. [illegible] occupied my memory with so few images that were new, and with so little motive to write. The lines however in this poem, "Yet, for the heart, less single!" were suggested near the Giant's Causeway, or rather at the promontory of Fairhead, where a pair of eagles suddenly spread out their heads and darted off as if to hide themselves in a cloud of fog made by the setting sun.]

Argument.

The Ear addressed, it requires no peculiar sensibility, in communion with sounds individual, or combined in musical harmony.—Sources and effects of these sounds (in the close of 6th Stanza).—The power of sounds, whence proceeding, exemplified in the idiot.—Origin of music, and its effect in early ages—then produced (in the middle of 10th Stanza).—The mind resulted in sounds acting casually and sensually.—With interest (11th Stanza) that these could be united into a scheme or system, for moral interest and intellectual contemplation.—(Stanza 12th.) The Pythagorean theory of numbers and sounds, with their supposed power over the motions of the universe—imaginings orthodox and such others.—With expressed (in 13th Stanza) hopes of some clearer, in the representation of all sounds under the form of thanksgiving to the Creator.—(Last Stanza) the destruction of sound and the planetary system—the survival of audible harmony and its support in the Divine Nature, as revealed in Holy Writ.

1.

The fountains are eternal
As if within them dwells a glorying mind,
Organ of vision! And a spirit social
Informs the cell of Hearing, dark and blind
Lawless labyrinth, more dear for thought
To unite than Sensible extent!
Open passage through which sights are brought,
And welcome for the heart, their slave,
And servant, that serves in abuse
Of shivering nerve! and wedded art,
Whose plaudits sweetness can unloose

The chains of frosty or entice a smile
Into the embrace of dalliance?
Hosannas pealing down the long-drawn aisle,
And requiems answered by the pulse that beats
Devoutly, in life's darkest retreats?

II.

The headlong streams and fountains
Serve Thee, invisible Spirit, with thrilling powers:
Cheering the wakeful tent on Syrian mountains,
They lull pavilions ten thousand thousand flowers.
That roar, the prowling lion's *Mine is the day*,
How fearful to the desert wide!
That bleat, how tender! of the dam
Calling a straggler to her side,
Shout, cuckoo!—let the vernal soul
Go with thee to the frozen zone;
Toll from thy loftiest perch, lone bell-bird, toll!
At the still hour to Mercy dear,
Mercy from her twilight throne
Listening to nun's faint throb of holy fear,
To sailor's prayer breathed from a darkening sea,
Or widow's cottage-lullaby.

III.

Ye Voices, and ye Shadows
And Images of voice—to hound and horn
From rocky steep and rock-bestudded meadows
Flung back, and, in the sky's blue caves, reborn—
On with your pastime! till the church-tower bells
A greeting give of measured glee;
And milder echoes from their cells
Repeat the bridal symphony.
Then, or far earlier, let us rove
Where mists are breaking up or gone,

And from aloft look down into a cove
Besprinkled with a careless quire,
Happy milk-maids, one by one
Scattering a ditty each to her desire,
A liquid concert matchless by nice Art,
A stream as if from one full heart.

IV.

Blest be the song that brightens
The blind man's gloom, exalts the veteran's mirth;
Unscorned the peasant's whistling breath, that lightens
His duteous toil of furrowing the green earth.
For the tired slave, Song lifts the languid oar,
And bids it aptly fall, with chime
That beautifies the fairest shore,
And mitigates the harshest clime.
Yon pilgrims see—in lagging file
They move; but soon the appointed way
A choral *Ave Marie* shall beguile,
And to their hope the distant shrine
Glisten with a livelier ray:
Nor friendless he, the prisoner of the mine,
Who from the well-spring of his own clear breast
Can draw, and sing his griefs to rest.

V.

When civic renovation
Dawns on a kingdom, and for needful haste
Best eloquence avails not, Inspiration
Mounts with a tune, that travels like a blast
Piping through cave and battlemented tower;
Then starts the sluggard, pleased to meet
That voice of Freedom, in its power
Of promises, shrill, wild, and sweet!
Who, from a martial *pageant*, spreads

Incitements of a battle-day,
Thrilling the unweaponed crowd with plumeless heads?—
Even She whose Lydian airs inspire*
Peaceful striving, gentle play
Of timid hope and innocent desire
Shot from the dancing Graces, as they move
Fanned by the plausive wings of Love.

VI.

How oft along thy mazes,
Regent of sound, have dangerous Passions trod!
O Thou, through whom the temple rings with praises,
And blackening clouds in thunder speak of God,
Betray not by the cozenage of sense†
Thy votaries, wooingly resigned
To a voluptuous influence
That taints the purer, better, mind;
But lead sick Fancy to a harp
That hath in noble tasks been tried;
And, if the virtuous feel a pang too sharp,
Soothe it into patience,—stay
The uplifted arm of Suicide;
And let some mood of thine in firm array
Bait every thought the impending issue needs,
Ere martyr burns, or patriot bleeds!

VII.

As Conscience, to the centre
Of being, smites with irresistible pain,
So shall a solemn cadence, if it enter
The mouldy vaults of the dull idiot's brain,

* Compare—

"And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse.
—Milton, *L'Allegro*, 135-7.—Ed.

† The deception of the senses.—Ed.

Transmute him to a wretch from quiet hurled—
Convulsed as by a jarring din;
And then aghast, as at the world
Of reason partially let in
By concords winding with a sway
Terrible for sense and soul!
Or, awed he weeps, struggling to quell dismay.
Point not these mysteries to an Art
Lodged above the starry pole;
Pure modulations flowing from the heart
Of divine Love, where Wisdom, Beauty, Truth
With Order dwell, in endless youth?

VIII.

Oblivion may not cover
All treasures hoarded by the miser, Time,
Orphean Insight! truth's undaunted lover,
To the first leagues of tutored passion climb,
When Music deigned within this grosser sphere
Her subtle essence to enfold,
And voice and shell drew forth a tear
Softer than Nature's self could mould.
Yet *strenuous* was the infant Age:
Art, daring because souls could feel,
Stirred nowhere but an urgent equipage
Of rapt imagination sped her march
Through the realms of woe and weal;
Hell to the lyre bowed low; the upper arch
Rejoiced that clamorous spell and magic verse
Her wan disasters could disperse.*

* Orpheus, in search of his lost Eurydice, gained admittance with his lyre to the infernal regions. Pluto was charmed with his music, the wheel of Ixion stopped, the stone of Sisiphus stood still, Tantalus forgot his thirst, and the Furies relented, while Pluto and Proserpine consented to restore Eurydice. The sequel is well known.—Ed.

IX.

The Gift to king Amphion
That walled a city with its melody*
Was for belief no dream;*—thy skill, Arion!
Could humanise the creatures of the sea,
Where men were monsters.† A last grace he craves,
Leave for one chant;—the dulcet sound
Steals from the deck o'er willing waves,
And listening dolphins gather round.
Self-cast as with a desperate course
'Mid that strange audience, he bestrides
A proud One docile as a managed horse.
And singing, while the accordant hand
Sweeps his harp, the Master rides;
So shall he touch at length a friendly strand,
And he, with his preserver, shine star-bright
In memory, through silent night.

X.

The pipe of Pan, to shepherds
Couched in the shadow of Maenalian pines,‡
Was passing sweet; the eyeballs of the leopards,
That in high triumph drew the Lord of vines,

* The fable of Amphion moving stones and raising the walls of Thebes by his melody is explained by supposing him gifted with an eloquence and power of persuasion that roused the savage people to rise and build the town of Thebes.—Ed.

† The story of Arion, lyric poet and musician of Lesbos, was that having gone into Italy, settled there, and grown rich, he wished to revisit his native country, taking some of his fortune with him. The sailors of the ship determined to murder him, and steal his treasure. He asked as a last favour, that he might play a tune on his lyre. As soon as he began he attracted the creatures of the deep, and leaping into the sea, one of the dolphins carried him, lyre in hand, to the shore.—Ed.

‡ Maenalus, a mountain in Arcadia, sacred to Pan, covered with pine trees, a favourite haunt of shepherds.—See Virg., Ecl. viii. 24; Georg. i. 17; Ovid, Met. i. 216.—Ed.

How did they sparkle to the cymbal's clang!
While Fauns and Satyrs beat the ground
In cadence,—and Silenus swang
This way and that, with wild-flowers crowned.*
To life, to *life* give back thine ear:
Ye who are longing to be rid
Of fable, though to truth subservient, hear
The little sprinkling of cold earth that fell
Echoed from the coffin-lid;
The convict's summons in the steeple's knell;
'The vain distress-gun,' from a leeward shore,
Repeated—heard, and heard no more!

XI.

For terror, joy, or pity,
Vast is the compass and the swell of notes:
From the babe's first cry to voice of regal city,
Rolling a solemn sea-like bass, that floats
Far as the woodlands—with the trill to blend
Of that shy songstress,† whose love-tale
Might tempt an angel to descend,
While hovering o'er the moonlight vale.
Ye wandering Utterances,‡ has earth no scheme,
No scale of moral music—to unite
Powers that survive but in the faintest dream[1]

[1] 1836.

O for some soul-affecting scheme
Of *moral* music, to unite
Wanderers whose portion is the faintest dream 1845.

* In his expedition to the East, Bacchus was clothed in a panther's skin He was accompanied by all the Satyrs, and by Silenus crowned with flowers and almost always intoxicated.—Ed.

† The nightingale.—Ed.

‡ Compare *The Cuckoo*—

"A wandering voice."

—Vol. II. p. 1.—Ed.

Of memory?—O that ye might stoop to bear
Chains, such precious chains of sight
As laboured minstrelsies through ages wear!
O for a balance fit the truth to tell
Of the Unsubstantial, pondered well!

XII.

By one pervading spirit
Of tones and numbers all things are controlled,
As sages taught, where faith was found to merit
Initiation in that mystery old.[1]*
The heavens, whose aspect makes our minds as still
As they themselves appear to be,
Innumerable voices fill
With everlasting harmony;
The towering headlands, crowned with mist,
Their feet among the billows, know
That Ocean is a mighty harmonist;†

[1] 1835.

There is a world of spirit,
By tones and numbers guided and controlled;
And glorious privilege have they who merit
Initiation in that mystery old.

MS. Copy by Dorothy Wordsworth.

* The fundamental idea, both in the intellectual and moral philosophy of the Pythagoreans, was that of harmony or proportion. Their natural science or cosmology was dominated by the same idea, that as the world and all spheres within the universe were constructed symetrically, and moved around a central focus, the forms and the proportions of things were best expressed by number. All good was due to the principle of order; all evil to disorder. In accordance with the mathematical conception of the universe which ruled the Pythagoreans, justice was equality (ἰσότης), that is to say it consisted in each one receiving equally according to his deserts. Friendship too was equality of feeling and relationship; harmony being the radical idea, alike in the ethics and in the cosmology of the school.—Ed.

† Compare Keats to his friend Bailey in 1817:—"The great elements we know of are no mean comforters; the open sky sits upon our senses like a sapphire crown; the air is our robe of state; the earth is our throne; and the sea a mighty minstrel playing before it."—Ed.

Thy pinions, universal Air,
Ever waving to and fro,
Are delegates of harmony, and bear
Strains that support the Seasons in their round;
Stern Winter loves a dirge-like sound

XIII.

Break forth into thanksgiving,
Ye banded instruments of wind and chords;
Unite, to magnify the Ever-living,*
Your inarticulate notes with the voice of words!
Nor hushed be service from the lowing mead,
Nor mute the forest hum of noon;
Thou too be heard, lone eagle!† freed
From snowy peak and cloud, attune
Thy hungry barkings to the hymn
Of joy, that from her utmost walls
The six-days' Work,‡ by flaming Seraphim
Transmits to Heaven! As Deep to Deep
Shouting through one valley calls,
All worlds, all natures, mood and measure keep
For praise and ceaseless gratulation, poured
Into the ear of God, their Lord!

XIV.

A Voice to Light gave Being;§
To Time, and Man his earth-born chronicler;

* Compare—

"Choral song, or burst
Sublime of instrumental harmony
To glorify the Eternal."
—*The Excursion*, Book IV., 1170 (Vol. V. p. 192)—Ed.

‡ See the Fenwick note prefixed to this poem.—Ed.

† Gen. i.—Ed.

§ "And God said, Let there be light, and there was light" (Gen. i. 3).—Ed.

A Voice shall finish doubt and dim foreseeing,
And sweep away life's visionary stir;
The trumpet (we, intoxicate with pride,
Arm at its blast for deadly wars)
To archangelic lips applied,
The grave shall open, quench the stars.*
O Silence! are Man's noisy years
No more than moments of thy life?†
Is Harmony, blest queen of smiles and tears,
With her smooth tones and discords just,
Tempered into rapturous strife,
Thy destined bond-slave? No! though earth be dust
And vanish, though the heavens dissolve, her stay
Is in the Word that shall not pass away.‡

* 1 Cor. xv. 52.—Ed.

† Compare

"Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence."

—*Ode on Immortality*, st. ix. (Vol. IV. p. 54).—Ed.

‡ St. Luke xxi. 33.—Ed.

1829.

The Poems of 1829 were few; and were, for the most part, suggested by incidents or occurrences at Rydal Mount.

GOLD AND SILVER FISHES IN A VASE.

Comp. 1829. —— Pub. 1835.

[They were a present from Miss Jewsbury, of whom mention is made in the note at the end of the next poem. The fish were healthy to all appearance in their confinement for a long time, but at last, for some cause we could not make out, they languished, and, one of them being all but dead, they were taken to the pool under the old Pollard-oak. The apparently dying one lay on its side unable to move. I used to watch it, and about the tenth day it began to right itself, and in a few days more was able to swim about with its companions. For many months they continued to prosper in their new place of abode; but one night by an unusually great flood they were swept out of the pool, and perished to our great regret.]

The soaring lark is blest as proud
  When at heaven's gate she sings;
The roving bee proclaims aloud
  Her flight by vocal wings;
While Ye, in lasting durance pent,
  Your silent lives employ
For something more than dull content,
  Though haply less than joy.

Yet might your glassy prison seem
  A place where joy is known,
Where golden flash and silver gleam
  Have meanings of their own;
While, high and low, and all about,
  Your motions, glittering Elves!
Ye weave—no danger from without,
  And peace among yourselves.

Type of a sunny human breast
  Is your transparent cell;
Where Fear is but a transient guest,
  No sullen Humours dwell;
Where, sensitive of every ray
  That smites this tiny sea,
Your scaly panoplies repay
  The loan with usury.

How beautiful!—Yet none knows why
  This ever-graceful change,
Renewed—renewed incessantly—
  Within your quiet range.
Is it that ye with conscious skill
  For mutual pleasure glide;
And sometimes, not without your will,
  Are dwarfed, or magnified?

Fays, Genii of gigantic size!
  And now, in twilight dim,
Clustering like constellated eyes
  In wings of Cherubim,
When the fierce orbs abate their glare;—[1]
  Whate'er your forms express,
Whate'er ye seem, whate'er ye are—
  All leads to gentleness.

Cold though your nature be, 'tis pure;
  Your birthright is a fence
From all that haughtier kinds endure
  Through tyranny of sense.

[1] 1837.
When they abate their fiery glare; 1835.

Ah! not alone by colours bright
Are Ye to Heaven allied,
When, like essential Forms of light,
Ye mingle, or divide.

For day-dreams soft as e'er beguiled
Day-thoughts while limbs repose;
For moonlight fascinations mild,
Your gift, ere shutters close—
Accept, mute Captives! thanks and praise;
And may this tribute prove
That gentle admirations raise
Delight resembling love.

LIBERTY.

(SEQUEL TO THE ABOVE.)

[ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND; THE GOLD AND SILVER FISHES HAVING BEEN REMOVED TO A POOL IN THE PLEASURE-GROUND OF RYDAL MOUNT.]

Comp. 1829. —— Pub. 1835.

'The liberty of a people consists in being governed by laws which they have made for themselves, under whatever form it be of government. The liberty of a private man, in being master of his own time and actions, as far as may consist with the laws of God and of his country. Of this latter we are here to discourse.'—COWLEY.

THOSE breathing Tokens of your kind regard,
(Suspect not, Anna,* that their fate is hard;
Not soon does aught to which mild fancies cling,
In lonely spots, become a slighted thing;)
Those silent Inmates now no longer share
Nor do they need, our hospitable care,
Removed in kindness from their glassy Cell
To the fresh waters of a living Well—

* See the Sonnet (p. 163) beginning—
"While Anna's peers and early playmates tread."
—Ed.

An elfin pool so sheltered that its rest
No winds disturb;* the mirror of whose breast
Is smooth as clear, save where with dimples small [1]
A fly may settle, or a blossom fall.[2]
—*There* swims, of blazing sun and beating shower
Fearless (but how obscured!) the golden Power,
That from his bauble prison used to cast
Gleams by the richest jewel unsurpast;
And near him, darkling like a sullen Gnome,
The silver Tenant of the crystal dome;
Dissevered both from all the mysteries
Of hue and altering shape that charmed all eyes.
Alas! they pined,[3] they languished while they shone;
And, if not so, what matters beauty gone
And admiration lost, by change of place
That brings to the inward creature no disgrace?
But if the change restore his birth-right, then,
Whate'er the difference, boundless is the gain.
Who can divine what impulses from God
Reach the caged lark, within a town-abode,
From his poor inch or two of daisied sod?
O yield him back his privilege!—No sea

[1] 1845.

Well;
That spreads into an elfin pool opaque
Of which close boughs a glimmering mirror make
On whose smooth breast with dimples light and small.
1835.

[2] 1845.

The fly may settle, leaf or blossom fall. 1835.
The fly may settle, or the blossom fall. 1837.

[3] 1845.

They pined, perhaps, 1845.

* This "elfin pool," to which the gold and silver fishes were removed, still exists beneath the Pollard Oak, in "Dora's Field," at Rydal Mount. —Ed.

Swells like the bosom of a man set free;
A wilderness is rich with liberty.
Roll on, ye spouting whales, who die or keep
Your independence in the fathomless Deep!
Spread, tiny nautilus, the living sail;
Dive, at thy choice, or brave the freshening gale!
If unreproved the ambitious eagle mount
Sunward to seek the daylight in its fount,
Bays, gulfs, and ocean's Indian width, shall be,
Till the world perishes, a field for thee!*
While musing here I sit in shadow cool,
And watch these mute Companions, in the pool,
(Among reflected boughs of leafy trees)
By glimpses caught—disporting at their ease.
Enlivened, braced, by hardy luxuries,
I ask what warrant fixed them (like a spell
Of witchcraft fixed them) in the crystal cell;
To wheel with languid motion round and round,
Beautiful, yet in mournful durance bound.
Their peace, perhaps, our lightest footfall marred;
On their quick sense our sweetest music jarred;
And whither could they dart, if seized with fear?
No sheltering stone, no tangled root was near.
When fire or taper ceased to cheer the room,
They wore away the night in starless gloom;
And, when the sun first dawned upon the streams,
How faint their portion of his vital beams!
Thus, and unable to complain, they fared,
While not one joy of ours by them was shared.

Is there a cherished bird (I venture now
To snatch a sprig from Chaucer's reverend brow)—

* See the reference to the Eagle in the *The Power of Sound* (p. 202) and in the Poem in the Scottish Tour of 1833, *The Dunolly Eagle*.—Ed.

Is there a brilliant troubling of the page,
Though sure of plaudits on his costly stage,
Though fed with dainties from the snow-white hand
Of a kind mistress, fairest of the land,
But gladly would escape; and, if need were,
Scatter the colours from the plumes that bear
The emancipated captive through blithe air
Into strange woods, where he at large may live
On best or worst which they and Nature give?
The beetle loves his unpretending track,
The snail the house he carries on his back;
The far-fetched worm with pleasure would disown
The bed we give him, though of softest down;
A noble instinct; in all kinds the same,
All ranks! What Sovereign, worthy of the name,
If doomed to breathe against his lawful will
An element that flatters him—to kill,
But would rejoice to barter outward show
For the least boon that freedom can bestow?

But most the Bard is true to inborn right,
Lark of the dawn, and Philomel of night,
Exults in freedom, can with rapture vouch
For the dear blessings of a lowly couch,
A natural meal—days, months, from Nature's hand;
Time, place, and business, all at his command!—
Who bends to happier duties, who more wise
Than the industrious Poet, taught to prize,
Above all grandeur, a pure life uncrossed
By cares in which simplicity is lost?
That life—the flowery path that winds[1] by stealth—
Which Horace needed for his spirit's health;

[1] 1837. . . . . which winds . . . 1838.

Sighed for, in heart and genius, overcome
By noise and strife, and questions wearisome,
And the vain splendours of Imperial Rome?— *
Let easy mirth his social hours inspire,
And fiction animate his sportive lyre,
Attuned to verse that, crowning light Distress
With garlands, cheats her into happiness;
Give *me* the humblest note of those sad strains
Drawn forth by pressure of his gilded chains,
As a chance-sunbeam from his memory fell
Upon the Sabine farm he loved so well; †
Or when the prattle of Blandusia's spring ‡
Haunted his ear—he only listening—
He proud to please, above all rivals, fit
To win the palm of gaiety and wit;
He, doubt not, with involuntary dread,
Shrinking from each new favour to be shed,
By the world's Ruler, on his honoured head!

*

In a deep vision's intellectual scene,
Such earnest longings and regrets as keen

* "The Sabine farm was situated in the valley of Ustica, thirty miles from Rome and twelve miles from Tivoli. It possessed the attraction, no small one to Horace, of being very secluded: yet, at the same time, within an easy distance of Rome. When his spirits wanted the stimulus of society or the bustle of the capital, which they often did, his ambling mule would speedily convey him thither; and when jaded, on the other hand, by the noise and racket and dissipations of Rome, he could, in the same homely way, bury himself in a few hours among the hills, and there, under the shadow of his favourite Lucretilis, or by the banks of the clear-flowing and ice-cold Digentia, either stretch himself to dream upon the grass, lulled by the murmurs of the stream, or do a little farming in the way of clearing his fields of stones, or turning over a furrow here and there with the hoe."—(See Sir Theodore Martin's *Horace*, p. 69.)—Ed.

† See Hor. Ode II., 18—

"Satis beatus unicis Sabinis."

"With what I have completely blest,
My happy little Sabine nest."

—Ed.

‡ See Odes, III., 13.—Ed.

Depressed the melancholy Cowley, laid
Under a fancied yew-tree's luckless shade;
A doleful bower for penitential song,
Where Man and Muse complained of mutual wrong;
While Cam's ideal current glided by,
And antique towers nodded their foreheads high,
Citadels dear to studious privacy.
But Fortune, who had long been used to sport
With this tried Servant of a thankless Court,
Relenting met his wishes; and to you
The remnant of his days at least was true;
You, whom, though long deserted, he loved best;
You, Muses, books, fields, liberty, and rest!*

Far[1] happier they who, fixing hope and aim
On the humanities of peaceful fame,
Enter betimes with more than martial fire
The generous course, aspire, and still aspire;
Upheld by warnings heeded not too late
Stifle the contradictions of their fate,
And to one purpose cleave, their Being's godlike mate'

Thus, gifted Friend, but with the placid brow
That woman ne'er should forfeit, keep *thy* vow;
With modest scorn reject whate'er would bind
The ethereal eyesight, cramp the winged mind!

[1] 1837.
But . . . . . 1836.

* Abraham Cowley (b. 1618), educated at Westm[illegible] Master and Trin. Coll., Cambridge, a Royalist, and therefore expelled from [illegible] Cambridge, settled in John's Coll., Oxford, crossed over with the Queen Mother to France for twelve years, returned at the Restoration, but was neglected at Court, and retired to a farm at Chertsey, on the Thames, where he lived for some years, "the melancholy Cowley."—Ed.

Then, with a blessing granted from above
To every act, word, thought, and look of love,
Life's book for Thee may lie unclosed, till age
Shall with a thankful tear bedrop its latest page.*

HUMANITY.

Comp. 1829. —— Pub. 1835.

[These verses and those entitled "Liberty" were composed as one piece which Mrs Wordsworth complained of as unwieldy and ill-proportioned; and accordingly it was divided into two on her judicious recommendation.]

Not from his fellows only man may learn
Rights to compare and duties to discern;
All creatures and all objects, in degree,
Are friends and patrons of humanity.—MS. 1835.

The Rocking-stones, alluded to in the beginning of the following verses, are supposed to have been used, by our British ancestors, both for judicial and religious purposes. Such stones are not uncommonly found, at this day, both in Great Britain and in Ireland.

WHAT though the Accused, upon his own appeal
Righteous Gods when man has ceased to feel,
To a doubting Judge's stern command,
Or at the STONE OF POWER no longer stand—
Before his sentence from the balanced Block,
To take

---

now, alas! no possibility of the anticipation, with which the

* There is no conclusion, being realised; nor were the verses ever seen by above Epistle was whom they were intended. She accompanied her hus-the Individual fellow Fletcher, to India, and died of cholera, at the age of band, the Rev. W. three years, on her way from Shalapore to Bombay, thirty-two or thirty all who knew her.
deeply lamented by ardent, her piety steadfast; and her great talents
Her enthusiasm would have enabled her to be eminently useful in the difficult path of life called. The opinion she entertained of her own to which she had been the world under her maiden name, Jewsbury, was performances, given to indeed, far below their merits; as is often the modest and humble, and making trial of their powers, with a hope to discuss with those who are fitted for. In one quality, viz., quickness in the cover what they are best fitted, within the range of the Author's acquaint-motions of her mind, she had 835.
ance, no equal.——W. W., 18

As, at his touch, it rocks, or seems to rock;*
Though, in the depths of sunless groves, no more
The Druid-priest the hallowed Oak adore;
Yet, for the Initiate, rocks and whispering trees
Do still perform mysterious offices!
And functions dwell in beast and bird that sway
The reasoning mind, or with the fancy play,
Inviting, at all seasons, ears and eyes
To watch for undelusive auguries:—[1]
Not uninspired appear their simplest ways;
Their voices mount symbolical of praise—*
To mix with hymns that Spirits make and hear;
And to fallen man their innocence is dear.
Enraptured Art draws from those sacred springs
Streams that reflect the poetry of things!
Where christian Martyrs stand in hues portrayed,
That, might a wish avail, would never fade,
Borne in their hands the lily and the palm
Shed round the altar a celestial calm;
There, too, behold the lamb and guileless dove
Prest in the tenderness of virgin love
To saintly bosoms!—Glorious is the blending
Of right affections climbing or descending
Along a scale of light and life, with cares
Alternate; carrying holy thoughts and prayers

[1] 1837.

. . . . . * offices!
And still in beast and bird a function dwells,
That, while we look and listen, sometimes tells
Upon the heart, in more authentic guise
Than Oracles, or winged Auguries,
Spake to the science of the ancient wise. 1835.

* There are several, so-called, 'Rocking-stones' in Yorkshire and Lancashire, in Derby, in Cornwall, and in Wales. There are one or two in Scotland, and there used to be several in the Lake District. Some are natural; others artificial.—Ed.

Up to the sovereign seat of the Most High;
Descending to the worm in charity;*
Like those good Angels whom a dream of night
Gave, in the field of Luz, to Jacob's sight—†
All, while he slept, treading the pendent stairs
Earthward or heavenward, radiant messengers,
That, with a perfect will in one accord
Of strict obedience, serve[1] the Almighty Lord;
And with untired humility forbore
To speed their errand by[2] the wings they wore.

What a fair world were ours for verse to paint,
If Power could live at ease with self-restraint!
Opinion bow before the naked sense
Of the great Vision,—faith in Providence;
Merciful over all his creatures, just[3]
To the least particle of sentient dust;
But,[4] fixing by immutable decrees
Seedtime and harvest for his purposes!
Then would be closed the restless oblique eye
That looks for evil like a treacherous spy;
Disputes would then relax, like stormy winds
That into breezes sink; impetuous minds
By discipline endeavour to grow meek
As Truth herself, whom they profess to seek.

[1] 1845.
. . . served . . . 1884.

[2] 1837.
The ready service of . . . 1835.

[3] 1842.
Merciful over all existence, just 1835.

[4] 1842.
And . . . . . 1835.

* The author is indebted, here, to a passage in one of Mr Digby's valuable works.—W. W., 1835.

† Gen. xxviii. 12.—Ed.

Then Genius, shunning fellowship with Pride,
Would braid his golden locks at Wisdom's side;
Love ebb and flow untroubled by caprice;
And not alone harsh tyranny would cease,
But unoffending creatures find release,
From qualified oppression, whose defance
Rests on a hollow plea of recompence;
Thought-tempered wrongs, for each humane respect
Oft worse to bear, or deadlier in effect.
Witness those glances of indignant scorn
From some high-minded Slave, impelled to spurn
The kindness that would make him less forlorn;
Or, if the soul to bondage be subdued,
His look of pitiable gratitude!

Alas for thee, bright Galaxy of Isles,
Whose[1] day departs in pomp, returns with smiles—
To greet the flowers and fruitage of a land,
As the sun mounts, by sea-born breezes fanned;
A land whose azure mountain-tops are seats
For Gods in council, whose green vales, retreats
Fit for the shades of heroes, mingling there
To breath Elysian peace in upper air.

Though cold as winter, gloomy as the grave,
Stone walls a prisoner make, but not a slave.*
Shall man assume a property in man?
Lay on the moral will a withering ban?

[1] 1837.
Where . . . . . 1838.

* Compare Richard Lovelace, *To Althea, from Prison*—

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage.
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage."

—Ed.

[illegible]

[illegible] People's [illegible]

[illegible] which chain'e and feels

[illegible] the delicate ears,

[illegible] the visage

[illegible] may hurt

[illegible] and or bruise,

[illegible] learn

[illegible] the

[illegible] crowd [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Ed.

There are . . .
Perpetua . . .
Who would not . . .
The lowliest flower . . .
Nor shorten . . .
Which nothing less . . .

Chap. . . .

. . . is the . . . and
. . . out of it. . . .
. . . flows amid a . . .
. . . and . . . for . . .
. . . the . . . and . . . to grow there on a
. . . mound. . . .
. . . ages . . . the . . . by the
. . . and he must have . . . who has not
. . . how much of . . . which
. . . and . . . of fl . . . through the various stages
. . . their growth and decay. . . . display of colour in vegetable
. . . can scarcely be . . . and I saw
. . . of . . . the floor between
. . . and Lady Katrine. . . . were of such extra-
ordinary beauty and richness . . . have passed them
without notice. But the same . . . through the mind

. . .
There are to whom even . . .

Compare the closing lines of the . . .
"To me, the meanest flower . . . can give
Thoughts . . ."
In 1802, Miss Wordsworth . . . We passed by one patch
of po . . . as no . . .
looked . . .
. . . and of . . .
. . .
I . . .
cultivate . . .
gladly . . .
. . .

before we can perceive these inexhaustible treasures of Nature, for such they really are, without the least necessary reference to the utility of her productions, or even to the land, whereupon, as we learn by research, they are dependent. Some are of opinion that the habit of analysing, decomposing, and anatomising, is inevitably unfavourable to the perception of beauty. People are led into this mistake by overlooking the fact that such processes being to a certain extent within the reach of a limited intellect, we are apt to ascribe to them that insensibility of which they are in truth the effect and not the cause. Admiration and love, to which all knowledge truly vital must tend, are felt by men of real genius in proportion as their discoveries in natural Philosophy are enlarged; and the beauty in form of a plant or an animal is not made less but more apparent as a whole by more accurate insight into its constituent properties and powers. A *Savant* who is not also a poet in soul and a religionist in heart is a feeble and unhappy creature.]

This Lawn, a carpet all alive
With shadows flung from leaves—to strive
  In dance, amid a press
Of sunshine, an apt emblem yields
Of Worldlings revelling in the fields
  Of strenuous idleness;

Less quick the stir when tide and breeze
Encounter, and to narrow seas
  Forbid a moment's rest;
The medley less when boreal Lights
Glance to and fro, like aery Sprites
  To feats of arms addrest!

Yet, spite of all this eager strife,
This ceaseless play, the genuine life
  That serves the stedfast hours
Is in the grass beneath, that grows
Unheeded, and the mute repose
  Of sweetly-breathing flowers.

THOUGHT ON THE SEASONS.

Comp. 1829. —— Pub. 1835.

[Written at Rydal Mount.]

FLATTERED with promise of escape
From every hurtful blast,
Spring takes, O sprightly May! thy shape;
Her loveliest and her last.*

Less fair is summer riding high
In [illegible] solstitial power,
Less [illegible] than when a lenient sky
Brings on her parting hour.

When earth repays with golden sheaves
The labours of the plough,
And ripening fruits and forest leaves
All brighten on the bough;

What pensive beauty autumn shows,
Before she hears the sound
Of winter rushing in, to close
The emblematic round!

Such be our Spring, our Summer such;
So may our Autumn blend
With hoary Winter, and Life touch,
Through heaven-born hope, her end!

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* Compare *Ode, composed on May morning*, 1826 (p. 141); also *To May*, 1826 (p. 143) —ED.

A GRAVE-STONE UPON THE FLOOR IN THE CLOISTERS OF WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

Comp. 1829.* —— Pub. 1832.

["Miserrimus." Many conjectures have been formed as to the person who lies under this stone. Nothing appears to be known for a certainty. Query – The Rev. Mr Morris, a non-conformist, a sufferer for conscience-sake; a worthy man who, having been deprived of his benefice after the accession of William III., lived to an old age in extreme destitution, on the alms of charitable Jacobites.]

"*Miserrimus!*" and neither name nor date,
Prayer, text, or symbol, graven upon the stone; †
Nought but that word assigned to the unknown,
That solitary word—to separate
From all, and cast a cloud around the fate
Of him who lies beneath. Most wretched one,
Who chose his epitaph?—Himself alone
Could thus have dared the grave to agitate,
And claim, among the dead, this awful crown;
Nor doubt that He marked also for his own
Close to these cloistral stops a burial-place,
That every foot might fall with heavier tread,
Trampling upon his vileness. Stranger, pass
Softly!—To save the contrite, Jesus bled.

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* This, and the following sonnet on the tradition of Oker Hill, were first published in *The Keepsake* in 1829.—Ed.

† This stone is in the cloisters of Worcester Cathedral, at the north-west corner of the quadrangle, just below the doorway leading into the nave of the cathedral. It is a small stone, two feet, by one and a half. The Reverend Thomas Maurice (or Morris), refused to take the oath of allegiance at the Revolution Settlement, and was accordingly deprived of his benefice. He was a canon of Claines.—Ed.

A TRADITION OF OKER HILL IN DARLEY DALE, DERBYSHIRE.[1]

Comp. 1889. ——. Pub. 1832.

[This pleasing tradition was told me by the coachman at whose side I sate while he drove down the dale, he pointing to the trees on the hill as he related the story.]

'Tis said that to the brow of yon fair hill
Two Brothers clomb, and, turning face from face,
Nor one look more exchanging, grief to still
Or feed, each planted on that lofty place
A chosen Tree;* then, eager to fulfil
Their courses, like two new-born rivers, they
In opposite directions urged their way
Down from the far-seen mount. No blast might kill
Or blight that fond memorial;—the trees grew,
And now entwine their arms; but ne'er again
Embraced those Brothers upon Earth's wide plain;
Nor aught of mutual joy or sorrow knew
Until their spirits mingled in the sea
That to itself takes all, Eternity.

[1] 1837.
Tradition of Darley Dale, Derbyshire. 1832.

* This tree may still be seen (1885).—Ed.

1830.

The Poems written in 1830 include, *The Armenian Lady's Love*, *The Russian Fugitive*, *The Egyptian Maid*, the Elegiac Stanzas on Sir George Beaumont, a couple of sonnets, and several minor pieces.

THE ARMENIAN LADY'S LOVE.

Comp. 1830. —— Pub. 1835.

[Written at Rydal Mount.]

The subject of the following poem is from the Orlandus of the author's friend, Kenelm Henry Digby: and the liberty is taken of inscribing it to him as an acknowledgment, however unworthy, of pleasure and instruction derived from his numerous and valuable writings, illustrative of the piety and chivalry of the olden time.

I.

You have heard 'a Spanish Lady
How she wooed an English man;' *
Hear now of a fair Armenian,
Daughter of the proud Soldàn;
How she loved a Christian Slave, and told her pain
By word, look, deed, with hope that he might love again.

II.

"Pluck that rose, it moves my liking,"
Said she, lifting up her veil;
"Pluck it for me, gentle gardener,
Ere it wither and grow pale."
"Princess fair, I till the ground, but may not take
From twig or bed an humbler flower, even for your sake:"

* See, in Percy's Reliques, that fine old ballad, "The Spanish Lady's Love;" from which Poem the form of stanza, as suitable to dialogue, is adopted.—W. W., 1835.

III.

"Grieved am I, submissive Christian!
To behold thy captive state;
Women, in your land, may pity
(May they not?) the unfortunate."
"Yes, kind Lady! otherwise man could not bear
Life, which to every one that breathes is full of care."

IV.

"Worse than idle is compassion
If it end in tears and sighs;
Thee from bondage would I rescue
And from vile indignities;
Nurtured, as thy mien bespeaks, in high degree,
Look up—and help a hand that longs to set thee free"

V.

"Lady! dread the wish, nor venture
In such peril to engage;
Think how it would star against you
Your most loving father's rage:
Sad deliverance would it be, and yoked with shame,
Should troubles overflow on her from whom it came."

VI.

"Generous Frank! the just in effort
Are of inward peace secure:
Hardships for the brave encountered,
Even the feeblest may endure.
If almighty grace through me thy chains unbind
My father for slave's work may seek a slave in mind."

VII.

"Princess, at this burst of goodness,
My long-frozen heart grows warm!"
"Yet you make all courage fruitless,
Me to save from chance of harm:
Leading such companion, I that gilded dome,
Yon minarets, would gladly leave for his worst home."

VIII.

"Feeling tunes your voice, fair Princess!
And your brow is free from scorn,
Else these words would come like mockery,
Sharper than the pointed thorn."
"Whence the undeserved mistrust? Too wide apart
Our faith hath been,—O would that eyes could see the heart!"

IX.

"Tempt me not, I pray; my doom is
These base implements to wield;
Rusty lance, I ne'er shall grasp thee,
Ne'er assoil my cobwebb'd shield!
Never see my native land, nor castle towers,
Nor Her who thinking of me there counts widowed hours."

X.

"Prisoner! pardon youthful fancies;
Wedded? If you *can*, say no!
Blessed is and be your consort;
Hopes I cherished—let them go!
Handmaid's privilege would leave my purpose free,
Without another link to my felicity."

XI.

"Wedded love with loyal Christians,
Lady, is a mystery rare;
Body, heart, and soul in union,
Make one being of a pair."
"Humble love in me would look for no return,
Soft as a guiding star that cheers, but cannot burn."

XII.

"Gracious Allah! by such title
Do I dare to thank the God,
Him who thus exalts thy spirit,
Flower of an unchristian sod!
Or hast thou put off wings which thou in heaven dost wear?
What have I seen, and heard, or dreamt? where am I?
where?"

XIII.

Here broke off the dangerous converse:
Less impassioned words might tell
How the pair escaped together,
Tears not wanting, nor a knell
Of sorrow in her heart while through her father's door
And from her narrow world, she passed for evermore.

XIV.

But affections higher holier,
Urged her steps; she shrunk from trust
In a sensual creed that trampled
Woman's birthright into dust.
Little be the wonder then, the blame be none,
If she, a timid Maid, hath put such boldness on.

XV.

Judge both Fugitives with knowledge:
In those old romantic days
Mighty were the soul's commandments
To support, restrain, or raise.
Foes might hang upon their path, snakes rustle near,
But nothing from their inward selves had they to fear.

XVI.

Thought infirm ne'er came between them
Whether printing desert sands
With accordant steps, or gathering
Forest-fruit with social hands;
Or whispering like two reeds that in the cold moonbeam
Bend with the breeze their heads, beside a crystal stream.

XVII.

On a friendly deck reposing
They at length for Venice steer;
There, when they had closed their voyage,
One, who daily on the pier
Watched for tidings from the East, beheld his Lord,
Fell down and clasped his knees for joy, not uttering word.

XVIII.

Mutual was the sudden transport;
Breathless questions followed fast,
Years contracting to a moment,
Each word greedier than the last;
"Hie thee to the Countess, friend! return with speed,
And of this Stranger speak by whom her lord was freed.

XIX.

Say that I, who might have languished,
Drooped and pined till life was spent,
Now before the gates of Stolberg *
My Deliverer would present
For a crowning recompense, the precious grace
Of her who in my heart still holds her ancient place.

XX.

Make it known that my Companion
Is of royal eastern blood,
Thirsting after all perfection,
Innocent, and meek, and good,
Though with misbelievers bred; but that dark night
Will holy Church disperse by beams of gospel-light."

XXI.

Swiftly went that grey-haired Servant,
Soon returned a trusty Page
Charged with greetings, benedictions,
Thanks and praises, each a gage
For a sunny thought to cheer the Stranger's way,
Her virtuous scruples to remove, her fears allay.

XXII.

And how blest the Reunited,
While beneath their castle-walls,
Runs a deafening noise of welcome!—
Blest, though every tear that falls

* A small town in Prussian-Saxony, the residence of the Counts of Stolberg-Stolberg.—Ed.

Doth in its silence of past sorrow tell,
And makes[1] a meeting seem most like a dear farewell.

XXIII.

Through a haze of human nature,
Glorified by heavenly light,
Looked the beautiful Deliverer
On that overpowering sight,
While across her virgin cheek pure blushes strayed,
For every tender sacrifice her heart had made.

XXIV.

On the ground the weeping Countess
Knelt, and kissed the Stranger's hand,
Act of soul-devoted homage,
Pledge of an eternal band:
Nor did aught of future days that kiss belie,
Which, with a generous shout, the crowd did ratify

XXV

Constant to the fair Armenian,
Gentle pleasures round her moved,
Like a tutelary spirit
Reverenced, like a sister, loved
Christian meekness smoothed for all the path of life,
Who, loving most, should wisest love, their only strife

[1] 1836

Fancy (while, to banners floating
High on Stollberg's Castle walls,
Deafening noise of welcome mounted,
Trumpets, Drums, and Atabals,)
The devout embrace still, while such tears fell
As made 1835

XXVI.

Mute memento of that union
In a Saxon church survives,
Where a cross-legged Knight lies sculptured
As between two wedded Wives—
Figures with armorial signs of race and birth,
And the vain rank the pilgrims bore while yet on earth.

THE RUSSIAN FUGITIVE.*

Comp. 1830. —— Pub. 1835.

[Early in life this story had interested me, and I often thought it would make a pleasing subject for an opera or musical drama.]

PART I.

ENOUGH of rose-bud lips, and eyes
Like harebells bathed in dew,
Of cheek that with carnation vies
And veins of violet hue;†

* Peter Henry Bruce, having given in his entertaining Memoirs the substance of this Tale affirms that, besides the concurring reports of others, he had the story from the lady's own mouth.

The Lady Catherine, mentioned towards the close, is the famous Catherine, then bearing that name as the acknowledged Wife of Peter the Great.—W. W., 1835.

The title of this poem in the MS. copy by Mrs Wordsworth is—

INA,
OR,
THE LODGE IN THE FOREST,
A Russian Tale.,
—ED.

† Compare S. T. Coleridge's verses, *To a Lady*—

"'Tis not the lily brow I prize,
Nor roseate cheeks, nor sunny eyes,
Enough of lilies, and of roses;
A thousand-fold more dear to me,
The look that gentle Love discloses,—
That look which love alone can see."

Also Keats' lines beginning—

"Woman! when I beheld thee flippant, vain." —ED.

Earth wants not beauty that may scorn
  A likening to frail flowers;
Yea, to the stars, if they were born[1]
  For seasons and for hours.

Through Moscow's gates, with gold unbarred,[2]
  Stepped One at dead of night,
Whom such high beauty could not guard
  From meditated blight;
By stealth she passed, and fled as fast
  As doth the hunted fawn,
Nor stopped, till in the dappling east
  Appeared unwelcome dawn.

Seven days she lurked in brake and field,
  Seven nights her course renewed,
Sustained by what her scrip might yield,
  Or berries of the wood;
At length, in darkness travelling on,
  When lowly doors were shut,
The haven of her hope she won,
  Her Foster-mother's hut.

"To put your love to dangerous proof
  I come," said she, "from far;
For I have left my Father's roof,
  In terror of the Czar."
No answer did the Matron give,
  No second look she cast,
But hung upon the Fugitive,[3]
  Embracing and embraced.

[1] 1835.
  Yea, to the stars themselves, if born C.
  . . . by gold unbarred,
MS. copy by Mrs Wordsworth.

[2] 1837.
  She hung upon 1835

She led the[1] Lady to a seat
  Beside the glimmering fire,
Bathed duteously her way-worn feet,
  Prevented each desire:—
The cricket chirped, the house-dog dozed,
  And on that simple bed,
Where she in childhood had reposed,
  Now rests her weary head.

When she, whose couch had been the sod,
  Whose curtain, pine or thorn,
Had breathed a sigh of thanks to God,
  Who comforts the forlorn;
While over her the Matron bent
  Sleep sealed her eyes, and stole
Feeling from limbs with travel spent,
  And trouble from the soul.

Refreshed, the Wanderer rose at morn,
  And soon again was dight
In those unworthy vestments worn
  Through long and perilous flight;
And "O beloved Nurse," she said,
  "My thanks with silent tears
Have unto Heaven and You been paid:
  Now listen to my fears!

"Have you forgot"—and here she smiled—
  "The babbling flatteries
You lavished on me when a child
  "Disporting round your knees?

[1] 1837.
She led her . . . . 1858.

I was your lambkin, and your bird,
Your star, your gem, your flower;
Light words, that were more lightly heard
In many a cloudless hour!

"The blossom you so fondly praised
Is come to bitter fruit;
A mighty One upon me gazed;
I spurned his lawless suit,
And must be hidden from his wrath:[1]
You, Foster-father dear,
Will guide me in my forward path;
I may not tarry here!

"I cannot bring to utter woe
Your proved fidelity."—
"Dear Child, sweet Mistress, say not so!
For you we both would die."
"Nay, nay, I come with semblance feigned
And cheek embrowned by art;
Yet, being inwardly unstained,
With courage will depart."

"But whither would you, could you, flee?
A poor Man's counsel take;
The Holy Virgin gives to me
A thought for your dear sake;
Rest, shielded by our Lady's grace,
And soon shall you be led
Forth to a safe abiding-place,
Where never foot doth tread."

[1] 1835.
And I must hide me from his wrath. MS.

PART II.

THE dwelling of this faithful pair
  In a straggling village stood,
For One who breathed unquiet air
  A dangerous neighbourhood;
But wide around lay forest ground
  With thickets rough and blind;
And pine-trees made a heavy shade
  Impervious to the wind.

And there, sequestered from the sight,
  Was spread a treacherous swamp,
On which the noon-day sun shed light
  As from a lonely lamp;
And midway in the unsafe morass,
  A single Island rose
Of firm dry ground, with healthful grass
  Adorned, and shady boughs.

The Woodman knew, for such the craft
  This Russian vassal plied,
That never fowler's gun, nor shaft
  Of archer, there was tried;
A sanctuary seemed the spot
  From all intrusion free;
And there he planned an artful Cot
  For perfect secrecy.

With earnest pains unchecked by dread
  Of Power's far-stretching hand,
The bold good Man his labour sped,
  At nature's pure command;

Heart-soothed, and busy as a wren,
While, in a hollow nook,
She moulds her sight-eluding den
Above a murmuring brook.

His task accomplished to his mind,
The twain ere break of day
Creep forth, and through the forest wind
Their solitary way;
Few words they speak, nor dare to slack
Their pace from mile to mile,
Till they have crossed the quaking marsh,
And reached the lonely Isle.

The sun above the pine-trees showed
A bright and cheerful face;
And Ina looked for her abode,
The promised hiding-place;
She sought in vain, the Woodman smiled
No threshold could be seen,
Nor roof, nor window;—all seemed wild
As it had ever been.

Advancing, you might guess an hour,
The front with such nice care
Is masked, 'if house it be or bower,'
But in they entered are;
As shaggy as were wall and roof
With branches intertwined,
So smooth was all within, air-proof,
And delicately lined:

And hearth was there, and maple dish,
And cups in seemly rows,
And couch—all ready to a wish
For nurture or repose;

And Heaven doth to her virtue grant
  That here she may abide
In solitude, with every want
  By cautious love supplied.

No queen, before a shouting crowd,
  Led on in bridal state,
E'er struggled with a heart so proud,
  Entering her palace gate;
Rejoiced to bid the world farewell,
  No saintly anchoress
E'er took possession of her cell
  With deeper thankfulness.

"Father of all, upon thy care
  And mercy am I thrown;
Be thou my safeguard!"—such her prayer
  When she was left alone,
Kneeling amid the wilderness
  When joy had passed away,
And smiles, fond efforts of distress
  To hide what they betray![1]

The prayer is heard, the Saints have seen,
  Diffused through form and face,
Resolves devotedly serene;
  That monumental grace
Of Faith, which doth all passions tame[2]
  That Reason *should* control;
And shows in the untrembling frame
  A statue of the soul.

[1] 1835.
And smiles, the sunshine of distress,
  That hide—yet more betray. MS.

[2] 1835.
. . . . . serene;
  Exalting lowly grace,
A Faith which does . . . MS.

PART III.

'Tis sung in ancient minstrelsy
  That Phœbus wont to wear
The leaves of any pleasant tree
  Around his golden hair;*
Till Daphne, desperate with pursuit
  Of his imperious love,
At her own prayer transformed, took root,
  A laurel in the grove.

Then did the Penitent adorn
  His brow with laurel green;
And 'mid his bright locks never shorn
  No meaner leaf was seen;
And poets sage, through every age,
  About their temples wound
The bay; and conquerors thanked the Gods,
  With laurel chaplets crowned.

Into the mists of fabling Time
  So far runs back the praise
Of Beauty, that disdains to climb
  Along forbidden ways;
That scorns temptation; power defies
  Where mutual love is not;
And to the tomb for rescue flies
  When life would be a blot.

To this fair Votaress, a fate
  More mild doth Heaven ordain
Upon her Island desolate;
  And words, not breathed in vain,

* From Golding's Translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses. See also his Dedicatory Epistle prefixed to the same work.—W. W., 1835.

Might tell what intercourse she found,
  Her silence to endear;
What birds she tamed, what flowers the ground
  Sent forth her peace to cheer.

To one mute Presence, above all,
  Her soothed affections clung,
A picture on the cabin wall
  By Russian usage hung—
The Mother-maid,* whose countenance bright
  With love abridged the day;
And, communed with by taper light,
  Chased spectral fears away.

And oft, as either Guardian came,
  The joy in that retreat
Might any common friendship shame,
  So high their hearts would beat;
And to the lone Recluse, whate'er
  They brought, each visiting
Was like the crowding of the year
  With a new burst of spring.

But, when she of her Parents thought,
  The pang was hard to bear;
And, if with all things not enwrought,
  That trouble still is near.
Before her flight she had not dared
  Their constancy to prove,
Too much the heroic Daughter feared
  The weakness of their love.

* "Not a Russian house, Bruce tells us, was, at his time, without a picture of the Virgin."—(MS. note to copy of the Poems in Mrs Wordsworth's handwriting.)—Ed.

Dark is the past to them, and dark
  The future still must be,
Till pitying Saints conduct her bark
  Into a safer sea—
Or gentle Nature close her eyes
  And set her Spirit free
From the altar of this sacrifice,
  In vestal purity.

Yet, when above the forest-glooms
  The white swans southward passed,
High as the pitch of their swift plumes
  Her fancy rode the blast;
And bore her toward the fields of France,
  Her father's native land,
To mingle in the rustic dance,
  The happiest of the band!

Of those beloved fields she oft
  Had heard her Father tell
In phrase that now with echoes soft
  Haunted her lonely cell;
She saw the hereditary bowers,
  She heard the ancestral stream;
The Kremlin* and its haughty towers
  Forgotten like a dream!

PART IV.

The ever-changing moon had traced
  Twelve times her monthly round,
When through the unfrequented Waste
  Was heard a startling sound;

The Royal Palace at Moscow.—Ed.

A shout thrice sent from one who chased
At speed a wounded deer,
Bounding through branches interlaced,
And where the wood was clear.

The fainting creature took the marsh,
And toward the Island fled,
While plovers screamed with tumult harsh
Above his antlered head;
This, Ina saw; and, pale with fear,
Shrunk to her citadel;
The desperate deer rushed on, and near
The tangled covert fell.

Across the marsh, the game in view,
The Hunter followed fast,
Nor paused, till o'er the stag he blew
A death-proclaiming blast;
Then, resting on her upright mind,
Came forth the Maid—"In me
Behold," she said, "a stricken Hind
Pursued by destiny!

"From your deportment, Sir! I deem
That you have worn a sword,
And will not hold in light esteem
A suffering woman's word;
There is my covert, there perchance
I might have lain concealed,
My fortunes hid, my countenance
Not even to you revealed.

"Tears might be shed, and I might pray,
Crouching and terrified,
That what has been unveiled to-day,
You would in mystery hide;

But I will not defile with dust
  The knee that bends to adore
The God in heaven;—attend, be just;
  This ask I, and no more!

"I speak not of the winter's cold,
  For summer's heat exchanged,
While I have lodged in this rough hold,
  From social life estranged;
Nor yet of trouble and alarms:
  High Heaven is my defence;
And every season has soft arms
  For injured Innocence.

"From Moscow to the Wilderness
  It was my choice to come,
Lest virtue should be harbourless,
  And honour want a home;
And happy were I, if the Czar
  Retain his lawless will,
To end life here like this poor deer,
  Or a lamb on a green hill."

"Are you the Maid," the Stranger cried,
  "From Gallic parents sprung,
Whose vanishing was rumoured wide
  Sad theme for every tongue;
Who foiled an Emperor's eager quest?
  You, Lady, forced to wear
These rude habiliments, and rest
  Your head in this dark lair!"

But wonder, pity, soon were quelled;
  And in her face and mien
The soul's pure brightness he beheld
  Without a veil between;

He loved, he hoped,—a holy flame
Kindled 'mid rapturous tears;
The passion of a moment came
As on the wings of years.

"Such bounty is no gift of chance,"
Exclaimed he; "righteous Heaven,
Preparing your deliverance,
To me the charge hath given.
The Czar full oft in words and deeds
Is stormy and self-willed;
But, when the Lady Catherine pleads,
His violence is stilled.

"Leave open to my wish the course,
And I to her will go;
From that humane and heavenly source,
Good, only good, can flow."
Faint sanction given, the Cavalier
Was eager to depart
Though question followed question, dear
To the Maiden's filial heart[1]

Light was his step,—his hopes, more light,
Kept pace with his desire;
And the fifth[2] morning gave him sight
Of Moscow's glittering spires.

[1] 1838.
. . . . . the Cavalier
Recounted all he knew,
The sufferer's filial heart to cheer;
Then hastily withdrew. Ms

[2] 1837.
. . third . . . . . 1838.

He sued:—heart-smitten by the wrong,
To the lorn Fugitive
The Emperor sent a pledge as strong
As sovereign power could give.

O more than mighty change! If e'er
Amazement rose to pain,
And joy's excess [1] produced a fear
Of something void and vain;
'Twas when the Parents, who had mourned
So long the lost as dead,
Beheld their only Child returned,
The household floor to tread.

Soon gratitude gave way to love
Within the Maiden's breast:
Delivered and Deliverer move
In bridal garments drest.
Meek Catherine had her own reward;
The Czar bestowed a dower;
And universal Moscow shared
The triumph of that hour.

Flowers strewed the ground; the nuptial feast
Was held with costly state;
And there, 'mid many a noble guest,
The Foster-parents sate;
Encouraged by the imperial eye,
They shrank not into shade;
Great was their bliss, the honour high
To them and nature paid!

[1] 1837.
And over-joy . . . . . 1865.

THE EGYPTIAN MAID;

OR, THE ROMANCE OF THE WATER LILY.

Comp. 1830. —— Pub. 1835.

For the names and persons in the following poem, see the "History of the renowned Prince Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table," for the rest the Author is answerable; only it may be proper to add that the Lotus, with the bust of the Goddess appearing to rise out of the full-blown flower, was suggested by the beautiful work of ancient art, once included among the Townley Marbles, and now in the British Museum.

[In addition to the short notice prefixed to this poem, it may be worth while here to say, that it rose out of a few words usually used in conversation by my nephew, Henry Hutchinson. He was describing with great spirit the appearance and movement of a vessel which he seemed to admire more than any other he had ever seen, and said her name was the Water Lily. This plant has been my delight from my boyhood, as I have seen it floating on the lake; and that conversation put me upon constructing and composing the poem. Had I not heard those words, it would never have been written. The form of the stanza is new, and is nothing but a repetition of the first five lines as they were thrown off, and is not perhaps well suited to narrative, and certainly would not have been trusted to had I thought at the beginning that the poem would have gone to such a length.]

While Merlin paced the Cornish sands,
Forth-looking toward the rocks of Scilly,
The pleased Enchanter was aware
Of a bright Ship, that seemed to hang in air,
Yet was she work of mortal hands,
And took from men her name—The Water Lily.

Soft was the wind, that landward blew;
And, as the Moon, o'er some dark hill ascendant,
Grows from a little edge of light
To a full orb, this Pinnace bright
Became, as nearer to the coast she drew,
More glorious, with spread sail and streaming pendant.

Upon this winged Shape so fair
Sage Merlin gazed with admiration:
Her lineaments, thought he, surpass
Aught that was ever shown in magic glass;
Was ever built with patient care;
Or, at a touch, produced by happiest transformation.[1]

Now, though a Mechanist, whose skill
Shames the degenerate grasp of modern science,
Grave Merlin (and belike the more
For practising occult and perilous lore)
Was subject to a freakish will
That sapped good thoughts, or scared them with defiance.

Provoked to envious spleen, he cast
An altered look upon the advancing Stranger
Whom he had hailed with joy, and cried,
"My Art shall help to tame her pride—"
Anon the breeze became a blast,
And the waves rose, and sky portended danger.

With thrilling word, and potent sign
Traced on the beach, his work the Sorcerer urges:
The clouds in blacker clouds are lost,
Like spiteful Fiends that vanish, crossed
By Fiends of aspect more malign;
And the winds roused the Deep with fiercer scourges.

But worthy of the name she bore
Was this Sea-flower, this buoyant Galley;
Supreme in loveliness and grace
Of motion, whether in the embrace
Of trusty anchorage, or scudding o'er
The main flood roughened into hill and valley.

[1] 1817.
Or, at a touch, set forth with wondrous transformation.

Behold, how wantonly she laves
Her sides, the Wizard's craft confounding;
Like something out of Ocean sprung
To be for ever fresh and young,
Breasts the sea-flashes, and huge waves
Top-gallant high, rebounding and rebounding!

But Ocean under magic heaves,
And cannot spare the Thing he cherished:
Ah! what avails that she was fair,
Luminous, lithe, and debonair?
The storm has stripped her of her leaves;
The Lily floats no longer!—she hath perished.

Grieve for her,—she deserves no less;
So like, yet so unlike, a living Creature!
No heart had she, no busy brain,
Though loved, she could not love again;
Though pitied, *feel* her own distress;
Nor aught that troubles us, the foils of Nature.

Yet is there cause for gushing tears,
So richly was this Galley laden;
A fairer than herself she bore,
And, in her struggles, cast ashore;
A lovely One, who nothing hears
Of wind or wave—a meek and guileless Maiden.

Into a cave had Merlin fled
From mischief, caused by spells himself had muttered;
And while, repentant all too late,
In moody posture there he sate,
He heard a voice, and saw, with half-raised head,
A Visitant by whom these words were uttered;

"On Christian service this frail Bark
Sailed (hear me, Merlin!) under high protection,
Though on her prow a sign of heathen power
Was carved—a Goddess with a Lily flower,
The old Egyptian's emblematic mark
Of joy immortal and of pure affection.

Her course was for the British strand;
Her freight, it was a Damsel peerless;
God reigns above, and Spirits strong
May gather to avenge this wrong
Done to the Princess, and her Land
Which she in duty left, sad but not cheerless.[1]

And to Caerleon's loftiest tower
Soon will the Knights of Arthur's Table
A cry of lamentation send;
And all will weep who there attend,
To grace that Stranger's bridal hour,
For whom the sea was made unnavigable.

Shame! should a Child of royal line
Die through the blindness of thy malice!"
Thus to the Necromancer spake
Nina, the Lady of the Lake,
A gentle Sorceress, and benign,
Who ne'er embittered any good man's chalice.

"What boots," continued she, "to mourn?
To expiate thy sin endeavour;
From the bleak isle where she is laid,
Fetched by our art, the Egyptian Maid
May yet to Arthur's court be borne
Cold as she is, ere life be fled for ever.

[1] 1837.
, though sad not cheerless. 1835.

My pearly Boat, a shining Light,
That brought me down that sunless river,
Will bear me on from wave to wave,
And back with her to this sea-cave;—
Then Merlin! for a rapid flight
Through air, to thee my Charge will I deliver.

The very swiftest of thy cars
Must, when my part is done, be ready;
Meanwhile, for further guidance, look
Into thy own prophetic book;
And, if that fail, consult the Stars
To learn thy course; farewell! be prompt and steady."

This scarcely spoken, she again
Was seated in her gleaming shallop,
That, o'er the yet-distempered Deep,
Pursued its way with bird-like sweep,
Or like a steed, without a rein,
Urged o'er the wilderness in sportive gallop.

Soon did the gentle Nina reach
That Isle without a house or haven;
Landing, she found not what she sought,
Nor saw of wreck or ruin aught
But a carved Lotus cast upon the beach[1]
By the fierce waves, a flower in marble graven.

Sad relique, but how fair the while!
For gently each from each retreating
With backward curve, the leaves revealed
The bosom half, and half concealed
Of a Divinity, that seemed to smile
On Nina, as she passed, with hopeful greeting.

[1] 1837.
. . . . . shore. 1837

No quest was hers of vague desire,
Of tortured hope and purpose shaken
Following the margin of a bay,
She spied the lonely Cast-away,
Unmarred, unstripped of her attire,
But with closed eyes,—of breath and bloom forsaken.

Then Nina, stooping down, embraced,
With tenderness and mild emotion,
The Damsel, in that trance enbound;
And, while she raised her from the ground,
And in the pearly shallop placed,
Sleep fell upon the air, and stilled the ocean

The turmoil hushed, celestial springs
Of music opened, and there came a blending
Of fragrance, underived from earth,
With gleams that owed not to the sun their birth,
And that soft rustling of invisible wings
Which Angels make, on works of love descending

And Nina heard a sweeter voice
Than if the Goddess of the flower had spoken:
"Thou hast achieved, fair Dame! what none
Less pure in spirit could have done;
Go, in thy enterprise rejoice!
Air, earth, sea, sky, and heaven, success betoken"

So cheered, she left that Island bleak,
A bare rock of the Scilly cluster;
And, as they traversed the smooth brine,
The self-illumined Brigantine
Shed, on the Slumberer's cold wan cheek
And pallid brow, a melancholy lustre.

Fleet was their course, and when they came
To the dim cavern, whence the river
Issued into the salt-sea flood,
Merlin, as fixed in thought he stood,
Was thus accosted by the Dame;
"Behold to thee my Charge I now deliver!

But where attends thy chariot—where?"—
Quoth Merlin, "Even as I was bidden,
So have I done; as trusty as thy barge
My vehicle shall prove—O precious Charge!
If this be sleep, how soft! if death, how fair!
Ye have my looks disclosed, but the end is hidden."

He spake; and gliding into view
Forth from the grotto's dimmest chamber
Came two mute Swans, whose plumes of dusky white
Changed as the pair approached the light,
Drawing an ebon car, their hue
(Like clouds of sunset) into lucid amber.

Once more did gentle Nina lift
The Princess, passive to all changes:
The car received her;—then up-went
Into the ethereal element
The Birds with progress smooth and swift
As thought, when through bright regions memory ranges.

Sage Merlin, at the Slumberer's side,
Instructs the Swans their way to measure,
And soon Caerleon's towers appeared,
And notes of minstrelsy were heard
From rich pavilions spreading wide,
For some high day of long-expected pleasure.

Awe-stricken stood both Knights and Dames
Ere on firm ground the car alighted;
Eftsoons astonishment was past,
For in that face they saw the last,
Last lingering look of clay, that tames
All pride; by which all happiness is blighted.

Said Merlin, "Mighty King, fair Lords,
Away with feast and tilt and tourney!
Ye saw, throughout this royal House,
Ye heard, a rocking marvellous
Of turrets, and a clash of swords
Self-shaken, as I closed my airy journey.

Lo! by a destiny well known
To mortals, joy is turned to sorrow;
This is the wished-for Bride, the Maid
Of Egypt, from a rock conveyed
Where she by shipwreck had been thrown;
Ill sight! but grief may vanish ere the morrow."

"Though vast thy power, thy words are weak,"
Exclaimed the King, "a mockery hateful,
Dutiful Child, her lot how hard!
Is this her piety's reward?
Those watery locks, that bloodless cheek!
O winds without remorse! O shore ungrateful!

Rich robes are fretted by the moth;
Towers, temples, fall by stroke of thunder:
Will that, or deeper thoughts, abate
A Father's sorrow for her fate?
He will repent him of his truth;
His brain will burn, his stout heart split asunder.

Alas! and I have caused this woe;
For, when my prowess from invading Neighbours
Had freed his Realm, he plighted word
That he would turn to Christ our Lord,
And his dear Daughter on a Knight bestow
Whom I should choose for love and matchless labours.

Her birth was heathen; but a fence
Of holy Angels round her hovered:
A Lady added to my court
So fair, of such divine report
And worship, seemed a recompense
For fifty kingdoms by my sword recovered.

Ask not for whom, O Champions true!
She was reserved by me her life's betrayer:
She who was meant to be a bride
Is now a corse: then put aside
Vain thoughts, and speed ye, with observance due
Of Christian rites, in Christian ground to lay her."

"The tomb," said Merlin, "may not close
Upon her yet, earth hide her beauty;
Not froward to thy sovereign will
Esteem me, Liege! if I, whose skill
Watted her father, interpose
To check this pious haste of erring duty.

My books command me to lay bare
The secret thou art bent on keeping:
Here must a high attest be given,
What Bridegroom was for her ordained by Heaven:
And in my glass significants there are
Of things that may to gladness turn this weeping.

For this, approaching One by One.
Thy Knights must touch the cold hand of the Virgin,
So, for the favoured One, the Flower may bloom
Once more: but, if unchangeable her doom,
If life departed be for ever gone,
Some blest assurance, from this cloud emerging,

May teach him to bewail his loss;
Not with a grief that, like a vapour, rises
And melts; but grief devout that shall endure,
And a perpetual growth secure
Of purposes which no false thought shall cross,
A harvest of high hopes and noble enterprises.

"So be it," said the King;—"anon,
Here, where the Princess lies, begin the trial;
Knights, each in order as ye stand
Step forth."—To touch the pallid hand
Sir Agravaine advanced; no sign he won
From Heaven or earth;—Sir Kaye had like denial

Abashed, Sir Dinas turned away;
Even for Sir Percival was no disclosure;
Though he, devoutest of all Champions, ere
He reached that ebon car, the bier
Whereon diffused like snow the Damsel lay,
Full thrice had crossed himself in meek composure.

Imagine (but ye Saints! who can?)
How in still air the balance trembled—
The wishes, peradventure the despites
That overcame some not ungenerous Knights;
And all the thoughts that lengthened out a span
Of time to Lords and Ladies thus assembled.

What patient confidence was here!
And there how many bosoms panted!
While drawing toward the car Sir Gawaine, mailed
For tournament, his beaver vailed,
And softly touched; but, to his princely cheer
And high expectancy, no sign was granted.

Next, disencumbered of his harp,
Sir Tristram, dear to thousands as a brother,
Came to the proof, nor grieved that there ensued
No change:—the fair Izonda he had wooed
With love too true, a love with pangs too sharp,
From hope too distant, not to dread another.

Not so Sir Launcelot; from Heaven's grace
A sign he craved, tired slave of vain contrition;
The royal Guinever looked passing glad
When his touch failed.—Next came Sir Galahad;
He paused, and stood entranced by that still face
Whose features he had seen in noontide vision.

For late, as near a murmuring stream
He rested 'mid an arbour green and shady,
Nina, the good Enchantress, shed
A light around his mossy bed;
And, at her call, a waking dream
Prefigured to his sense the Egyptian Lady.

Now, while his bright-haired front he bowed,
And stood, far-kenned by mantle furred with ermine,
As o'er the insensate Body hung
The entrapt, the beautiful, the young,
Belief sank deep into the crowd
That he the solemn issue would determine.

Nor deem it strange; the Youth had worn
That very mantle on a day of glory,
The day when he achieved that matchless feat,
The marvel of the PERILOUS SEAT,
Which whosoe'er approached of strength was shorn,
Though King or Knight the most renowned in story.

He touched with hesitating hand—
And lo! those Birds, far-famed through Love's dominions,
The Swans, in triumph clap their wings;
And their necks play, involved in rings,
Like sinless snakes in Eden's happy land;—
Mine is she," cried the Knight;—again they clapped their pinions.

"Mine was she—mine she is, though dead,
And to her name my soul shall cleave in sorrow;"
Whereat, a tender twilight streak
Of colour dawned upon the Damsel's cheek;
And her lips, quickening with uncertain red,
Seemed from each other a faint warmth to borrow.

Deep was the awe, the rapture high,
Of love emboldened, hope with dread entwining,
When, to the mouth, relenting Death
Allowed a soft and flower-like breath,
Precursor to a timid sigh,
To lifted eyelids, and a doubtful shining.

In silence did King Arthur gaze
Upon the signs that pass away or tarry;
In silence watched the gentle strife
Of Nature leading back to life;
Then eased his soul at length by praise
Of God, and Heaven's pure Queen—the blissful Mary.

Then said he, "Take her to thy heart,
Sir Galahad! a treasure, that God giveth,
Bound by indissoluble ties to thee
Through mortal change and immortality;
Be happy and unenvied, thou who art
A goodly Knight that hath no peer that liveth!"

Not long the Nuptials were delayed;
And sage tradition still rehearses
The pomp, the glory of that hour
When toward the altar from her bower
King Arthur led the Egyptian Maid,
And Angels carolled these far-echoed verses;—

Who shrinks not from alliance
Of evil with good Powers
To God proclaims defiance,
And mocks whom he adores.

A Ship to Christ devoted
From the Land of Nile did go;
Alas! the bright Ship floated,
An Idol at her prow.

By magic domination,
The Heaven-permitted vent
Of purblind mortal passion,
Was wrought her punishment.

The Flower, the Form within it,
What served they in her need?
Her port she could not win it,
Nor from mishap be freed.

The tempest overcame her,
And she was seen no more;
But gently, gently blame her—
She cast a Pearl ashore.

The Maid to Jesu hearkened,
And kept to him her faith,
Till sense in death was darkened,
Or sleep akin to death.

But Angels round her pillow
Kept watch, a viewless band;
And, billow favouring billow,
She reached the destined strand.

Blest Pair! whate'er befal you,
Your faith in Him approve
Who from frail earth can call you
To bowers of endless love!

THE POET AND THE CAGED TURTLEDOVE.*

Comp. 1830. —— Pub. 1835.

[Written at Rydal Mount. This dove was one of a pair that had been given to my daughter by our excellent friend, Miss Jewsbury,† who went to India with her husband, Mr Fletcher, where she died of cholera. The dove survived its mate many years, and was killed, to our great sorrow, by a neighbour's cat that got in at the window and dragged it partly out of the cage. These verses were composed extempore, to the letter, in the Terrace Summer-house before spoken of. It was the habit of the bird to begin cooing and murmuring whenever it heard me making my verses.]

* In a MS. letter to Sir George Beaumont I find the poem entitled "Twenty minutes Exercise on the Terrace last night, but scene within doors."—Ed.

† Compare the Sonnet beginning "While Anna's peers and early playmates tread," p. 163.—Ed.

As often as I murmur here
  My half-formed melodies,
Straight from her osier mansion near,
  The Turtledove replies:
Though silent as a leaf before,
  The captive promptly coos;
Is it to teach her own soft lore,
  Or second my weak Muse?

I rather think, the gentle Dove
  Is murmuring a reproof,
Displeased that I from lays of love
  Have dared to keep aloof;
That I, a Bard of hill and dale,
  Have carroll'd, fancy free,
As if nor dove nor nightingale,
  Had heart or voice for me.

If such thy meaning, O forbear,
  Sweet Bird! to do me wrong,
Love, blessed Love, is every where,
  The spirit of my song:
'Mid grove, and by the calm fireside,
  Love animates my lyre—
That coo again!—'tis not to chide,
  I feel, but to inspire.

PRESENTIMENTS.

Comp. 1830. —— Pub. 1835.

[*Written at Rydal Mount.*]

PRESENTIMENTS! they judge not right
Who deem that ye from open light
  Retire in fear of shame;

All *heaven-born* Instincts shun the touch
Of vulgar sense,—and, being such,
  Such privilege ye claim.

The tear whose source I could not guess,
The deep sigh that seemed fatherless,
  Were mine in early days;
And now, unforced by time to part
With fancy, I obey my heart,
  And venture on your praise.

What though some busy foes to good
Too potent over nerve and blood,
  Lurk near you—and combine
To taint the health which ye infuse;
This hides not from the moral Muse
  Your origin divine.

How oft from you, derided Powers!
Comes Faith that in auspicious hours
  Builds castles, not of air:
Bodings unsanctioned by the will
Flow from your visionary skill;
  And teach us to beware.

The bosom-weight, your stubborn gift,
That no philosophy can lift,
  Shall vanish, if ye please,
Like morning mist: and, where it lay,
The spirits at your bidding play
  In gaiety and ease.

Star-guided contemplations move
Through space, though calm, not raised above
  Prognostics that ye rule;

The naked Indian of the wild,
And haply, too, the cradled Child,
  Are pupils of your school.

But who can fathom your intents,
Number their signs or instruments?
  A rainbow, a sunbeam,
A subtle smell that Spring unbinds,
Dead pause abrupt of midnight winds,
  An echo, or a dream.*

The laughter of the Christmas hearth
With sighs of self-exhausted mirth
  Ye feelingly reprove:
And daily, in the conscious breast,
Your visitations are a test
  And exercise of love.

When some great change gives boundless scope
To an exulting Nation's hope,
  Oft, startled and made wise
By your low-breathed interpretings,
The simply-meek foretaste the springs
  Of bitter contraries.

Ye daunt the proud array of war,
Pervade the lonely ocean far
  As sail hath been unfurled;
For dancers in the festive hall

* Compare Robert Browning's *Bishop Brougham's Apology* —
" . . . . There's a sunset-touch,
A fancy from a flower-bell, some one's death,
A chorus ending from Euripides,—
And that's enough for fifty hopes and fears
As old and new at once as Nature's self,
To rap and knock and enter in our soul,
Take hands and dance there, a fantastic ring," &c.—*Ed.*

What ghastly partners hath your call
  Fetched from the shadowy world!

'Tis said that warnings ye dispense,
Emboldened by a keener sense;
  That men have lived for whom,
With dread precision, ye made clear
The hour that in a distant year
  Should knell them to the tomb.

Unwelcome insight! Yet there are
Blest times when mystery is laid bare,
  Truth shows a glorious face,
While on that isthmus which commands
The councils of both worlds, she stands,
  Sage Spirits! by your grace.

God, who instructs the brutes to scent
All changes of the element,
  Whose wisdom fixed the scale
Of natures, for our wants provides
By higher, sometimes humbler, guides,
  When lights of reason fail.

INSCRIPTION

INTENDED FOR A STONE IN THE GROUNDS OF RYDAL MOUNT. 1833.

Compd. 1830. —— Pub. 1835.

[Engraven, during my absence in Italy, upon a brass plate inserted in the Stone.]

In these fair vales hath many a Tree
  At Wordsworth's suit been spared;
And from the builder's hand this Stone,

For some rude beauty of its own,
Was rescued by the Bard:
So let it rest; and time will come
When here the tender-hearted
May heave a gentle sigh for him,
As one of the departed.

This inscription is still preserved on a brass plate in a tome, within the grounds at Rydal Mount.—Ed.

ELEGIAC MUSINGS

IN THE GROUNDS OF COLEORTON HALL, THE SEAT OF THE LATE* SIR G. H. BEAUMONT, BART.

Comp 1830. —— Pub 1835

[These verses were in part composed on horseback during a storm, while I was on my way from Coleorton to Cambridge they are alluded to elsewhere.]†

In these grounds stands the Parish Church, wherein is a mural monument bearing an Inscription which, in deference to the earnest request of the deceased, is confined to name, dates, and these words "Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord!"

WITH copious eulogy in prose or rhyme[1]
Graven on the tomb we struggle against Time
Alas, how feebly! but our feelings rise
And still we struggle when a good man dies;
Such offering BEAUMONT dreaded and forbade,
A spirit meek in self-abasement clad.
Yet *here* at least, though few have numbered days
That shunned so modestly the light of praise—
His graceful manners, and the temperate ray
Of that arch fancy which would round him play,
Brightening a converse never known to swerve

[1] 1827.

. . . . . and rhyme . . . . .

* Sir George Beaumont died on Feb. 7, 1827. Ed.
† See the Fenwick note to the next poem.—Ed.

From courtesy and delicate reserve;
That sense, the bland philosophy of life,
Which checked discussion ere it warmed to strife—
Those rare accomplishments,[1] and varied powers,
Might have their record among sylvan bowers.
Oh, fled for ever! vanished like a blast
That shook the leaves in myriads as it passed;—
Gone from this world of earth, air, sea, and sky,
From all its spirit-moving imagery,
Intensely studied with a painter's eye,
A poet's heart; and, for congenial view,
Portrayed with happiest pencil, not untrue
To common recognitions while the line
Flowed in a course of sympathy divine;—
Oh! severed, too abruptly, from delights
That all the seasons shared with equal rights;—
Rapt in the grace of undismantled age,
From soul-felt music, and the treasured page
Lit by that evening lamp which loved to shed
Its mellow lustre round thy honoured head;
While Friends beheld thee give with eye, voice, mien,
More than theatric force to Shakspeare's scene;—*
If thou hast heard me—if thy Spirit know
Aught of these bowers and whence their pleasures flow;
If things in our remembrance held so dear,
And thoughts and projects fondly cherished here,
To thy exalted nature only seem
Time's vanities, light fragments of earth's dream—

[1] 1857.
Those fine accomplishments . . . 1855.

* Sir George Beaumont used frequently to read Shakspeare aloud to his household and friends at Coleorton.—Ed.

Rebuke[1] us not!—The mandate is obeyed
That said, "Let praise be mute where I am laid;"
The holier deprecation, given in trust
To the cold marble, waits upon thy dust;
Yet have we found how slowly genuine grief
From *silent* admiration wins relief.
Too long abashed thy Name is like a rose
That doth "within itself its sweetness close;"
A drooping daisy changed into a cup
In which her bright-eyed beauty is shut up.
Within these groves, where still are flitting by
Shades of the Past, oft noticed with a sigh,
Shall stand a votive Tablet,* haply free,
When towers and temples fall, to speak of Thee!
If sculptured emblems of our mortal doom
Recal not there the wisdom of the Tomb,
Green ivy risen from out the cheerful earth
Will fringe[2] the lettered stone; and herbs spring forth,
Whose fragrance, by soft dews and rain unbound,
Shall penetrate the heart without a wound;
While truth and love their purposes fulfil,
Commemorating genius, talent, skill,
That could not lie concealed where Thou wert known;
Thy virtues *He* must judge, and He alone,
The God upon whose mercy they are thrown.

[1] 1837.
. . . . . Shakespeare's scene—
Rebuke . . . . . 1835.

[2] 1837.
Shall fringe . . . . . 1835.

* This votive Tablet may still be seen, with its "green ivy," "fringing the lettered stone." Compare the Sonnet *To the Author's Portrait*, p. 265.—Ed.

Comp. 1830. —— Pub. 1835.

[I have reason to remember the day that gave rise to this Sonnet, the 6th of November, 1830. Having undertaken, a great feat for me, to ride my daughter's pony from Westmoreland to Cambridge, that she might have the use of it while on a visit to her uncle at Trinity Lodge, on my way from Bakewell to Matlock I turned aside to Chatsworth, and had scarcely gratified my curiosity by the sight of that celebrated place before there came on a severe storm of wind and rain which continued till I reached Derby, both man and pony in a pitiable plight. For myself, I went to bed at noon-day. In the course of that journey I had to encounter a storm worse if possible, in which the pony could (or would) only make his way slantwise. I mention this merely to add that notwithstanding this battering I composed, on horseback, the lines to the memory of Sir George Beaumont, suggested during my recent visit to Coleorton.]

CHATSWORTH! thy stately mansion, and the pride
Of thy domain, strange contrast do present
To house and home in many a craggy rent
Of the wild Peak; where new-born waters glide
Through fields whose thrifty occupants abide
As in a dear and chosen banishment,
With every semblance of entire content;
So kind is simple Nature, fairly tried!
Yet He whose heart in childhood gave her troth
To pastoral dales, thin-set with modest farms,
May learn, if judgment strengthen with his growth,
That, not for Fancy only, pomp hath charms;
And, strenuous to protect from lawless harms
The extremes of favoured life, may honour both.

TO THE AUTHOR'S PORTRAIT.

[Painted at Rydal Mount, by W. Pickersgill, Esq., for St John's College, Cambridge.]

Comp. 1830. —— Pub. 1835.

[The last six lines of this Sonnet are not written for poetical effect, but as a matter of fact, which, in more than one instance, could not escape my notice in the servants of the house.]

Go, faithful Portrait! and where long hath knelt
Margaret, the saintly Foundress, take thy place;
And, if Time spare the colours * for the grace
Which to the work surpassing skill hath dealt,
Thou, on thy rock reclined, though kingdoms melt
And states be torn up by the roots,† wilt seem
To breathe in rural peace, to hear the stream,
And think and feel as once the Poet felt.
Whate'er thy fate, those features have not grown
Unrecognised through many a household tear
More prompt, more glad, to fall than drops of dew
By morning shed around a flower half-blown;
Tears of delight, that testified how true
To life thou art, and, in thy truth, how dear!

1827.

To . . . . . 1828.

* The colour has already faded somewhat.—Ed.
† Compare *Elegiac Musings*, p. 263.—Ed.

1831.

The Poems of 1831 were limited to *The Primrose of the Rock*, and *Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems, composed during a tour in Scotland, and on the English Border, in the Autumn of* 1831.

THE PRIMROSE OF THE ROCK.

Comp. 1831. —— Pub. 1835.

[Written at Rydal Mount. The Rock stands on the right hand a little way leading up the middle road from Rydal to Grasmere. We have been in the habit of calling it the glow-worm rock from the number of glow-worms we have often seen hanging on it as described. The tuft of primrose has, I fear, been washed away by the heavy rains.]

A Rock there is whose homely front
  The passing traveller slights;
Yet there the glow-worms hang their lamps,
  Like stars, at various heights:
And one coy Primrose to that Rock
  The vernal breeze invites.

What hideous warfare hath been waged,
  What kingdoms overthrown,
Since first I spied that Primrose-tuft
  And marked it for my own;*
A lasting link in Nature's chain
  From highest heaven let down!

* In Dorothy Wordsworth's Grasmere Journal the following occurs:—April 24, 1802.—"We walked in the evening to Rydal. Coleridge and I lingered behind. We all stood to look at Glow-worm Rock—a primrose that grew there, and just looked out on the road from its own sheltered bower." The Primrose had disappeared when the Fenwick note was dictated, and the Glow-worms have almost deserted the district; but the *Rock* is unmistakable, and is one of the most interesting of the spots connected with Wordsworth in the Lake District.—Ed.

The flowers, still faithful to the stems,
  Their fellowship renew:
The stems are faithful to the root,
  That worketh out of view;
And to the rock the root adheres
  In every fibre true.

Close clings to earth the living rock,
  Though threatening still to fall;
The earth is constant to her sphere;
  And God upholds them all:
So blooms this lonely Plant, nor dreads
  Her annual funeral.

. . . . . .

Here closed the meditative strain;
  But air breathed soft that day,
The hoary mountain-heights were cheered,
  The sunny vale looked gay,
And to the Primrose of the Rock
  I give this after-lay.

I sang—Let myriads of bright flowers,
  Like Thee, in field and grove
Revive unenvied;—mightier far,
  Than tremblings that reprove
Our vernal tendencies to hope,
  Is God's redeeming love;

That love which changed—for wan disease
  For sorrow that had bent
O'er hopeless dust, for withered age—
  Their moral element,
And turned the thistles of a curse
  To types beneficent.

Sin-blighted though we are, we too,
The reasoning Sons of Men,
From one oblivious winter called
Shall rise, and breathe again;
And in eternal summer lose
Our threescore years and ten.

To humbleness of heart descends
This prescience from on high,
The faith that elevates the just,
Before and when they die;
And makes each soul a separate heaven,
A court for Deity.

YARROW REVISITED, AND OTHER POEMS,

COMPOSED (TWO EXCEPTED) DURING A TOUR IN SCOTLAND, AND ON THE ENGLISH BORDER, IN THE AUTUMN OF 1831.

Comp. 1831. —— Pub. 1835.

[In the autumn of 1831, my daughter and I set off from Rydal to visit Sir Walter Scott before his departure for Italy. This journey had been delayed by an inflammation in my eyes till we found that the time appointed for his leaving home would be too near for him to receive us without considerable inconvenience. Nevertheless we proceeded and reached Abbotsford on Monday. I was then scarcely able to lift up my eyes to the light. How sadly changed did I find him from the man I had seen so healthy, gay, and hopeful, a few years before, when he said at the inn at Paterdale, in my presence, his daughter Anne also being there, with Mr Lockhart, my own wife and daughter, and Mr Quillinan,—"I mean to live till I am *eighty*, and shall write as long as I live." But to return to Abbotsford: the inmates and guests we found there were Sir Walter, Major Scott, Anne Scott, and Mr and Mrs Lockhart, Mr Liddell, his Lady and Brother, and Mr Allan the painter, and Mr Laidlow, a very old friend of Sir Walter's. One of Burns's sons, an officer in the Indian service,

had left the house a day or two before, and had kindly expressed his regret that he could not wait my arrival, a regret that I may truly say was mutual. In the evening, Mr and Mrs Liddell sang, and Mrs Lockhart chanted old ballads to her harp; and Mr Allan, hanging over the back of a chair, told and acted odd stories in a humorous way. With this exhibition and his daughter's singing, Sir Walter was much amused, as indeed were we all as far as circumstances would allow. But what is most worthy of mention is the admirable demeanour of Major Scott during the following evening when the Liddells were gone and only ourselves and Mr Allan were present. He had much to suffer from the sight of his father's infirmities and from the great change that was about to take place at the residence he had built, and where he had long lived in so much prosperity and happiness. But what struck me most was the patient kindness with which he supported himself under the many fretful expressions that his sister Anne addressed to him or uttered in his hearing. She, poor thing, as mistress of that house, had been subject, after her mother's death, to a heavier load of care and responsibility and greater sacrifices of time than one of such a constitution of body and mind was able to bear. Of this, Dora and I were made so sensible, that, as soon as we had crossed the Tweed on our departure, we gave vent at the same moment to our apprehensions that her brain would fail and she would go out of her mind, or that she would sink under the trials she had passed and those which awaited her. On Tuesday morning Sir Walter Scott accompanied us and most of the party to Newark Castle on the Yarrow. When we alighted from the carriages he walked pretty stoutly, and had great pleasure in revisiting those his favourite haunts. Of that excursion the verses "Yarrow Revisited" are a memorial. Notwithstanding the romance that pervades Sir Walter's works and attaches to many of his habits, there is too much pressure of fact for these verses to harmonise as much as I could wish with other poems. On our return in the afternoon we had to cross the Tweed directly opposite Abbotsford. The wheels of our carriage grated upon the pebbles in the bed of the stream that there flows somewhat rapidly; a rich but sad light of rather a purple than a golden hue was spread over the Eildon Hills at that moment; and, thinking it probable that it might be the last time Sir Walter would cross the stream, I was not a little moved, and expressed some of my feelings in the Sonnet beginning—"A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain." At noon on Thursday we left Abbotsford, and in the morning of that day Sir Walter and I had a serious conversation tête-a-tête, when he spoke with gratitude of the happy life which upon the whole he had led. He had written in my daughter's Album, before he came into the breakfast-room that morning, a few stanzas addressed to her, and, while putting the book into her hand, in his own study, standing by his desk, he said to her in my presence—"I should not have done anything of this

kind but for your father's sake: they are probably the last verses I shall ever write." They show how much his mind was impaired, not by the strain of thought but by the execution, some of the lines being imperfect, and one stanza wanting corresponding rhymes: one letter, the initial S, had been omitted in the spelling of his own name. In this interview also it was that, upon my expressing a hope of his health being benefited by the climate of the country to which he was going, and by the interest he would take in the classic remembrances of Italy, he made use of the quotation from "Yarrow unvisited" as recorded by me in the "Musings of Aquapendente" six years afterwards. Mr Lockhart has mentioned in his life of him what I heard from several quarters while abroad, both at Rome and elsewhere, that little seemed to interest him but what he could collect or hear of the fugitive Stuarts and their adherents who had followed them into exile. Both the "Yarrow revisited" and the "Sonnet" were sent him before his departure from England. Some further particulars of the conversations which occurred during this visit I should have set down had they not been already accurately recorded by Mr Lockhart. I first became acquainted with this great and amiable man—Sir Walter Scott—in the year 1803, when my sister and I, making a tour in Scotland, were hospitably received by him in Lasswade upon the banks of the Esk, where he was then living. We saw a good deal of him in the course of the following week; the particulars are given in my sister's Journal of that tour.]

TO
SAMUEL ROGERS, Esq.
AS A TESTIMONY OF FRIENDSHIP, AND ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF INTELLECTUAL OBLIGATIONS, THESE MEMORIALS ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

RYDAL MOUNT, *Dec.* 11, 1834.

I.

[The following Stanzas are a memorial of a day passed with Sir Walter Scott, and other Friends visiting the Banks of the Yarrow under his guidance, immediately before his departure from Abbotsford, for Naples.

The title *Yarrow Revisited* will stand in no need of explanation, for Readers acquainted with the Author's previous poems suggested by that celebrated Stream.]

THE gallant Youth, who may have gained,
Or seeks, a "winsome Marrow,"
Was but an Infant in the lap
When first I looked on Yarrow;

Once more, by Newark's Castle-gate
  Long left without a warder,
I stood, looked, listened, and with Thee,
  Great Minstrel of the Border!*

Grave thoughts ruled wide on that sweet day,
  Their dignity installing
In gentle bosoms, while sere leaves
  Were on the bough, or falling;
But breezes played, and sunshine gleamed—
  The forest to embolden;
Reddened the fiery hues, and shot
  Transparence through the golden.

For busy thoughts the Stream flowed on
  In foamy agitation;
And slept in many a crystal pool
  For quiet contemplation:†
No public and no private care
  The free-born mind enthralling,
We made a day of happy hours,
  Our happy days recalling.

Brisk Youth appeared, the Morn of youth,
  With freaks of graceful folly,—
Life's temperate Noon, her sober Eve,
  Her Night not melancholy;

* Wordsworth arrived at Abbotsford with his daughter to say farewell to Scott on the 21st September 1831. "On the 22nd," says Mr Lockhart, "these two great poets, who had through life loved each other well, and in spite of very different theories as to art, appreciated each other's genius more justly than infirm spirits ever did either of them, spent the morning together in a visit to Newark. Hence the last of the three poems by which Wordsworth has connected his name to all time with the most romantic of Scottish streams."—*Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott*, Vol. X., ch. 80, p. 104.

Compare the note to *Musings near Aquapendente*, in the Poems of the Italian Tour of 1837.—Ed.

† Compare Tennyson's *Brook*.—Ed.

Past, present, future, all appeared
In harmony united,
Like guests that meet, and some from far,
By cordial love invited.

And if, as Yarrow, through the woods
And down the meadow ranging,
Did meet us with unaltered face,
Though we were changed and changing,
If, *then*, some natural shadows spread
Our inward prospect over,
The soul's deep valley was not slow
Its brightness to recover

Eternal blessings on the Muse,
And her divine employment!
The blameless Muse, who trains her Sons
For hope and calm enjoyment;
Albeit sickness, lingering yet,
Has o'er their pillow brooded,
And Care waylays[1] their steps—a Sprite
Not easily eluded.

For thee, O SCOTT! compelled to change
Green Eildon-hill and Cheviot
For warm Vesuvio's vine-clad slopes;
And leave thy Tweed and Tiviot
For mild Sorrento's breezy waves;
May classic Fancy, linking
With native Fancy her fresh aid,
Preserve thy heart from sinking!

[1] 1837 way lay 1835.

O! while they minister to thee,
Each vying with the other,
May Health return to mellow Age
With Strength, her venturous brother;
And Tiber, and each brook and rill
Renowned in song and story,
With unimagined beauty shine,
Nor lose one ray of glory!

For Thou, upon a hundred streams,
By tales of love and sorrow,
Of faithful love, undaunted truth,
Hast shed the power of Yarrow:
And streams unknown, hills yet unseen,
Wherever they[1] invite Thee,
At parent Nature's grateful call,
With gladness must requite Thee.

A gracious welcome shall be thine,
Such looks of love and honour
As thy own Yarrow gave to me
When first I gazed upon her;
Behold what I had feared to see,
Unwilling to surrender
Dreams treasured up from early days,
The holy and the tender.

And what, for this frail world, were all
That mortals do or suffer,
Did no responsive harp, no pen,
Memorial tribute offer?

[1] 1807.
Where'er thy path . . . . . .

Yea, what were mighty Nature's self?
  Her features, could they win us,
Unhelped by the poetic voice
  That loudly speaks within us?

Nor deem that localised Romance
  Plays false with our affections,
Unsanctifies our tears—made sport
  For fanciful dejections:
Ah, no! the visions of the past
  Sustain the heart in feeling
Life as she is—our change-ful Life,
  With friends and kindred dealing.

Bear witness, Ye, whose thoughts that day
  In Yarrow's groves were centered;
Who through the silent portal arch
  Of mouldering Newark entered;
And clomb the winding stair that once
  Too timidly was mounted
By the "last Minstrel," (not the last!)
  Ere he his Tale recounted.

Flow on for ever, Yarrow Stream!
  Fulfil thy pensive duty,
Well pleased that future Bards should chant
  For simple hearts thy beauty:
To dream-light dear while yet unseen,
  Dear to the common sunshine,
And dearer still, as now I feel,
  To memory's shadowy moonshine!

II.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT FROM ABBOTSFORD, FOR NAPLES.*

A TROUBLE, not of clouds, or weeping rain,
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height:
Spirits of Power, assembled there, complain
For kindred Power departing from their sight;
While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,
Saddens his voice again, and yet again.
Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners! for the might
Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes;
Blessings and prayers, in nobler retinue
Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows,
Follows this wondrous Potentate. Be true,
Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,
Wafting your Charge to soft Parthenope!

With the closing lines of this sonnet addressed to the "winds of ocean," and Sir Walter's departure for Naples, compare Horace's Ode to the ship carrying Virgil to Athens, (Ode I. 3).—Ed.

III.

A PLACE OF BURIAL IN THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND.

[Similar places for burial are not unfrequent in Scotland. The one that suggested this Sonnet lies on the banks of a small stream called the Wauchope that flows into the Esk near Langholme. Mickle, who, as it appears from his poem on Sir Martin, was not without genuine

* This sonnet was sent to Alaric Watts for his *Souvenir* in 1832. Wordsworth wrote, "I enclose a sonnet for your next volume if you choose to insert it. It would have appeared with more advantage in this year's, but was not written in time. It is proper that I should mention it has been sent to Sir Walter Scott, and one or two of my other friends."—(See *Alaric Watts, a Narrative of his Life*, Vol. II. p. 190.)—Ed.

poetic feelings, was born and passed his boyhood, in this neighbourhood, under his father who was a minister of the Scotch Kirk. The Esk, both above and below Langholme, flows through a beautiful country, and the two streams of the Wauchope and the Ewes, which join it near that place, are such as a pastoral poet would delight in.]

PART fenced by man, part by a rugged steep
That curbs a foaming brook, a Grave-yard lies;
The hare's best couching-place for fearless sleep;
Which moonlit elves, far seen by credulous eyes,
Enter in dance. Of church, or sabbath ties,
No vestige now remains; yet thither creep
Bereft Ones, and in lowly anguish weep
Their prayers out to the wind and naked skies.
Proud tomb is none; but rudely-sculptured knights,
By humble choice of plain old times, are seen
Level with earth, among the hillocks green:
Union not sad, when sunny daybreak smites
The spangled turf, and neighbouring thickets ring
With *jubilate* from the choirs of spring!

IV.

ON THE SIGHT OF A MANSE IN THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND.

[The Manses in Scotland and the gardens and grounds about them have seldom that attractive appearance which is common about our English parsonages, even when the clergyman's income falls below the average of the Scotch minister's. This is not merely owing to the one country being poor in comparison with the other, but arises rather out of the equality of their benefices, so that no one has enough to spare for decorations that might serve as an example for others; whereas, with us, the taste of the richer incumbent extends its influence more or less to the poorest. After all, in these observations the surface only of the matter is touched. I once heard a conversation in which the Roman Catholic Religion was decried on account of its abuses. "You cannot deny, however," said a lady of the party, repeating an expression used by Charles 2nd, "that it is the religion of a gentleman." It may be

left to the Scotch themselves to determine how far this observation applies to their Kirk, while it cannot be denied, if it is wanting in that characteristic quality, the aspect of common life, so far as concerns its beauty, must suffer. Sincere christian piety may be thought not to stand in need of refinement or studied ornament; but assuredly it is ever ready to adopt them, when they fall within its notice, as means allow; and this observation applies not only to manners, but to everything a christian (truly so in spirit) cultivates and gathers round him, however humble his social condition.]

SAY, ye far-travelled clouds, far-seeing hills—
Among the happiest-looking homes of men
Scattered all Britain over, through deep glen,
On airy upland, and by forest rills,
And o'er wide plains cheered by the lark that trills
His sky-born warblings[1]—does aught meet your ken
More fit to animate the Poet's pen,
Aught that more surely by its aspect fills
Pure minds with sinless envy, than the Abode
Of the good Priest? who, faithful through all hours
To his high charge, and truly serving God,
Has yet a heart and hand for trees and flowers,
Enjoys the walks his predecessors trod,
Nor covets lineal rights in lands and towers.

V.

COMPOSED IN ROSLIN CHAPEL, DURING A STORM.

[We were detained by incessant rain and storm at the small inn near Roslin Chapel, and I passed a great part of the day pacing to and fro in this beautiful structure, which, though not used for public service, is not allowed to go to ruin. Here, this Sonnet was composed. If it has at all done justice to the feeling which the place and the storm raging without inspired, I was as a prisoner. A painter delineating the interior of the chapel and its minute features under such circum-

[1] 1845.
And o'er wide plains whereon the sky distils
Her lark's loved warblings; . . . 1835.

stances would have, no doubt, found his time agreeably shortened. But the movements of the mind must be more free while dealing with words than with lines and colours; such at least was then and has been on many other occasions my belief, and, as it is allotted to few to follow both arts with success, I am grateful to my own calling for this and a thousand other recommendations which are denied to that of the painter.]

THE wind is now thy organist;—a clank
(We know not whence) ministers for a bell
To mark some change of service. As the swell
Of music reached its height, and even when sank
The notes, in prelude, ROSLIN! to a blank
Of silence, how it thrilled thy sumptuous roof,
Pillars, and arches,—not in vain time-proof,
Though Christian rites be wanting! From what bank
Came those live herbs? by what hand were they sown
Where dew falls not, where rain-drops seem unknown?
Yet in the Temple they a friendly niche
Share with their sculptured fellows, that, green-grown,
Copy their beauty more and more, and preach,
Though mute, of all things blending into one.*

VI.

THE TROSSACHS.

[As recorded in my sister's Journal, I had first seen the Trossachs in her and Coleridge's company. The sentiment that runs through this Sonnet was natural to the season in which I again saw this beautiful spot; but this and some other sonnets that follow were coloured by the remembrance of my recent visit to Sir Walter Scott, and the melancholy errand on which he was going.]

THERE'S not a nook within this solemn Pass,
But were an apt confessional for One

* "I cannot agree with you in admiring the cathedral of Melrose more than the chapel at Roslin. As far as it goes, as a whole, the chapel at Roslin appeared to me to be *perfection*, most beautiful in form, and of entire simplicity."—(Dorothy Wordsworth to Mrs Marshall, Sept. 1807.) —ED.

Taught by his summer spent, his autumn gone,
That Life is but a tale of morning grass
Withered at eve. From scenes of art which chase[1]
That thought away, turn, and with watchful eyes
Feel it 'mid Nature's old felicities,
Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more clear than glass
Untouched, unbreathed upon. Thrice happy quest,
If from a golden perch of aspen spray
(October's workmanship to rival May)
The pensive warbler of the ruddy breast
That[2] moral sweeten by a heaven-taught lay,
Lulling the year, with all its cares, to rest!

VII.

THE pibroch's note, discountenanced or mute;
The Roman kilt, degraded to a toy
Of quaint apparel for a half-spoilt boy;
The target mouldering like ungathered fruit;
The smoking steam-boat eager in pursuit,
As eagerly pursued; the umbrella spread
To weather-fend the Celtic herdsman's head—
All speak of manners withering to the root,
And of[3] old honours, too, and passions high:
Then may we ask, though pleased that thought should range
Among the conquests of civility,
Survives imagination—to the change
Superior? Help to virtue does she give?[4]
If not, O Mortals, better cease to live!

[1] 1837.
. . . . . that chase 1837.
[2] 1837.
This . . . . . 1836.
[3] 1845.
And some . . . . . 1837.
[4] 1845.
. . . . . it give! 1836.

VIII.

COMPOSED AFTER READING A NEWSPAPER OF THE DAY.*

Comp. 1831. —— Pub. 1835.

"PEOPLE! your chains are severing link by link;
Soon shall the Rich be levelled down—the Poor
Meet them half-way." Vain boast! for These, the more
They thus would rise, must low and lower sink
Till, by repentance stung, they fear to think;
While all lie prostrate, save the tyrant few
Bent in quick turns each other to undo,
And mix the poison they themselves must drink.
Mistrust thyself, vain Country! cease to cry,
"Knowledge will save me from the threatened woe."
For, if than other rash ones more thou know,
Yet on presumptuous wing as far would fly
Above thy knowledge as they dared to go,
Thou wilt provoke a heavier penalty.

IX.

COMPOSED IN THE GLEN OF LOCH ETIVE.

["That make the Patriot spirit." It was mortifying to have frequent occasions to observe the bitter hatred of the lower orders of the Highlanders to their superiors; love of country seemed to have passed into its opposite. Emigration was the only relief looked to with hope.]†

* This Sonnet ought to have followed No. VII. in the series of 1831, but was omitted by mistake. W. W., 1835.

As the above note indicates Wordsworth's own wish as to where the Sonnet should be placed, and approximately gives the date of composition, it is placed as No. VIII. in the Sonnets of 1831. In later editions, Wordsworth placed it as the first in the series of sonnets dedicated to Liberty and Order. —ED.

† This Fenwick note is significant. These things repeat themselves, and are as true in 1883, as they were in 1831.—ED.

"This Land of Rainbows spanning glens whose walls,
Rock-built, are hung with rainbow-coloured mists—
Of far-stretched Meres whose salt flood never rests—
Of tuneful Caves and playful Waterfalls—
Of Mountains varying momently their crests—
Proud be this Land! whose poorest huts are halls
Where Fancy entertains becoming guests;
While native song the heroic Past recals."
Thus, in the net of her own wishes caught,
The Muse exclaimed; but Story now must hide
Her trophies, Fancy crouch; the course of pride
Has been diverted, other lessons taught,
That make the Patriot-spirit bow her head
Where the all-conquering Roman feared to tread

X.

EAGLES.

COMPOSED AT DUNOLLIE CASTLE IN THE BAY OF ORAN.

["The last I saw was on the wing," off the promontory of Fairhead, county of Antrim. I mention this because, though my tour in Ireland with Mr Marshall and his son was made many years ago, this allusion to the eagle is the only image supplied by it to the poetry I have since written. We travelled through that country in October, and to the shortness of the days and the speed with which we travelled (in a carriage and four) may be ascribed this want of notices, in my verse, of a country so interesting. The deficiency I am somewhat ashamed of, and it is the more remarkable as contrasted with my Scotch and Continental tours, of which are to be found in these volumes so many memorials.]

Dishonoured Rock and Ruin! that, by law
Tyrannic, keep the Bird of Jove enlarged
Like a lone criminal whose life is spared.
Vexed is he, and screams loud. The last I saw
Was on the wing; stooping, he struck with awe
Man, bird, and beast; then, with a consort paired,

From a bold headland, their loved aery's guard,
Flew high above Atlantic waves, to draw
Light from the fountain of the setting sun.
Such was this Prisoner once; and, when his plumes
The sea-blast ruffles as the storm comes on,
Then, for a moment, he, in spirit, resumes [1]
His rank 'mong freeborn creatures that live free,
His power, his beauty, and his majesty.

XI.

IN THE SOUND OF MULL.

[Touring late in the season in Scotland is an uncertain speculation. We were detained a week by rain at Bunaw on Loch Etive in a vain hope that the weather would clear up and allow me to show my daughter the beauties of Glencoe. Two days we were at the Isle of Mull, on a visit to Major Campbell; but it rained incessantly, and we were obliged to give up our intention of going to Staffa. The rain pursued us to Tyndrum, where the Twelfth Sonnet was composed in a storm.]

TRADITION, be thou mute! Oblivion, throw
Thy veil in mercy o'er the records, hung
Round strath and mountain, stamped by the ancient tongue
On rock and ruin darkening as we go,—
Spots where a word, ghost-like, survives to show
What crimes from hate, or desperate love, have sprung;
From honour misconceived, or fancied wrong,
What feuds, not quenched but fed by mutual woe.
Yet, though a wild vindictive Race, untamed
By civil arts and labours of the pen,
Could gentleness be scorned by those [2] fierce Men,

[1] 1846.
In spirit, for a moment, he resumes 1835.

[2] 1837.
these 1835.

Who, to spread wide the reverence they claimed[1]
For patriarchal occupations, named
Yon towering Peaks, 'Shepherds of Etive Glen!' *

XII.

SUGGESTED AT TYNDRUM IN A STORM.

ENOUGH of garlands, of the Arcadian crook,
And all that Greece and Italy have sung
Of Swains reposing myrtle groves among!
Ours couch on naked rocks,—will cross a brook
Swoln with chill rains, nor ever cast a look
This way or that, or give it even a thought
More than by smoothest pathway may be brought
Into a vacant mind. Can written book
Teach what *they* learn? Up, hardy Mountaineer!
And guide the Bard, ambitious to be One
Of Nature's privy council, as thou art,
On cloud-sequestered heights, that see and hear
To what dread powers[2] He delegates his part
On earth, who works in the heaven of heavens, alone.

XIII.

THE EARL OF BREADALBANE'S RUINED MANSION, AND FAMILY BURIAL-PLACE, NEAR KILLIN.

WELL sang the Bard who called the grave, in strains
Thoughtful and sad, the 'narrow house.' No style
Of fond sepulchral flattery can beguile

[1] 1837.
. . . . reverence that they claimed 1835.

[2] 1837.
. . . Power . . . 1836.

* In Gaelic, *Buachaill Etive.*—W. W., 1835.

Grief of her sting; nor cheat, where he detains
The sleeping dust, stern Death. How reconcile
With truth, or with each other, decked remains
Of a once warm Abode, and that *new* Pile,
For the departed, built with curious pains
And mausolean pomp?* Yet here they stand
Together,—'mid trim walks and artful bowers,
To be looked down upon by ancient hills,
That, for the living and the dead, demand
And prompt a harmony of genuine powers;
Concord that elevates the mind, and stills.

XIV.

"REST AND BE THANKFUL!"

AT THE HEAD OF GLENCROE.

DOUBLING and doubling with laborious walk,
Who, that has gained at length the wished-for Height,
This brief this simple way-side Call can slight,
And rests not thankful? Whether cheered by talk
With some loved friend, or by the unseen hawk
Whistling to clouds and sky-born streams, that shine
At the sun's outbreak, as with light divine,
Ere they descend to nourish root and stalk
Of valley flowers. Nor, while the limbs repose,
Will we forget that, as the fowl can keep
Absolute stillness, poised aloft in air,
And fishes front, unmoved, the torrent's sweep,—
So may the Soul, through powers that Faith bestows,
Win rest, and ease, and peace, with bliss that Angels share.

* Finlarig, near Killin, is the burial place of the Breadalbane family. "The modern mausoleum occupies a solitary position in the vicinity of the old ruins."—ED.

XV.

HIGHLAND HUT.

SEE what gay wild flowers deck this earth-built Cot,
Whose smoke, forth-issuing whence and how it may,
Shines in the greeting of the sun's first ray
Like wreaths of vapour without stain or blot.
The limpid mountain rill avoids it not;
And why shouldst thou?—If rightly trained and bred,
Humanity is humble, finds no spot
Which her Heaven-guided feet refuse to tread.
The walls are cracked, sunk is the flowery roof,
Undressed the pathway leading to the door;
But love, as Nature loves, the lonely Poor;
Search, for their worth, some gentle heart wrong-proof,
Meek, patient, kind, and, were its trials fewer,
Belike less happy.—Stand no more aloof! *

* This Sonnet describes the *exterior* of a Highland hut, as often seen under morning or evening sunshine. To the authoress of the "Address to the Wind," and other poems, in this volume, who was my fellow-traveller in this tour, I am indebted for the following extract from her journal, which accurately describes, under particular circumstances, the beautiful appearance of the *interior* of one of these rude habitations.

"On our return from the Trosachs the evening began to darken, and it rained so heavily that we were completely wet before we had come two miles, and it was dark when we landed with our boatman, at his hut upon the banks of Loch Katrine. I was faint from cold: the good woman had provided, according to her promise, a better fire than we had found in the morning; and, indeed, when I sat down in the chimney-corner of her smoky biggin, I thought I had never felt more comfortable in my life; a pan of coffee was boiling for us, and, having put our clothes in the way of drying, we all sat down thankful for a shelter. We could not prevail upon our boatman, the master of the house, to draw near the fire, though he was cold and wet, or to suffer his wife to get him dry clothes till she had served us, which she did most willingly, though not very expeditiously.

"A Cumberland man of the same rank would not have had such a notion of what was fit and right in his own house, or, if he had, one would have accused him of servility; but in the Highlander it only seemed like politeness (however erroneous and painful to us), naturally growing out of the

XVI.

THE BROWNIE.

Upon a small island not far from the head of Loch Lomond, are some remains of an ancient building, which was for several years the abode of a solitary Individual, one of the last survivors of the clan of Macfarlane, once powerful in that neighbourhood. Passing along the shore opposite this island in the year 1814, the Author learned these particulars, and that this person then living there had acquired the appellation of 'The Brownie.' See "The Brownie's Cell" (Vol. VI., p. 24), to which the following is a sequel.

"How disappeared he?" Ask the newt and toad;
Ask of his fellow men, and they will tell
How he was found, cold as an icicle,
Under an arch of that forlorn abode;

---

dependence of the inferiors of the clan upon their laird; he did not, however, refuse to let his wife bring out the whisky bottle for his refreshment, at our request. 'She keeps a dram,' as the phrase is: indeed, I believe there is scarcely a lonely house by the wayside, in Scotland, where travellers may not be accommodated with a dram. We asked for sugar, butter, barley-bread, and milk; and, with a smile and a stare more of kindness than wonder, she replied, 'Ye'll get that,' bringing each article separately. We carroused our cups of coffee, laughing like children at the strange atmosphere in which we were: the smoke came in gusts, and spread along the walls; and above our heads in the chimney (where the hens were roosting) it appeared like clouds in the sky. We laughed and laughed again, in spite of the smarting of our eyes, yet had a quieter pleasure in observing the beauty of the beams and rafters gleaming between the clouds of smoke: they had been crusted over, and varnished by many winters, till, where the firelight fell upon them, they had become as glossy as black rocks on a sunny day, cased in ice. When we had eaten our supper we sat about half an hour, and I think I never felt so deeply the blessing of a hospitable welcome and a warm fire. The man of the house repeated from time that we should often tell of this night when we got to our homes, and interposed praises of his own lake, which he had more than once, when we were returning in the boat, ventured to say was 'bonnier than Loch Lomond.' Our companion from the Trossachs, who, it appeared, was an Edinburgh drawing-master going, during the vacation, on a pedestrian tour to John o'Groat's house, was to sleep in the barn with my fellow-travellers, where the man said he had plenty of dry hay. I do not believe that the hay of the Highlands is ever very dry, but this year it had

Where he, unpropped, and by the gathering flood
Of years hemmed round, had dwelt, prepared to try
Privation's worst extremities, and die
With no one near save the omnipresent God.
Verily so to live was an awful choice—
A choice that wears the aspect of a doom;
But in the mould of mercy all is cast
For Souls familiar with the eternal Voice;
And this forgotten Taper to the last
Drove from itself, we trust, all frightful gloom.

a better chance than usual: wet or dry, however, the next morning they said they had slept comfortably. When I went to bed, the mistress, desiring me to '*go ben*,' attended me with a candle, and assured me that the bed was dry, though not 'sic as I had been used to.' It was of chaff; there were two others in the room, a cupboard and two chests, upon one of which stood milk in wooden vessels, covered over. The walls of the house were of stone unplastered: it consisted of three apartments, the cowhouse at one end, the kitchen or house in the middle, and the spence at the other end; the rooms were divided, not up to the rigging, but only to the beginning of the roof, so that there was a free passage for light and smoke from one end of the house to the other. I went to bed some time before the rest of the family; the door was shut between us, and they had a bright fire, which I could not see, but the light it sent up amongst the varnished rafters and beams, which crossed each other in almost as intricate and fantastic a manner as I have seen the under-boughs of a large beech tree withered by the depth of shade above, produced the most beautiful effect that can be conceived. It was like what I should suppose an underground cave or temple to be, with a dripping or moist roof, and the moonlight entering in upon it by some means or other; and yet the colours were more like those of melted gems. I lay looking up till the light of the fire faded away, and the man and his wife and child had crept into their bed at the other end of the room: I did not sleep much, but passed a comfortable night; for my bed, though hard, was warm and clean: the unusualness of my situation prevented me from sleeping. I could hear the waves beat against the shore of the lake: a little rill close to the door made a much louder noise, and, when I sat up in my bed, I could see the lake through an open window-place at the bed's head. Add to this, it rained all night. I was less occupied by remembrance of the Trosachs, beautiful as they were, than the vision of the Highland hut, which I could not get out of my head; I thought of the Faery-land of Spenser, and what I had read in romance at other times; and then what a feast it would be for a London Pantomime-maker could he but transplant it to Drury-lane, with all its beautiful colours!"—MS.—W. W., 1835.

XVII.

TO THE PLANET VENUS, AN EVENING STAR.

COMPOSED AT LOCH LOMOND.

THOUGH joy attend Thee orient at the birth
Of dawn, it cheers the lofty spirit most
To watch thy course when Day-light, fled from earth,
In the grey sky hath left his lingering Ghost,
Perplexed as if between a splendour lost
And splendour slowly mustering. Since the Sun,
The absolute, the world-absorbing One,
Relinquished half his empire to the host
Emboldened by thy guidance, holy Star,
Holy as princely—who that looks on thee,
Touching, as now, in thy humility
The mountain borders of this seat of care,
Can question that thy countenance is bright,
Celestial Power, as much with love as light?

XVIII.

BOTHWELL CASTLE.

(PASSED UNSEEN ON ACCOUNT OF STORMY WEATHER.)

[In my Sister's Journal is an account of Bothwell Castle as it appeared to us at that time.]

IMMURED in Bothwell's towers, at times the Brave
(So beautiful is Clyde) forgot to mourn
The liberty they lost at Bannockburn.
Once on those steeps I roamed * at large, and have

* The following is from the same MS., and gives an account of the visit to Bothwell Castle here alluded to:—

"It was exceedingly delightful to enter thus unexpectedly upon such a beautiful region. The castle stands nobly, overlooking the Clyde. When

In mind the landscape, as if still in sight;
The river glides, the woods before me wave;
Then why repine that now in vain I crave[1]
Needless renewal of an old delight?

[1] 1837.
But, by occasion tempted, now I crave 1837.

we came up to it, I was hurt to see that flower-borders had taken place of the natural overgrowings of the ruin, the scattered stones, and wild plants. It is a large and grand pile of red free-stone, harmonising perfectly with the rocks of the river, from which, no doubt, it has been hewn. When I was a little accustomed to the unnaturalness of a modern garden, I could not help admiring the excessive beauty and luxuriance of some of the plants, particularly the purple-flowered clematis, and a broad-leafed creeping plant without flowers which scrambled up the castle wall, along with the ivy, and spread its vine-like branches so lavishly that it seemed to be in its natural situation, and one could not help thinking that, though not self-planted among the ruins of this country, it must somewhere have its native abode in such places. If Bothwell Castle had not been close to the Douglas mansion, we should have been disgusted with the possessor's miserable conception of *adorning* such a venerable ruin; but it is so very near to the house, that of necessity the pleasure-grounds must have extended beyond it, and perhaps the neatness of a shaven lawn and the complete desolation natural to a ruin might have made an unpleasing contrast; and, besides being within the precincts of the pleasure-grounds, and so very near to the dwelling of a noble family, it has forfeited, in some degree, its independent majesty, and becomes a tributary to the mansion: its solitude being interrupted, it has no longer the command over the mind in sending it back into past times, or excluding the ordinary feelings which we bear about us in daily life. We had then only to regret that the castle and the house were so near to each other; and it was impossible *not* to regret it: for the ruin presides in state over the river, far from city or town, as if it might have a peculiar privilege to preserve its memorials of past ages, and maintain its own character for centuries to come. We sat upon a bench under the high trees, and had beautiful views of the different reaches of the river, above and below. On the opposite bank, which is finely wooded with elms and other trees, are the remains of a priory built upon a rock; and rock and ruin are so blended, that it is impossible to separate the one from the other. Nothing can be more beautiful than the little remnant of this holy place: elm trees (for we were near enough to distinguish them by their branches) grow out of the walls, and overshadow a small, but very elegant window. It can scarcely be conceived what a grace the castle and priory impart to each other; and the river Clyde flows on, smooth and unruffled below, seeming to my thoughts more in harmony with the sober and stately images of former times, than if it had roared over a rocky channel, forcing its sound upon the ear. It blended gently with the warbling of the smaller birds, and the chattering of the larger

Better to thank a dear and long-past day
For joy its sunny hours were free to give
Than blame the present, that our wish hath crost.
Memory, like sleep, hath powers which dreams obey,
Dreams, vivid dreams, that are not fugitive:
How little that she cherishes is lost!

XIX.

PICTURE OF DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN, AT HAMILTON PALACE.

AMID a fertile region green with wood
And fresh with rivers, well did[1] it become
The ducal Owner, in his palace-home
To naturalise this tawny Lion brood;
Children of Art, that claim strange brotherhood
(Couched in their den) with those that roam at large
Over the burning wilderness, and charge

[1] 1843.
. . . . . doth . . . . 1835.

ones, that had made their nests in the ruins. In this fortress the chief of the English nobility were confined after the battle of Bannockburn. If a man is to be a prisoner, he scarcely could have a more pleasant place to solace his captivity; but I thought that, for close confinement, I should prefer the banks of a lake, or the seaside. The greatest charm of a brook or river is in the liberty to pursue it through its windings: you can then take it in whatever mood you like; silent or noisy, sportive or quiet. The beauties of a brook or river must be sought, and the pleasure is in going in search of them; those of a lake or of the sea come to you of themselves. These rude warriors cared little, perhaps, about either; and yet, if one may judge from the writings of Chaucer, and from the old romances, more interesting passions were connected with natural objects in the days of chivalry than now; though going in search of scenery, as it is called, had not then been thought of. I had previously heard nothing of Bothwell Castle, at least nothing that I remembered; therefore, perhaps, my pleasure was greater, compared with what I received elsewhere, than others might feel." *MS. Journal.*—W. W., 1835.

The wind with terror while they roar for food.
Satiate are *these*; and stilled to eye and ear;
Hence, while we gaze,[1] a more enduring fear!
Yet is the Prophet calm, nor would the cave
Daunt him—if his Companions, now be-drowsed
Outstretched[2] and listless, were by hunger roused:
Man placed him here, and God, he knows, can save.

[1] 1845.

But *these* are satiate, and a stillness drear
Calls into life . . . . . 1835.

Satiate are *these*; and still—to eye and ear;
Hence, while we gaze, ... 1837.

[2] 1837.

Yawning . . . . . 1835.

Henry Crabbe Robinson gives an account of this picture in his *Diary, &c.* (Vol. II., pp. 214-15):—

"On September the 29th, from Lanark I visited the Duke of Hamilton's palace, and had unusual pleasure in the paintings to be seen there. I venture to copy my remarks on the famous Rubens' 'Daniel in the Lions' Den:'—'The variety of character in the lions is admirable. Here is indignation at the unintelligible power which restrains them; there reverence towards the being whom they dare not touch. One of them is consoled by the contemplation of the last skull he has been picking; one is anticipating his next meal; two are debating the subject together. But the Prophet, with a face resembling Curran's (foreshortened so as to lose its best expression), has all the muscles of his countenance strained from extreme terror. He is without joy or hope; and though his doom is postponed, he has no faith in the miracle which is to reward his integrity. It is a painting rather to astonish than delight.' Daniel's head is thrown back, and he looks upwards with an earnest expression and clasped hands, as if vehemently supplicating. The picture formerly belonged to King Charles I. It was at that time entered as follows in the Catalogue of the Royal Pictures:—'A piece of Daniel in the Lions' Den with lions about him, given by the deceased Lord Dorchester to the king, being so big as the life. Done by Sir Peter Paul Rubens.' Dr Waagen very justly observes that, upon the whole, the figure of Daniel is only an accessory employed by the great master to introduce, in the most perfect form, nine figures of lions and lionesses the size of life. Rubens, in a letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, (who presented the picture to the king), dated April 28th, 1618, expressly states that it was wholly his own work-

manship. The price was six hundred florins. Engraved in mezzotint by W. Ward, 1789."

This picture subsequently passed into the possession of the Duke of Hamilton, and was sold in 1882 to Mr Denison, Yorkshire. The following is from the catalogue of the Hamilton Palace sale :—

RUBENS—DANIEL IN THE DEN OF LIONS.—The prophet is represented sitting naked in the middle of the den, his hands clasped, and his countenance directed upward with an expression of earnest prayer. Nine lions are prowling around him. Engraved by Blooteling, Van der Leuw, and Lamb, and in mezzotint by J. Ward. There is also an etching of it by Street, extremely rare. This is one of the few great pictures by Reubens which we know with certainty to have been entirely executed by his own hand. Reubens says this explicitly in an Italian letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, which Mr Carpenter has printed in his 'Pictorial Notices,' p. 140. This picture was presented by Sir Dudley Carleton to Charles I., and is inserted in the printed catalogue of his collection at page 87.

"No. 14.

Done by Sir Peter Paul Rubens. { Item.—A piece of Daniel in the lions' den, with lions about him. Given by the deceased Lord Dorchester to the king, so big as the life, in a black gilded frame."

It was sold to Mr Denison for £5145.—ED.

XX.

THE AVON.

(A FEEDER OF THE ANNAN.)

["Yet is it one that other rivulets bear." There is the Shakespeare Avon, the Bristol Avon; the one that flows by Salisbury, and a small river in Wales, I believe, bear the name; Avon being in the ancient tongue the general name for river.]

AVON—a precious, an immortal name!
Yet is it one that other rivulets bear
Like this unheard-of, and their channels wear
Like this contented, though unknown to Fame:
For great and sacred is the modest claim
Of Streams to Nature's love, where'er they flow;
And ne'er did Genius slight them, as they go,
Tree, flower, and green herb, feeding without blame.
But Praise can waste her voice on work of tears,

Anguish, and death: full oft where innocent blood
Has mixed its current with the limpid flood,
Her heaven-offending trophies Glory rears:
Never for like distinction may the good
Shrink from *thy* name, pure Rill, with unpleased ears.

XXI.

SUGGESTED BY A VIEW FROM AN EMINENCE IN INGLEWOOD FOREST.

[The extensive forest of Inglewood has been enclosed within my memory. I was well acquainted with it in its ancient state. The Hart's-horn tree mentioned in the next Sonnet was one of its remarkable objects, as well as another tree that grew upon an eminence not far from Penrith: it was single and conspicuous; and being of a round shape, though it was universally known to be a Sycamore, it was always called the "Round Thorn," so difficult is it to chain fancy down to fact.]

THE forest huge of ancient Caledon
Is but a name, no[1] more is Inglewood,
That swept from hill to hill, from flood to flood:
On her last thorn the nightly moon has shone;
Yet still, though unappropriate Wild be none,
Fair parks spread wide where Adam Bell might deign
With Clym o' the Clough, were they alive again,
To kill for merry feast their venison.
Nor wants the holy Abbot's gliding Shade
His church with monumental wreck bestrown;
The feudal Warrior-chief, a Ghost unlaid,
Hath still his castle, though a skeleton,
That he may watch by night, and lessons con
Of power that perishes, and rights that fade.

[1] 1645.

XXII.

HART'S-HORN TREE, NEAR PENRITH.*

HERE stood an Oak, that long had borne affixed
To his huge trunk, or, with more subtle art,
Among its withering topmost branches mixed,
The palmy antlers of a hunted Hart,
Whom the Dog Hercules pursued—his part
Each desperately sustaining, till at last
Both sank and died, the life-veins of the chased
And chaser bursting here with one dire smart.
Mutual the victory, mutual the defeat!
High was the trophy hung with pitiless pride;
Say, rather, with that generous sympathy
That wants not, even in the rudest breasts, a seat;
And, for this feeling's sake let no one chide
Verse that would guard thy memory, HART'S-HORN TREE! †

* This tree has perished, but its site is still well known. Compare the note to *Roman Antiquities*, p. 297.—ED.

† "In the time of the first Robert de Clifford, in the year 1333 or 1334, Edward Baliol king of Scotland came into Westmoreland, and stayed some time with the said Robert at his castles of Appleby, Brougham, and Pendragon. And during that time they ran a stag by a single greyhound out of Whinfell Park, to Redkirk, in Scotland, and back again to this place: where, being both spent, the stag leaped over the pales, but died on the other side; and the greyhound, attempting to leap, fell, and died on the contrary side. In memory of this fact the stag's horns were nailed upon a tree just by, and (the dog being named Hercules) this rhythm was made upon them:

'Hercules kill'd Hart a greese,
And Hart a greese kill'd Hercules.'

The tree to this day bears the name of Hart's-horn Tree. The horns in process of time were almost grown over by the growth of the tree, and another pair was put up in their place."—*Nicholson and Burns's History of Westmorland and Cumberland.*

The tree has now disappeared, but I well remember its imposing appearance as it stood, in a decayed state, by the side of the high road leading from Penrith to Appleby. This whole neighbourhood abounds in interesting traditions and vestiges of antiquity, viz., Julian's Bower; Brougham and Penrith Castles; Penrith Beacon, and the curious remains in Penrith Churchyard; Arthur's Round Table, and, close by, Maybrough; the excavation, called the Giant's Cave, on the banks of the Eamont; Long Meg and her Daughters, near Eden, &c., &c.—W. W., 1835.

XXIII.

FANCY AND TRADITION.

THE Lovers took within this ancient grove
Their last embrace; beside those crystal springs[1]
The Hermit saw the Angel spread his wings
For instant flight; the Sage in yon alcove[2]
Sat musing; on that hill the Bard would rove,
Not mute, where now the linnet only sings:
Thus everywhere to truth Tradition clings[3]
Or Fancy localises Powers we love.
Were only History[4] licensed to take note
Of things gone by, her meagre monuments
Would ill suffice for persons and events:
There is an ampler page for man to quote,
A readier book of manifold contents,
Studied alike in palace and in cot.

XXIV. *

COUNTESS' PILLAR.*

[Suggested by the recollection of Julian's Bower and other traditions connected with this ancient forest.]

On the roadside between Penrith and Appleby, there stands a pillar with the following inscription:—

"This pillar was erected, in the year 1656, by Anne Countess Dowager

[1] 1835.
There fell the Hero in this ancient grove
The lovers pledged their faith beside these springs. MS.

[2] 1835.
. . . . . this alcove MS.

[3] 1835.
Thus to the truth Tradition fondly clings MS.

[4] 1835.
Were History only . . . . . MS.

* The Countess' Pillar is on the high road from Penrith, a couple of miles out of the town on the Appleby road. It is somewhat weather-worn, but is preserved with care.—ED.

of Pembroke, &c., for a memorial of her last parting with her pious mother, Margaret Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2d of April, 1616 (in memory whereof she has left an annuity of £4, to be distributed to the poor of this parish, every 2d day of April for ever, upon the flat stone hard by). Lady Anne.

Wains the Poor gather round, till the end of time
May this bright flower of Charity display
Its bloom, unfolding at the appointed day;
Flower than the loveliest of the vernal prime
Lovelier—transplanted from heaven's purest clime!
"Charity never faileth:" on that creed,
More than on written testament or deed,
The pious Lady built with hope sublime.
Alms on this stone to be dealt out, *for ever!*
"LAYE THEM." Many a Stranger passing by
Has with that Parting mixed a filial sigh,
Blest its bereaved Memorial's fond endeavour:
And, fastening on those lines an eye tear-glazed,
Has smiled, through sin Clerk, with "God be praised!"

XXV.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.

[UNDER THE ROMAN STATION AT OLD PENRITH.]

How worthless the relics that we cull,
Treading the last holds of ambitious Rome,
Unless they chastise fancies that presume
To high, or idle agitations lull!
Or the world's flatteries if the brain be full!
To have, we see, for thought were better doom,
Like shrivelled relics, 'n the eyeless skull
Of one whose hopes to us, holding plume
Heaven, and its love, our wishes what are they?
Our wishes, restless tenants, but their prey;

The Sage's theory? the Poet's lay,
Mere Fibulæ without a tube to clasp,
Obsolete lamps, whose light is fled [illegible] vale;
Urns without ashes, precious lacrymals:

I am indebted to Dr Taylor of Penrith for the following note in [illegible] these "Roman Antiquities" at Old Penrith.—"Dear Sir, I have [illegible] pleasure in giving you what information I can, [illegible] Roman Station of Old Penrith. It is called 'Petriana' by Gaul [illegible] most archæologists now allocate it in the 'Ind Itin,' as the [illegible] Voreda on the road between York and Carlisle. This road passes over Stainmoor, by Bowes, Brough, Kirkbythore, Brougham, and Plumpton Wall (or Voreda), to Luguvallum or Carlisle. The Roman Camps are visible at all these places, and the old Roman road is recognizable in many [illegible]. This Old Penrith, Plumpton Wall, or Voreda, is a camp of the [illegible] time, probably about the period which Wordsworth alludes to. [illegible] Roman stones and altars [illegible] Voreda, [illegible] deposited in Lowther Castle [illegible] antiquarians living in Penrith, whom he used to visit occasionally, and it is probable that after a visit to Voreda, which is about six miles from here, he wrote the Sonnet alluded to. The 'Hurst-more Tree' referred to in the 'Legend of the Hunt of the Stag' stood in the park of Whinfell, in the parish of Brougham, but has disappeared for many years."—Ed.

XXVI.

APOLOGY

FOR THE FOREGOING POEMS

No more: the end is sudden and abrupt,
Abrupt—as without preconceived design
With the beginning; yet the several Lays
Have moved in order, to each other bound
By a continuous and acknowledged tie
Though unpremeditated—like the shapes distinct
That yet survive, engraven, 'mid the walls
Of palaces or temples,' 'mid the wreck

[illegible]

[illegible] of Palace, or of Temple, [illegible]

Of famed Persepolis;* each following each,
As might beseem a stately embassy,
In set array; these bearing in their hands
Ensign of civil power, weapon of war,
Or gift to be presented at the throne
Of the Great King; and others, as they go
In priestly vest, with holy offerings charged,
Or leading victims drest for sacrifice.
Nor will the Power we serve, that sacred Power,
The Spirit of humanity, disdain
A[1] ministration humble but sincere,
That from a threshold loved by every Muse
Its impulse took—that sorrow-stricken door,
Whence, as a current from its fountain-head,
Our thoughts have issued, and our feelings flowed,
Receiving, willingly or not, fresh strength
From kindred sources; while around us sighed
(Life's three first seasons having passed away)
Leaf-scattering winds; and hoar-frost sprinklings fell
(Foretaste of winter) on the moorland heights;
And every day brought with it tidings new
Of rash change, ominous for the public weal.
Hence, if dejection has[2] too oft encroached
Upon that sweet and tender melancholy
Which may itself be cherished and caressed
More than enough; a fault so natural
(Even with the young, the hopeful, or the gay)
For prompt forgiveness will not sue in vain.

[1] 1837.
Nor will the Muse condemn, or treat with scorn
Our . . . . . 1835.

[2] 1837.
. . . . . have . . . . 1835.

* Compare *Processions in the Vale of Chamouny*, Vol. VI. p. 270.—Ed.

XXVII.

THE HIGHLAND BROACH.

[On ascending a hill that leads from Loch Awe towards Inverary, I fell into conversation with a woman of the humbler class who wore one of those Highland Broaches. I talked with her about it; and upon parting with her, when I said with a kindness I truly felt—"May that Broach continue in your family through many generations to come, as you have already possessed it"—she thanked me most becomingly and seemed not a little moved.]

The exact resemblance which the old Broach (still in use, though rarely met with, among the Highlanders) bears to the Roman Fibula must strike every one, and concurs, with the plaid and kilt, to recal to mind the communication which the ancient Romans had with this remote country.

If to Tradition faith be due,
And echoes from old verse speak true,
Ere the meek Saint, Columba, bore
Glad tidings to Iona's shore,
No common light of nature blessed
The mountain region of the west;
A land where gentle manners ruled
O'er men in dauntless virtues schooled,
That raised, for centuries, a bar
Impervious to the tide of war:
Yet peaceful Arts did entrance gain
Where haughty Force had striven in vain;
And, 'mid the works of skilful hands,
By wanderers brought from foreign lands
And various climes, was not unknown
The clasp that fixed the Roman Gown;
The Fibula, whose shape, I ween,
Still in the Highland Broach is seen,
The silver Broach of massy frame,
Worn at the breast of some grave Dame

On road or path, or at the door
Of fern-thatched hut on heathy moor:
But delicate of yore its mould,
And the material finest gold;
As might beseem the fairest Fair,
Whether she graced a royal chair,
Or shed, within a vaulted hall,
No fancied lustre on the wall
Where shields of mighty heroes hung,
While Fingal heard what Ossian sung.

The heroic Age expired—it slept
Deep in its tomb:—the bramble crept
O'er Fingal's hearth; the grassy sod
Grew on the floors his soul had trod:
Malvina! where art thou? Their state
The noblest-born must abdicate;
The fairest, while with fire and sword
Come Spoilers—horde impelling horde,
Must walk the sorrowing mountains, drest
By ruder hands in homelier vest.
Yet still the female bosom lent,
And loved to borrow, ornament;
Still was its inner world a place
Reached by the dews of heavenly grace;
Still pity to this last retreat
Clove fondly; to his favourite seat
Love wound his way by soft approach,
Beneath a massier Highland Broach.

When alternations came of rage
Yet fiercer, in a darker age;
And feuds, where, clan encountering clan,
The weaker perished to a man;

For maid and mother, when despair
Might else have triumphed, baffling prayer,
One small possession lacked not power,
Provided in a calmer hour,
To meet such need as might befal—
Roof, raiment, bread, or burial:
For women, even of tears bereft,
The hidden silver Broach was left.

As generations come and go
Their arts, their customs, ebb and flow;
Fate, fortune, sweep strong powers away,
And feeble, of themselves, decay;
What poor abodes the heir-loom hide,
In which the castle once took pride!
Tokens, once kept as boasted wealth,
If saved at all, are saved by stealth.
Lo! ships, from seas by nature barred,
Mount along ways by man prepared;
And in far-stretching vales, whose streams
Seek other seas, their canvas gleams.

Lo! busy towns spring up, on coasts
Thronged yesterday by airy ghosts;
Soon, like a lingering star forlorn
Among the novelties of morn,
While young delights on old encroach,
Will vanish the last Highland Broach.

But when, from out their viewless bed,
Like vapours, years have rolled and spread,
And this poor verse, and worthier lays,
Shall yield no light of love or praise;

Then, by the spade, or cleaving plough,
Or torrent from the mountain's brow,
Or whirlwind, reckless what his might
Entombs, or forces into light;
Blind Chance, a volunteer ally,
That oft befriends Antiquity,
And clears Oblivion from reproach,
May render back the Highland Broach.*

1832.

The Poems written in 1832 were few. They include *Devotional Incitements*, an *Evening Voluntary*, *Rural Illusions*, and three Sonnets.

DEVOTIONAL INCITEMENTS.

Comp. 1832. —— Pub. 1835.

[Written at Rydal Mount.]

'Not to the earth confined,
Ascend to heaven.'

WHERE will they stop, those breathing Powers,
The Spirits of the new-born flowers?
They wander with the breeze, they wind
Where'er the streams a passage find;
Up from their native ground they rise
In mute aërial harmonies;
From humble violet—modest thyme—
Exhaled, the essential odours climb,

* How much the Broach is sometimes prized by persons in humble stations may be gathered from an occurrence mentioned to me by a female friend. She had had an opportunity of benefiting a poor old woman in her own hut, who, wishing to make a return, said to her daughter, in Erse, in a tone of plaintive earnestness, "I would give anything I have, but I *hope* she does not wish for my Broach!" and, uttering these words, she put her hand upon the Broach which fastened her kerchief, and which, she imagined, had attracted the eye of her benefactress.—W. W., 1835.

As if no space below the sky
Their subtle flight could satisfy:
Heaven will not tax our thoughts with pride
If like ambition be *their* guide.

Roused by this kindliest of May-showers,
The spirit-quickener of the flowers,
That with moist virtue softly cleaves
The buds, and freshens the young leaves,
The birds pour forth their souls in notes
Of rapture from a thousand throats—
Here checked by too impetuous haste,
While there the music runs to waste,
With bounty more and more enlarged,
Till the whole air is overcharged;
Give ear, O Man! to their appeal
And thirst for no inferior zeal,
Thou, who canst *think*, as well as feel.

Mount from the earth; aspire! aspire!
So pleads the town's cathedral quire,
In strains that from their solemn height
Sink, to attain a loftier flight;
While incense from the altar breathes
Rich fragrance in embodied wreaths;
Or, flung from swinging censer, shrouds
The taper-lights, and curls in clouds
Around angelic Forms, the still
Creation of the painter's skill,
That on the service wait concealed
One moment, and the next revealed.
—Cast off your bonds, awake, arise,
And for no transient ecstasies!

What else can mean the visual plea
Of still or moving imagery—
The iterated summons loud,
Not wasted on the attendant crowd,
Nor wholly lost upon the throng
Hurrying the busy streets along?

Alas! the sanctities combined
By art to unsensualise the mind
Decay and languish; or, as creeds
And humours change, are spurned like weeds:
The priests are from their altars thrust;
Temples are levelled with the dust;
And solemn rites and awful forms
Founder amid fanatic storms.[1]
Yet evermore, through years renewed
In undisturbed vicissitude
Of seasons balancing their flight
On the swift wings of day and night,
Kind Nature keeps a heavenly door
Wide open for the scattered Poor.
Where flower-breathed incense to the skies
Is wafted in mute harmonies;
And ground fresh-cloven by the plough
Is fragrant with a humbler vow;
Where birds and brooks from leafy dells
Chime forth unwearied canticles,
And vapours magnify and spread
The glory of the sun's bright head—

1836.

The solemn rites, the awful forms,
Founder amid fanatic storms;
The priests are from their altars thrust,
The temples levelled with the dust; 1835.

Still constant in her worship, still
Conforming to the eternal Will,[1]
Whether men sow or reap the fields,
Divine monition[2] Nature yields,
That not by bread alone we live,
Or what a hand of flesh can give;
That every day should leave some part
Free for a sabbath of the heart:
So shall the seventh be truly blest,
From morn to eve, with hallowed rest.

Comp. 1832. —— Pub. 1845.

CALM is the fragrant air, and loth to lose
Day's grateful warmth, tho' moist with falling dews.
Look for the stars, you'll say that there are none;
Look up a second time, and, one by one,
You mark them twinkling out, with silvery light,
And wonder how they could elude the sight!
The birds, of late so noisy in their bowers,
Warbled a while with faint and fainter powers,
But now are silent as the dim-seen flowers:
Nor does the village Church-clock's iron tone
The time's and season's influence disown:
Nine beats distinctly to each other bound
In drowsy sequence—how unlike the sound
That, in rough winter, oft inflicts a fear
On fireside listeners, doubting what they hear!

[1] 1832. almighty Will, 1835.

[2] 1845. Her admonitions Nature yields; 1836.
Divine admonishment she yields, 1840.

The shepherd, bent on rising with the sun,
Had closed his door before the day was done.
And now with thankful heart to bed doth creep,
And joins[1] his little children in their sleep.
The bat, lured forth where trees the lane o'ershade,
Flits and reflits along the close arcade;
The busy[2] dor-hawk chases the white moth
With burring note, which Industry and Sloth
Might both be pleased with, for it suits them both.
A stream is heard—I see it not, but know
By its soft music whence the waters flow:
Wheels[3] and the tread of hoofs are heard no more;
One boat there was, but it will touch the shore
With the next dipping of its slackened oar;
Faint sound, that, for the gayest of the gay,
Might give to serious thought a moment's sway,
As a last token of man's toilsome day!

RURAL ILLUSIONS.

Comp. 1832. —— Pub. 1835.

[Written at Rydal Mount. Observed a hundred times in the grounds there.]

SYLPH was it? or a Bird more bright
Than those of fabulous stock?
A second darted by;—and lo!
Another of the flock,
Through sunshine flitting from the bough
To nestle in the rock.

[1] 1837.
And join 1835.
[2] 1837.
Far-heard the 1835.
[3] 1837.
both.
Wheels 1835.

Transient deception! a gay freak
  Of April's mimicries!
Those brilliant strangers, hailed with joy
  Among the budding trees,
Proved last year's leaves, pushed from the spray
  To frolic on the breeze.

Maternal Flora! show thy face,
  And let thy hand be seen,
Thy hand here sprinkling tiny flowers,[1]
  That, as they touch the green,
Take root (so seems it) and look
  In honour of their Queen.
Yet, sooth, those little starry specks,
  That not in vain aspired
To be confounded with live growths,
  Most dainty, most admired,
Were only blossoms dropped from twigs
  Of their own offspring tired.

Not such the World's illusive shows;
  Her wingless flutterings,
Her blossoms which, though shed, outbrave
  The floweret as it springs,
For the undeceived, smile as they may,
  Are melancholy things:
But gentle Nature plays her part
  With ever-varying wiles,
And transient feignings with plain truth
  So well she reconciles,
That those fond Idlers most are pleased
  Whom oftenest she beguiles.

1836.

[1] Which sprinkles here these tiny flowers, 1838.

LOVING AND LIKING.

IRREGULAR VERSES,
ADDRESSED TO A CHILD.
(BY MY SISTER.)[1]

Comp. 1832. —— Pub. 1835.

[Written at Rydal Mount. It arose, I believe, out of a casual expression of one of Mr Swinburne's children.]

THERE'S more in words than I can teach:
Yet listen, Child!—I would not preach;
But only give some plain directions
To guide your speech and your affections.
Say not you *love* a roasted fowl,
But you may love a screaming owl,
And, if you can, the unwieldy toad
That crawls from his secure abode
Within the mossy garden wall
When evening dews begin to fall.
Oh mark the beauty of his eye:
What wonders in that circle lie!
So clear, so bright, our fathers said
He wears a jewel in his head!
And when, upon some showery day,
Into a path or public way
A frog leaps out from bordering grass,
Startling the timid as they pass,
Do you observe him, and endeavour
To take the intruder into favour;

[1] 1845.

In the former editions of the Author's Miscellaneous Poems are three pieces addressed to children:—the following, a few lines excepted, is by the same Writer; and, as it belongs to the same unassuming class of compositions, she has been prevailed upon to consent to its publication. 1835.

By the author of the Poem, "Address to a child, during a boisterous winter evening." 1836.

Learning from him to find a reason
For a light heart in a dull season.
And you may love him in the pool,
That is for him a happy school,
In which he swims as taught by nature,
Fit[1] pattern for a human creature,
Glancing amid the water bright,
And sending upward sparkling light.

Nor blush if o'er your heart be stealing
A love for things that have no feeling:
The spring's first rose by you esp. d
May fill your breast with joyful pride;
And you may love the strawberry-flower,
And love the strawberry in its bower;
But when the fruit, so often praised
For beauty, to your lip is raised,
Say not you *love* the delicate treat,
But *like* it, enjoy it, and thankfully eat.

Long may you love your pensioner mouse,
Though one of a tribe that torment the house.
Nor dislike for her cruel sport the cat,
Deadly foe both of[2] mouse and rat;
Remember she follows the law of her kind,
And Instinct is neither wayward nor blind.
Then think of her beautiful gliding form,
Her tread that would scarcely[3] crush a worm

[1] 1845.
A . . . . . 1836.

[2] 1845.
That deadly foe of both . . . . . 1825.
That deadly foe both of . . . . . 1836.

[3] 1836.
. . . . . not . . . . . 1837.

And her soothing song by the winter fire,
Soft as the dying throb of the lyre.

I would not circumscribe your love:
It may soar with the eagle and brood with the dove,
May pierce the earth with the patient mole,
Or track the hedgehog to his hole.
Loving and liking are the solace of life,
Rock the cradle of joy, smooth the death-bed of strife.[1]
You love your father and your mother,
Your grown-up and your baby-brother;
You love your sister, and your friends,
And countless blessings which God sends:
And while these right affections play,
You *live* each moment of your day;
They lead you on to full content,
And likings fresh and innocent,
That store the mind, the memory feed,
And prompt to many a gentle deed:
But *likings* come, and pass away;
'Tis *love* that remains till our latest day:
Our heavenward guide is holy love,
And will[2] be our bliss with saints above.

UPON THE LATE GENERAL FAST.

MARCH, 1832.

Comp. 1832. —— Pub. 1832.

RELUCTANT call it was; the rite delayed;
And in the Senate some there were who doffed

[1] 1844. They foster all joy, and extinguish all strife. 1835.

[2] 1842. And it will 1835.

The last of their humanity, and scoffed
At providential judgments,[1] undismayed
By their own daring. But the People prayed
As with once voice; their flinty heart grew soft
With penitential sorrow, and aloft
Their spirit mounted, crying, "God us aid!
Oh that with aspirations more intense,
Chastised by self-abasement more profound,
This People, once[2] so happy, so renowned
For liberty, would seek from God defence
Against far heavier ill, the pestilence*
Of revolution, impiously unbound!"

FILIAL PIETY.

(ON THE WATSIDE BETWEEN PRESTON AND LIVERPOOL.)

Comp. 1832. —— Pub. 1832.

[This was also communicated to me by a coachman in the same way In the course of my many coach rambles and journeys, which, during the day-time always, and often in the night, were taken on the outside of the coach, I had good and frequent opportunities of learning the characteristics of this class of men. One remark I made that is worth recording; that whenever I had occasion especially to notice their well-ordered, respectful and kind behaviour to women, of whatever age, I found them, I may say almost always, to be married men.]

UNTOUCHED through all severity of cold;
Inviolate, whate'er the cottage hearth
Might need for comfort, or for festal mirth;
That Pile of Turf is half a century old:

[1] 1843.
. . . . , judgment, . . 1872.

[2] 1837.
Oh that with soul-aspirings more intense
And heart-humiliations more profound
This People, long . . . . . 1842.

* The fast was appointed because of an outbreak of cholera in England. —ED.

Yes, Traveller! fifty winters have been told
Since suddenly the dart of death went forth
'Gainst him who raised it,—his last work on earth:
Thence has it, with the Son, so strong a hold
Upon his Father's memory, that his hands,
Through reverence, touch it only to repair[1]
Its waste.—Though crumbling with each breath of air,
In annual renovation thus it stands—
Rude Mausoleum! but wrens nestle there,
And red-breasts warble when sweet sounds are rare.

TO B. R. HAYDON, ON SEEING HIS PICTURE OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE ON THE ISLAND OF ST HELENA.

Comp. 1832. —— Pub. 1832.

[This Sonnet, though said to be written on seeing the Portrait of Napoleon, was, in fact, composed some time after, extempore, in the wood at Rydal Mount.]

HAYDON! let worthier judges praise the skill
Here by thy pencil shown in truth of lines
And charm of colours; *I* applaud those signs
Of thought, that give the true poetic thrill;
That unencumbered whole of blank and still
Sky without cloud—ocean without a wave;
And the one Man that laboured to enslave
The World, sole-standing high on the bare hill[2]—
Back turned, arms folded, the unapparent face
Tinged, we may fancy, in this dreary place
With light reflected from the invisible sun
Set, like his fortunes; but not set for aye

[1] 1837.

Thence by his Son more prized than aught which gold
Could purchase—watched, preserved by his own hands,
That, faithful to the structure, still repair,

Like them. The unguilty Power pursues his way,
And before *him* doth dawn perpetual run.*

Comp. Pub. 1832.

[These verses were written some time after we had become residents at Rydal Mount, and I will take occasion from them to observe upon the beauty of that situation, as being locked and flanked by lofty fells, which bring the heavenly bodies to touch, as it were, the earth upon the mountain-tops, while the prospect in front lies open to a length of level valley, the extended lake, and a terminating ridge of low hills; so that it gives an opportunity to the inhabitants of the place of noticing the stars in both the positions here alluded to, namely, on the tops of the mountains, and as winter lamps at a distance among the leafless trees.]

If thou indeed derive thy light from Heaven,
Then, to the measure of that heaven-born light,

* Haydon, as he tells us in his Autobiography, received a commission from Sir Robert Peel, in June 1830, "to paint Napoleon musing, the size of life." He finished it in June 1831, and thus described it himself:—

"Napoleon was peculiarly alive to poetical association as produced by scenery or sound; village bells with their echoing ding, dong, dang, now bursting full on the ear, now dying in the wind, affected him as they affect everybody; and to natural impressions and on the eve of all his great battles you find him stealing out in the dead of the night, between the two hosts, and indulging every species of poetical reverie. It was impossible to think of a genius in captivity, without mysterious associations of the sky, sea, the rock, and the solitude with which he was enveloped. I never imagined him but as if musing at dawn, or melancholy at sunset, listening at midnight to the beating and roaring of the Atlantic, meditating as the stars gazed and the moon shone on him; in short Napoleon never appeared to me but at those seasons of silence and twilight, when nature seems to sympathise with the fallen, and when if there be moments in this turbulent earth fit for celestial intercourse, one most imagines these would be the times immortal spirits might select to descend within the sphere of mortality, to soothe and comfort, to inspire and support the afflicted.

Under such impressions the present picture was produced. . . . I imagined him standing on the brow of an impending cliff, and musing on his past fortunes, . . . sea-birds screaming at his feet, . . . the sun just down, . . . the sails of his guard ship glittering on the horizon, and the Atlantic, calm, silent, awfully deep, and endlessly extensive."—*Life of Benjamin Robert Haydon*, Vol. II., pp. 301-2.—Ed.

Shine, Poet![1] in thy place, and be content:—
The stars pre-eminent in magnitude,
And they that from the zenith dart their beams,[2]
(Visible though they[3] be to half the earth,
Though half a sphere be conscious of their brightness)
Are[4] yet of no diviner origin,
No purer essence, than the one that burns,
Like an untended watch-fire on the ridge
Of some dark mountain; or than those which seem
Humbly to hang, like twinkling winter lamps,
Among the branches of the leafless trees.
All are the undying offspring of one Sire:
Then, to the measure of the light vouchsafed,
Shine, Poet! in thy place, and be content.*

These lines were first published in 1832; and they found a place in the edition of that year, amongst the "Poems of Sentiment and Reflection." In the edition of 1845 they appeared as a Preface to the entire volume of Poems.—Ed.

[1] 1837
. . . . . from Heaven,
Shine, Poet, ... 1832.

[2] 1837.
The Star that from the zenith darts its beams, 1832

[3] 1837.
. . . . it . . . . . 1832.

1837
. . . . . its brightness,
Is . . . . . 1832.

* The last three lines were added in 1836.—Ed.

1833.

The most important of the poems written in 1833 were the Memorials of the Tour undertaken during the summer of that year. They refer to several Cumbrian localities, to the Isle of Man, to the Clyde, the Western Isles of Scotland, and again to Cumberland.

A WREN'S NEST.

Comp 1833. —— Pub. 1835.

[Written at Rydal Mount. This nest was built, as described, in a tree that grows near the pool in Dora's field, near the Rydal Mount garden.*]

Among the dwellings framed by birds
In field or forest with nice care,
Is none that with the little Wren's
In snugness may compare.

No door the tenement requires,
And seldom needs a laboured roof;
Yet is it to the fiercest sun
Impervious, and storm-proof.

So warm, so beautiful withal,
In perfect fitness for its aim,
That to the Kind by special grace
Their instinct surely came.

And when for their abodes they seek
An opportune recess,
The hermit has no finer eye
For shadowy quietness.

* Wrens still build (1884) in the same pollard oak tree, which survives in "Dora's Field;" and primroses grow beneath it.—*Ed.*

These find, 'mid ivied abbey-walls,
A canopy in some still nook;
Others are pent-housed by a brae
That overhangs a brook.

There to the brooding bird her mate
Warbles by fits his low clear song;
And by the busy streamlet both
Are sung to all day long.

Or in sequestered lanes they build,
Where, till the flitting bird's return,
Her eggs within the nest repose,
Like relics in an urn.

But still, where general choice is good,
There is a better and a best;
And, among fairest objects, some
Are fairer than the rest;

This, one of those small builders proved
In a green covert, where, from out
The forehead of a pollard oak,
The leafy antlers sprout;

For She who planned the mossy lodge,
Mistrusting her evasive skill,
Had to a Primrose looked for aid
Her wishes to fulfil.

High on the trunk's projecting brow
And fixed an infant's span above
The budding flowers, peeped forth the nest,
The prettiest of the grove!

The treasure proudly did I show
  To some whose minds without disdain
Can turn to little things; but once
  Looked up for it in vain:

'Tis gone—a ruthless spoiler's prey,
  Who heeds not beauty, love, or song,
'Tis gone! (so seemed it) and we grieved
  Indignant at the wrong.

Just three days after, passing by
  In clearer light the moss-built cell
I saw, espied its shaded mouth,
  And felt that all was well.

The Primrose for a veil had spread
  The largest of her upright leaves;
And thus, for purposes benign,
  A simple flower deceives.

Concealed from friends who might disturb
  Thy quiet with no ill intent,
Secure from evil eyes and hands
  On barbarous plunder bent,

Rest, Mother-bird! and when thy young
  Take flight, and thou art free to roam,
When withered is the guardian Flower,
  And empty thy late home.

Think how ye prospered, thou and thine,
  Amid the unviolated grove
Housed near the growing Primrose-tuft
  In foresight, or in love.

TO ——,

UPON THE BIRTH OF HER FIRST-BORN CHILD, MARCH, 1833.

"Tum porro puer, ut saevis projectus ab undis
Navita, nudus humi jacet," &c.

— LUCRETIUS.

Comp. March 1833. —— Pub. 1835.

[Written at Moresby near Whitehaven, when I was on a visit to my son, then incumbent of that small living. While I am dictating these notes to my friend, Miss Fenwick, January 24, 1843, the child upon whose birth these verses were written is under my roof, and is of a disposition so promising that the wishes and prayers and prophecies which I then breathed forth in verse are, through God's mercy, likely to be realised.]

LIKE a shipwreck'd Sailor tost
By rough waves on a perilous coast,
Lies the Babe, in helplessness
And in tenderest nakedness,
Flung by labouring nature forth
Upon the mercies of the earth.
Can its eyes beseech?—no more
Than the hands are free to implore:
Voice but serves for one brief cry;
Plaint was it? or prophecy
Of sorrow that will surely come?
Omen of man's grievous doom!

But, O Mother! by the close
Duly granted to thy throes;
By the silent thanks, now tending
Incense-like to Heaven, descending
Now to mingle and to move
With the gush of earthly love,
As a debt to that frail Creature,
Instrument of struggling Nature

For the blissful calm, the peace
Known but to this one release—
Can the pitying spirit doubt
That for human-kind springs out
From the penalty a sense
Of more than mortal recompence?

As a floating summer cloud,
Though of gorgeous drapery proud,
To the sun-burnt traveller,
Or the stooping labourer,
Oft-times makes its bounty so
By its shadow round him thrown;
So, by chequerings of sad cheer,
Heavenly Guardians, brooding near,
Of their presence tell—too bright
Haply for corporeal sight!
Ministers of grace divine
Feelingly their brows incline
O'er this seeming Castaway
Breathing, in the light of day,
Something like the faintest breath
That has power to baffle death—
Beautiful, while very weakness
Captivates like passive meekness.

And, sweet Mother! under warrant
Of the universal Parent,
Who repays in season due
Them who have, like thee, been true
To the filial chain let down
From his everlasting throne,

Angels hovering round thy couch,
With their softest whispers vouch,
That—whatever griefs may fret,
Cares entangle, sins beset,
This thy First-born, and with tears
Stain her cheek in future years—
Heavenly succour, not denied
To the babe, whate'er betide,
Will to the woman be supplied!
  Mother! blest be thy calm ease;
Blest the starry promises,—
And the firmament benign
Hallowed be it, where they shine!
Yes, for them whose souls have scope
Ample for a winged hope,
And can earthward bend an ear
For needful listening, pledge is here,
That, if thy new-born Charge shall tread
In thy footsteps, and be led
By that other Guide, whose light
Of manly virtues, mildly bright,
Gave him first the wished-for part
In thy gentle virgin heart;
Then, amid the storms of life
Presignified by that dread strife
Whence ye have escaped together,
She may look for serene weather;
In all trials sure to find
Comfort for a faithful mind;
Kindlier issues, holier rest,
Than even now await her prest,
Conscious Nursling, to thy breast!

THE WARNING.

A SEQUEL TO THE FOREBODING.

Comp. March 1833. —— Pub. 1835.

[These lines were composed during the fever spread through the nation by the Reform Bill. As the motives which led to this measure, and the good or evil which has attended or has risen from it, will be duly appreciated by future historians, there is no call for dwelling on the subject in this place. I will content myself with saying that the then condition of the people's mind is not, in these verses, exaggerated.]

LIST, the winds of March are blowing;
Her ground-flowers shrink, afraid of showing
Their meek heads to the nipping air,
Which ye feel not, happy pair!
Sink into a kindly sleep.
We, meanwhile, our hope will keep;
And if Time leagued with adverse Change
(Too busy fear!) shall cross its range,
Whatsoever check they bring,
Anxious duty hindering,
To like hope our prayers will cling.

Thus, while the ruminating spirit feeds
Upon the events of home[1] as life proceeds,
Affections pure and holy in their source
Gain a fresh impulse, run a livelier course;
Hopes that within the father's heart prevail,
Are in the experienced Grandsire's slow to fail;
And if the harp pleased his gay youth, it rings
To his grave touch with no unready strings,
While thoughts press on, and feelings overflow,
And quick words round him fall like flakes of snow.

[1] 1837.
Upon each home-event 15.5

Thanks to the Powers that yet maintain their sway,
And have renewed the tributary Lay.
Truths of the heart flock in with eager pace,
And FANCY greets them with a fond embrace;
Swift as the rising sun his beams extends
She shoots the tidings forth to distant friends;
Their gifts she hails (deemed precious, as they prove
For the unconscious Babe so prompt a love!)—[1]
But from this peaceful centre of delight
Vague sympathies have urged her to take flight:
Rapt[2] into upper regions, like the bee
That sucks from mountain heath her honey fee;
Or, like the warbling lark intent to shroud
His head in sunbeams or a bowery cloud,
She soars—and here and there her pinions rest
On proud towers, like this humble cottage, blest
With a new visitant, an infant guest—
Towers where red streamers flout the breezy sky
In pomp foreseen by her creative eye,
When feasts shall crowd the hall, and steeple bells
Glad proclamation make, and heights and dells
Catch the blithe music as it sinks and swells,[3]
And harboured ships, whose pride is on the sea,
Shall hoist their topmost flags in sign of glee,
Honouring the hope of noble ancestry.

[1] 1849.
. . . . Babe an unbelated love!) 1835.

[2] 1837.
. . . . . flight.
She rivals the fleet Swallow, making rings
In the smooth lake where'er he dips his wings:
—Rapt . . . . . 1835.

[3] 1837.
. . . . . or swells; 1835.

But who (though neither reckoning ills assigned
By Nature, nor reviewing in the mind
The track that was, and is, and must be, worn
With weary feet by all of woman born)—
Shall *now* by such a gift with joy be moved,
Nor feel the fulness of that joy reproved?
Not He, whose last faint memory will command
The truth that Britain was his native land;*
Whose infant soul was tutored to confide
In the cleansed faith for which her martyrs died;
Whose boyish ear the voice of her renown
With rapture thrilled; whose Youth revered the crown
Of Saxon liberty that Alfred wore,†
Alfred, dear Babe, thy great Progenitor!
—Not He, who from her mellowed practice drew
His social sense of just, and fair, and true;
And saw, thereafter, on the soil of France
Rash Polity begin her maniac dance,‡
Foundations broken up, the deeps run wild,
Nor grieved to see (himself not unbeguiled)—
Wake from the dream, the dreamer to upbraid,
And learn how sanguine expectations fade
When novel trusts by folly are betrayed,—
To see Presumption, turning pale, retrain
From further havoc, but repent in vain,—
Good aims lie down, and perish in the road
Where guilt had urged them on with ceaseless goad,
Proofs thickening round her that on public ends
Domestic virtue vitally depends

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* Compare *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto vi., l. 1-3.—Ed.
† Compare *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, Part I., xxvi., xxvii.—Ed.
‡ At the Revolution, 1792.—Ed.

That civic strife can turn the happiest hearth
Into a grievous sore of self-tormenting earth.[1]

Can such a one, dear Babe! though glad and proud
To welcome thee, repel the fears that crowd
Into his English breast, and spare to quake
Less for his own than[2] for thy innocent sake?
Too late—or, should the Providence of God
Lead, through dark[3] ways by sin and sorrow trod,
Justice and peace to a secure abode,
Too soon—thou com'st into this breathing world;
Ensigns of mimic outrage are unfurled.
Who shall preserve or prop the tottering Realm?
What hand suffice to govern the state-helm?
If, in the aims of men, the surest test
Of good or bad (whate'er be sought for or profest)
Lie in the means required, or ways ordained,
For compassing the end, else never gained;
Yet governors and govern'd both are blind
To this plain truth, or fling it to the wind;
It to expedience principle must bow;
Past, future, shrinking up beneath the incumbent Now;
If cowardly concession still must feed
The thirst for power in men who ne'er concede;
Nor turn aside, unless to shape a way
For domination at some riper day;

[1] 1813.
Till undiscriminating Ruin swept
The Land, and Wrong perpetual vigils kept;
With proof before her that on public ends
Domestic virtue vitally depends. 1835.

[2] 1813.
Not for his own, but . . . . . 1835.

[3] 1813.
. . . blind . . . 1835.

If [1] generous Loyalty must stand in awe
Of subtle Treason, in [2] his mask of law,
Or with bravado insolent and hard,
Provoking punishment, to win reward;
If office help the factious to conspire,
And they who *should* extinguish, fan the fire—
Then, will the sceptre be a straw, the crown
Sit loosely, like the thistle's crest of down;
To be blown off at will, by Power that spares it
In cunning patience, from the head that wears it.

Lost people, trained to theoretic feud!
Lost above all, ye labouring multitude!
Bewildered whether ye, by slanderous tongues
Deceived, mistake calamities for wrongs;
And over fancied usurpations brood,
Oft snapping at revenge in sullen mood;
Or, from long stress of real injuries fly
To desperation for a remedy;
In bursts of outrage spread your judgments wide,
And to your wrath cry out, "Be thou our guide;"
Or, bound by oaths, come forth to tread earth's floor
In marshalled thousands, darkening street and moor
With the worst shape mock-patience ever wore;
Or, to the giddy top of self-esteem
By Flatterers carried, mount into a dream
Of boundless suffrage, at whose sage behest
Justice shall rule, disorder be suppress,
And every man sit down as Plenty's Guest!

57.
. . . . . concede;
If . . . . . 1833.

57.
. . . . , with . . . . . 1835.

—O for a bridle bitted with remorse
To stop your Leaders in their headstrong course!*
Oh may the Almighty scatter with his grace
These mists, and lead you to a safer place,
By paths no human wisdom can forestrace!
May He pour round you, from worlds far above
Man's feverish passions, his pure light of love,
That quietly restores the natural mien
To hope, and makes truth willing to be seen!
Else shall your blood-stained hands in frenzy reap
Fields gaily sown when promises were cheap.—
Why is the Past belied with wicked art,
The Future made to play so false a part,
Among a people famed for strength of mind,
Foremost in freedom, noblest of mankind?
We act as if we joyed in the sad tune
Storms make in rising, valued in the moon
Nought but her changes. Thus, ungrateful Nation:
If thou persist, and, scorning moderation,
Spread for thyself the snares of tribulation,
Whom, then, shall meekness guard? What saving skill
Lie in forbearance, strength in standing still?
—Soon shall the widow (for the speed of Time
Nought equals when the hours are winged with crime)
Widow, or wife, implore on tremulous knee,
From him who judged her lord, a like decree;
The skies will weep o'er old men desolate:
Ye little-ones! Earth shudders at your fate,
Outcasts and homeless orphans———

But turn, my Soul, and from the sleeping pair
Learn thou the beauty of omniscient care!

* See the Fenwick note prefixed to the poem.—Ed.

Be strong in faith, bid anxious thoughts lie still;
Seek for the good and cherish it—the ill
Oppose, or bear with a submissive will.

Comp. 1832. —— Pub. 1835.

If this great world of joy and pain
Revolve in one sure track;
If freedom, set, will rise again,
And virtue, flown, come back;
Woe to the purblind crew who fill
The heart with each day's care;
Nor gain, from past or future, skill
To bear, and to forbear

ON A HIGH PART OF THE COAST OF CUMBERLAND.

Easter Sunday, April 7.

THE AUTHOR'S SIXTY-THIRD BIRTH DAY.

Comp. 1833. —— Pub. 1835.

[The lines were composed on the road between Moresby and Whitehaven while I was on a visit to my son, then rector of the former place. This succession of Voluntaries, with the exception of the 8th and 9th, originated in the concluding lines of the last paragraph of this poem. With this coast I have been familiar from my earliest childhood, and remember being struck for the first time by the town and port of Whitehaven and the white waves breaking against its quays and piers, as the whole came into view from the top of the high ground down which the road (it has since been altered) then descended abruptly. My sister, when she first heard the voice of the sea from this point, and beheld the scene before her, burst into tears. Our family then lived at Cockermouth, and this fact was often mentioned among us as indicating the sensibility for which she was so remarkable.]

The Sun, that seemed so mildly to retire,
Flung back from distant climes a streaming fire,
Whose blaze is now subdued to tender gleams,

Prelude of night's approach with soothing dreams.
Look round;—of all the clouds not one is moving;
'Tis the still hour of thinking, feeling, loving.
Silent, and stedfast as the vaulted sky
The boundless plain of waters seems to lie:—
Comes that low sound from breezes rustling o'er
The grass-crowned headland that conceals the shore?
No; 'tis the earth-voice of the mighty sea,
Whispering how meek and gentle he *can* be!*

Thou Power supreme! who, arming to rebuke
Offenders, dost put off the gracious look,
And clothe thyself with terrors like the flood
Of ocean roused into his fiercest mood,
Whatever discipline thy Will ordain
For the brief course that must for me remain;
Teach me with quick-eared spirit to rejoice
In admonitions of thy softest voice!
Whate'er the path those mortal feet may trace,
Breathe through my soul the blessing of thy grace,
Glad, through a perfect love, a faith sincere
Drawn from the wisdom that begins with fear,
Glad to expand; and, for a season, free
From finite cares, to rest absorbed in Thee!

(BY THE SEA-SIDE.)

Comp. 1833. —— Pub. 1835.

The sun is couched, the sea-fowl gone to rest,
And the wild storm hath somewhere found a nest;

* Compare the *Elegiac Stanzas, suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle in a Storm* (1805), Vol. III., p. 46; also the sonnet (written in 1807), "*Two voices are there, one is of the sea,*" Vol. IV., p. 54; and the second sonnet on the *Cave of Staffa*, in the poems descriptive of the tour in Scotland in 1833.—Ed.

Air slumbers—wave with wave no longer strives,
Only a heaving of the deep survives,*
A tell-tale motion! soon will it be laid,
And by the tide alone the water swayed
Stealthy withdrawings, intermingling mild
Of light with shade in beauty reconciled—
Such is the prospect far as sight can range,
The soothing recompence, the welcome change.
Where now the ships that drove before the blast,
Threatened by angry breakers as they passed,
And by a train of flying clouds bemocked;
Or, in the hollow surge, at anchor locked
As on a bed of death? Some lodge in peace,
Saved by His care who bade the tempest cease;
And some, too heedless of past danger, court
Fresh gales to waft them to the far-off port;
But near, or hanging sea and sky between,
Not one of all those winged powers is seen,
Seen in her course, nor 'mid this quiet heard;
Yet oh! how gladly would the air be stirred
By some acknowledgment of thanks and praise,
Soft in its temper as those vesper lays
Sung to the Virgin while accordant oars
Urge the slow bark along Calabrian shores;
A sea-born service through the mountains felt
Till into one loved vision all things melt:
Or like those hymns that soothe with graver sound
The gulfy coast of Norway iron-bound;
And, from the wide and open Baltic, rise
With punctual care, Lutheran harmonies
Hush, not a voice is here! but why repine,

* Compare the previous poem.—Ed.

Now when the star of eve comes forth to shine
On British waters with that look benign ! *
Ye mariners, that plough your onward way,
Or in the haven rest, or sheltering bay,
May silent thanks at least to God be given
With a full heart; 'our thoughts are *heard* in heaven !'

COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SHORE.

Comp. 1834. —— Pub. 1845.

[These lines were suggested during my residence under my Son's roof at Moresby, on the coast, near Whitehaven, at the time when I was composing those verses among the "Evening Voluntaries" that have reference to the sea. It was in that neighbourhood I first became acquainted with the ocean and its appearances and movements. My infancy and early childhood were passed at Cockermouth, about eight miles from the coast, and I well remember that mysterious awe with which I used to listen to anything said about storms and shipwrecks. Sea-shells of many descriptions were common in the town; and I was not a little surprised when I heard that Mr Landor † had denounced me as a plagiarist from himself for having described a boy applying a sea-shell to his ear and listening to it for intimations of what was going on in its native element. This I had done myself scores of times, and it was a belief among us that we could know from the sound whether the tide was ebbing or flowing.]

WHAT mischief cleaves to unsubdued regret,
How fancy sickens by vague hopes beset;
How baffled projects on the spirit prey,
And fruitless wishes eat the heart away,
The Sailor knows; he best, whose lot is cast
On the relentless sea that holds him fast
On chance dependent, and the fickle star
Of power, through long and melancholy war.

* Compare Robert Browning's *Home-thoughts from the Sea*—
"While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa."
—Ed.

† The passage in Landor's *Gebir*, Book I., is quoted in a note to fourth book of *The Excursion*, (see Vol. V., p. 191).—Ed.

O sad it is, in sight of foreign shores,
Daily to think on old familiar doors,
Hearths loved in childhood, and ancestral floors;
Or, tossed about along a waste of foam,
To ruminate on that delightful home
Which with the dear Betrothed was to come;
Or came and was and is, yet meets the eye
Never but in the world of memory;
Or in a dream recalled, whose smoothest range
Is crossed by knowledge, or by dread, of change,
And if not so, whose perfect joy makes sleep
A thing too bright for breathing man to keep.
Hail to the virtues which that perilous life
Extracts from Nature's elemental strife;
And welcome glory won in battles fought
As bravely as the foe was keenly sought.
But to each gallant Captain and his crew
A less imperious sympathy is due,
Such as my verse now yields, while moonbeams play
On the mute sea in this unruffled bay;
Such as will promptly flow from every breast,
Where good men, disappointed in the quest
Of wealth and power and honours, long for rest;
Or, having known the splendours of success,
Sigh for the obscurities of happiness.

TO THE UTILITARIANS.

The following fragment occurs in a letter to Henry Crabbe Robinson, dated 5th May 1833. It has not been previously published.

AVAUNT this œconomic rage!
What would it bring?—an iron age,
Where Fact with heartless search explored
Shall be Imagination's Lord;

And sway with absolute controul
The god-like Functions of the Soul.
Not *thus* can knowledge elevate
Our Nature from her fallen state.
With sober Reason Faith united
To vindicate the ideal rights
Of human-kind—the tone agreeing
Of objects with internal seeing,
Of effort with the end of Being.

Wordsworth added, in the letter to Robinson, "Is the above intelligible? I fear not! I know, however, my own meaning, and that's enough for Manuscripts."—Ed.

POEMS,

COMPOSED OR SUGGESTED DURING A TOUR, IN THE SUMMER OF 1833.

Comp. 1833. —— Pub. 1835.

[My companions were H. C. Robinson and my son John.]

Having been prevented by the lateness of the season, in 1831, from visiting Staffa and Iona, the author made these the principal objects of a short tour in the summer of 1833, of which the following series of poems is a Memorial. The course pursued was down the Cumberland river Derwent, and to Whitehaven; thence (by the Isle of Man, where a few days were passed) up the Frith of Clyde to Greenock, then to Oban, Staffa, Iona; and back towards England by Loch Awe, Inverary, Loch Goil-head, Greenock, and through parts of Renfrew-shire, Ayrshire, and Dumfries-shire to Carlisle, and thence up the river Eden, and homewards by Ullswater.

I.

ADIEU, Rydalian Laurels! that have grown
And spread as if ye knew that days might come
When ye would shelter in a happy home,
On this fair Mount, a Poet of your own,
One who ne'er ventured for a Delphic crown

To sue the God; but, haunting your green shade[1]
All seasons through, is humbly pleased to braid[2]
Ground-flowers, beneath your guardianship, self-sown.*
Farewell! no Minstrels now with harp new-strung
For summer wandering quit their household bowers;
Yet not for this wants Poesy a tongue
To cheer the Itinerant on whom she pours
Her spirit, while he crosses lonely moors,
Or musing sits forsaken halls among.

II.

Why should the Enthusiast, journeying through this Isle,
Repine as if his hour were come too late?
Not unprotected in her mouldering state,
Antiquity salutes him with a smile,
'Mid fruitful fields that ring with jocund toil,
And pleasure-grounds where Taste, refined Co-mate
Of Truth and Beauty, strives to imitate,
Far as she may, primeval Nature's style.
Fair Land! by Time's parental love made free,
By Social Order's watchful arms embraced;
With unexampled union meet in thee,
For eye and mind, the present and the past;
With golden prospect for futurity,
If that be reverenced which ought to last.[3]

[1] One who to win your emblematic crown
Aspires not, but frequenting your green shade MS.
Who dares not sue the God *for* your bright crown
Of deathless leaves, but haunting *your* green shade MS.

[2] . . . delights fresh wreaths to braid MS.

[3] 1845.
If what is rightly reverenced may last. 1835.

* The yellow flowering poppy and the wild geranium. See the Poem *Poor Robin*, March 1840.—Ed.

III.

They called Thee Merry England, in old time;
A happy people won for thee that name
With envy heard in many a distant clime;
And, spite of change, for me thou keep'st the same
Endearing title, a responsive chime
To the heart's fond belief; though some there are
Whose sterner judgments deem that word a snare
For inattentive Fancy, like the lime
Which foolish birds are caught with. Can, I ask,
This face of rural beauty be a mask
For discontent, and poverty, and crime;
These spreading towns a cloak for lawless will?
Forbid it, Heaven!—and Merry England still
Shall [1] be thy rightful name, in prose and rhyme!

IV.

TO THE RIVER GRETA, NEAR KESWICK.

Greta, what fearful listening! when huge stones
Rumble along thy bed, block after block:
Or, whirling with reiterated shock,
Combat, while darkness aggravates the groans:
But if thou (like Cocytus from the moans*

[1] 1837.
May . . . . . 1835.

* Many years ago, when I was at Greta Bridge, in Yorkshire, the hostess of the inn, proud of her skill in etymology, said, that "the name of the river was taken from the *bridge*, the form of which, as every one must notice, exactly resembled a great A." Dr Whitaker has derived it from the word of common occurrence in the north of England, "*to greet*;" signifying to lament aloud, mostly with weeping: a conjecture rendered more probable from the stony and rocky channel of both the Cumberland and Yorkshire rivers. The Cumberland Greta, though it does not, among the country people, take up that name till within three miles of its dis-

Heard on his rueful margin *) thence were named
The Mourner, thy true nature was defamed,
And the habitual murmur that atones
For thy worst rage, forgotten. Oft as Spring
Decks, on thy sinuous banks, her thousand thrones,
Seats of glad instinct and love's carolling,
The concert, for the happy, then may vie
With liveliest peals of birth-day harmony:
To a grieved heart, the notes are heinous.

Compare *The Prelude*, Book I. (see Vol. III., p. 139)—

"Was it for this
That one, the fairest of all rivers, loved
To blend his murmurs with my nurse's song,
And, from his alder shades and rocky caves,
And from his fords and shallows, sent a voice
That flowed along my dreams?

. . . . .

Make ceaseless music that composed my thoughts
To more than infant softness."

—Ed.

appearance in the river Derwent, may be considered as having its source in the mountain cove of Wythburn, and flowing through Thirlmere, the beautiful features of which lake are known only to those who, travelling between Grasmere and Keswick, have quitted the main road in the vale of Wythburn, and, crossing over to the opposite side of the lake, have proceeded with it on the right hand.

The channel of the Greta, immediately above Keswick, has, for the purposes of building, been in a great measure cleared of the immense stones which, by their concussion in high floods, produced the loud and awful noises described in the sonnet.

"The scenery upon this river," says Mr Southey in his Colloquies, "where it passes under the woody side of Latrigg, is of the finest and most remarkable kind:—

— — 'ambiguo lapsu refluitque fluitque,
Occurrunque sibi venturæ aspicit undas.'"

—W. W., 1835.

* The Cocytus was a tributary of the Acheron, in Epirus, but was supposed to have some connection with the underworld, doubtless, as Wordsworth puts it,

"from the mouns
Heard on his rueful margin."

Compare *Homer*, Od. X., 513, and *Virgil*, Aen. VI., 295.—Ed.

V.

TO THE RIVER DERWENT.*

AMONG the mountains were we nursed, loved Stream!
Thou near the eagle's nest †—within brief sail,
I, of his bold wing floating on the gale,
Where thy deep voice could lull me! Faint the beam
Of human life when first allowed to gleam
On mortal notice.—Glory of the vale,
Such thy meek outset, with a crown, though frail,
Kept in perpetual verdure by the steam
Of thy soft breath!—Less vivid wreath entwined
Nemæan victor's brow;‡ less bright was worn,
Meed of some Roman chief—in triumph borne
With captives chained; and shedding from his car
The sunset splendours of a finished war
Upon the proud enslavers of mankind!

VI.

IN SIGHT OF THE TOWN OF COCKERMOUTH.

(Where the Author was born, and his Father's remains are laid.)

A POINT of life between my Parents' dust,
And yours, my buried Little-ones!§ am I;

* This sonnet has already appeared in several editions of the author's poems; but he is tempted to reprint it in this place, as a natural introduction to the two that follow it.—W. W., 1835.

It was first published in 1819.—ED.

† The river Derwent rises in Langstrath valley, Borrowdale, in which is Eagle Crag, so named from its having been the haunt of a bird that is now extinct in Cumberland.—ED.

‡ The Nemæan games were celebrated every third or fifth year at Nemæa in Argolis. The victor was crowned with a wreath of olive.—ED.

§ His children, Catherine and Thomas, who died in infancy at the Parsonage, Grasmere, and were buried in Grasmere Churchyard.—ED.

And to those graves looking habitually
In kindred quiet I repose my trust.
Death to the innocent is more than just,
And, to the sinner, mercifully bent;
So may I hope, if truly I repent
And meekly bear the ills which bear I must:
And You, my Offspring! that do still remain,
Yet may outstrip me in the appointed race,
If e'er, through fault of mine, in mutual pain
We breathed together for a moment's space,
The wrong, by love provoked, let love arraign,
And only love keep in your hearts a place.

VII.

ADDRESS FROM THE SPIRIT OF COCKERMOUTH CASTLE.

"Thou look'st upon me, and dost fondly think,
Poet! that, stricken as both are by years,
We, differing once so much, are now Compeers,
Prepared, when each has stood his time, to sink
Into the dust. Erewhile a sterner link
United us; when thou, in boyish play,
Entering my dungeon, didst become a prey
To soul-appalling darkness. Not a blink
Of light was there;—and thus did I, thy Tutor,
Make thy young thoughts acquainted with the grave;
While thou wert chasing the wing'd butterfly
Through my green courts;* or climbing, a bold suitor,

* Compare *To a B——y*

> Oh! pleasant, pleasant were the days,
> The time when, in our childish plays,
> My sister Emmeline and I
> Together chased the butterfly!

(Vol. II. p. 254.) Ed.

Up to the flowers whose golden progeny
Still round my shattered brow in beauty wave." *

VIII.

NUN'S WELL, BRIGHAM.

[So named from the religious House that stood close by. I have rather an odd anecdote to relate of the Nun's Well. One day the landlady of a public-house, a field's length from the well, on the road side, said to me—"You have been to see the Nun's Well, Sir?" "The Nun's Well! what is that?" said the Postman, who in his royal livery stopt his mail-car at the door. The landlady and I explained to him what the name meant, and what sort of people the nuns were. A countryman who was standing by, rather tipsy, stammered out—"Aye, those nuns were good people; they are gone; but we shall soon have them back again." The Reform mania was just then at its height.]

THE cattle crowding round this beverage clear
To slake their thirst, with reckless hoofs have trod
The encircling turf into a barren clod;
Through which the waters creep, then disappear,
Born to be lost in Derwent flowing near;
Yet, o'er the brink, and round the lime-stone cell
Of the pure spring (they call it the "Nun's Well,"
Name that first struck by chance my startled ear)
A tender Spirit broods—the pensive shade
Of ritual honours to this Fountain paid
By hooded Votaresses[1] with saintly cheer;†

[1] 1837.
. . . Votaries . . . . . 1835.

* Compare *The Prelude*, Book I.—
The shadow of those towers
That yet survive, a shattered monument
Of feudal sway.
(Vol. III. p. 139.)—ED.

† Attached to the church of Brigham was formerly a chantry, which held a moiety of the manor; and in the decayed parsonage some vestiges of monastic architecture are still to be seen.—W. W., 1835.

Albeit oft the Virgin-mother mild
Looked down with pity upon eyes beguiled
Into the shedding of 'too soft a tear.'

IX.

TO A FRIEND.*

(ON THE MAKER OF THE DEWERT.)

[My son John, who was then building a parsonage on his small living at Brigham.]

PASTOR and Patriot!—at whose loving rise
These modest walls, amid a flock that need,
For one who comes to watch them and to feed,
A fixed Aloak—keep down presageful sighs.[1]
Threats, which the unthinking only can despise,
Perplex the Church; but be thou firm,—be true
To thy first hope, and this good work pursue,
Poor as thou art. A welcome sacrifice
Dost Thou prepare, whose sign will be the smoke[2]
Of thy new hearth; and sooner shall its wreaths,
Mounting while earth her morning incense breathes,
From wandering fiends of air receive a yoke,
And straightway cease to aspire, than God disdain
This humble tribute as ill-timed or vain.

[1] 1835.

. . . . . foreboding sighs.

MS. Letter to Lady Beaumont.

[2] 1835.

To Him who dwells in Heaven will be the smoke

MS. Letter to Lady Beaumont.

* John Wordsworth, the poet's son, the subject of this sonnet, was incumbent of Moresby, near Whitehaven, before he went to Brigham. See the Fenwick note, p. 330.—ED.

X.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

(LANDING AT THE MOUTH OF THE DERWENT, WORKINGTON.)*

[I will mention for the sake of the friend who is writing down these notes, that it was among the fine Scotch firs near Ambleside, and particularly those near Green Bank, that I have over and over again paused at the sight of this image. Long may they stand to afford a like gratification to others! This wish is not uncalled for, several of their brethren having already disappeared.]

DEAR to the Loves, and to the Graces vowed,
The Queen drew back the wimple that she wore;
And to the throng, that on the Cumbrian shore
Her landing hailed, how touchingly she bowed![1]
And like a Star (that, from a heavy cloud[2]
Of pine-tree foliage poised in air, forth darts,[3]
When a soft summer gale at evening parts
The gloom that did its loveliness enshroud)
She smiled;† but Time, the old Saturnian seer,

[1] 1837.
And to the throng how touchingly she bowed
That hailed her landing on the Cumbrian shore, 1835

[2] 1843.
Bright as a star (that, from a sombre cloud 1836

[3] 1846.
High poised in air of pine-tree foliage, darts, 1836

* "The fears and impatience of Mary were so great," says Robertson, "that she got into a fisher-boat, and with about twenty attendants landed at Workington, in Cumberland; and thence she was conducted with many marks of respect to Carlisle." The apartment in which the Queen had slept at Workington Hall (where she was received by Sir Henry Hall as became her rank and misfortunes) was long preserved, out of respect to her memory, as she had left it; and one cannot but regret that some necessary alterations in the mansion could not be effected without its destruction.—W. W., 1835.

† Compare *The Triad*—

"So gleams the crescent moon, that loves
To be descried through shady groves."—ED.

Sighed on the wing as her foot pressed the strand,
With step pensive to a long array
Of woes and degradations hand in hand—
Weeping captivity, and shuddering fear
Stalked by the ensanguined block of Fotheringay![1]

STANZAS SUGGESTED IN A STEAM-BOAT OFF SAINT BEES' HEADS, ON THE COAST OF CUMBERLAND.*

If Life were slumber on a bed of down,
Toil unimposed, vicissitude unknown,
Sad were our lot: no hunter of the hare
Exults like him whose javelin from the lair
Has roused the lion; no one plucks the rose,
Whose proffered beauty in safe shelter blows
'Mid a trim garden's summer luxuries,
With joy like his who climbs, on hands and knees,
For some rare plant, yon Headland of St Bees.

[1] 1835

Thenceforth he saw a long and long array
Of miserable seasons hand in hand—
Weeping, captivity, and pallid fear,
And last, the ensanguined block of Fotheringay.—MS

* St Bees' Heads, anciently called the Cliff of Beurth, are a conspicuous sea mark for all vessels sailing in the N.E. parts of the Irish Sea. In a bay, one side of which is formed by the southern headland, stands the village of St Bees; a place distinguished, from very early times, for its religious and scholastic foundations.

"St Bees," says Nicholson and Burns, "had its name from Bega, an holy woman from Ireland, who is said to have founded here, about the year of our Lord 650, a small monastery, where afterwards a church was built in memory of her.

"The aforesaid religious house, being destroyed by the Danes, was restored by William de Meschiens, son of Ranulph, and brother of Ranulph de Meschiens, first Earl of Cumberland after the Conquest, and was peopled of a prior and six Benedictine monks to the Abbey of St Mary at York."

Several traditions of miracles, connected with the foundation of the first of these religious houses, survive among the people of the neighbourhood; one of which is alluded to in these stanzas; and another, of a stone

This independence upon oar and sail,
This new indifference to breeze or gale,
This straight-lined progress, furrowing a flat lea,
And regular as if locked in certainty—
Depress the hours. Up, Spirit of the storm!
That Courage may find something to perform;
That Fortitude, whose blood disdains to freeze
At Danger's bidding, may confront the seas,
Firm as the towering Headlands of St Bees.

Dread cliff of Baruth! *that* wild wish may sleep,
Bold as if men and creatures of the Deep
Breathed the same element; too many wrecks
Have struck thy sides, too many ghastly decks
Hast thou looked down upon, that such a thought
Should here be welcome, and in verse enwrought:
With thy stern aspect better far agrees
Utterance of thanks that we have past with ease
As millions thus shall do, the Headlands of St Bees.

what bolder and more peculiar character, has furnished the subject of a spirited poem by the Rev. R. Parkinson, M.A., late Divinity Lecturer of St Bees' College, and now Fellow of the Collegiate Church of Manchester.

After the dissolution of the monasteries, Archbishop Grindal founded a free school at St Bees, from which the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland have derived great benefit; and recently, under the patronage of the Earl of Lonsdale, a college has been established there for the education of ministers for the English Church. The old Conventual Church has been repaired under the superintendance of the Rev. Dr Auger, the Head of the College; and is well worthy of being visited by any strangers who might be led to the neighbourhood of this celebrated spot.

The form of stanza in this Poem, and something in the style of versification, are adopted from the "St Monica," a poem of much beauty upon a monastic subject, by Charlotte Smith: a lady to whom English verse is under greater obligations than are likely to be either acknowledged or remembered. She wrote little, and that little ambitiously, but with true feeling for rural nature, at a time when nature was not much regarded by English Poets: for in point of time her earlier writings preceded, I believe, those of Cowper and Burns.—W. W., 1835.

Yet, while each useful Art augments her store,
What boots the gain if Nature should lose more,—
And Wisdom, as she holds[1] a Christian place
In man's intelligence sublimed by grace?
When Bega sought of yore the Cumbrian coast,*
Tempestuous winds her holy errand crossed:
She[2] knelt in prayer—the waves their wrath appease;
And, from her vow well weighed in Heaven's decrees,
Rose, where she touched the strand, the Chantry of St Bees.

"Cruel of heart were they, bloody of hand,
Who in these Wilds then struggled for command;†
The strong were merciless, without hope the weak;
Till this bright Stranger came, fair as daybreak,
And as a cresset true that darts its length
Of beamy lustre from a tower of strength;
Guiding the mariner through troubled seas,
And cheering oft his peaceful reveries,
Like the fixed Light that crowns yon Headland of St Bees.

To aid the Votaress, miracles believed
Wrought in men's minds, like miracles achieved;
So piety took root; and Song might tell
What humanising virtues near her cell[3]

[1] 1845.
And Wisdom, that once held . . . . 1835.

[2] 1837.
. . . . . crow'd;
As high and higher heaved the billows, faith
Grew with them, mightier than the powers of death.
She . . . . . 1835.

[3] 1837.
. . . . . round her Cell 1835.

* See the note, p. 341.—Ed.
† The Danes, and the Cymric aborigines.—Ed.

Sprang up, and spread their fragrance wide around;
How savage bosoms melted at the sound
Of gospel-truth enchained in harmonies
Wafted o'er waves, or creeping through close trees,
From her religious Mansion of St Bees.

When her sweet Voice, that instrument of love,
Was glorified, and took its place, above
The silent stars, among the angelic quire,
Her chantry blazed with sacrilegious fire,
And perished utterly; but her good deeds
Had sown the spot, that witnessed them, with seeds
Which lay in earth expectant, till a breeze
With quickening impulse answered their mute pleas,
And lo! a *statelier* pile, the Abbey of St Bees.*

There are[1] the naked clothed, the hungry fed;
And Charity extendeth[2] to the dead
Her intercessions made for the soul's rest
Of tardy penitents; or for the best
Among the good (when love might else have slept,
Sickened, or died) in pious memory kept.
Thanks to the austere and simple Devotees,
Who, to that service bound by venial fees,
Keep watch before the altars of St Bees.

[1] 1837.
There were 1835

[2] 1837.
. . . . extended . . 1835.

* See the extract from Nicholson and Burn's History of Cumberland, in Wordsworth's note, p. 341.—Ed.

Are[1] not, in sooth, their Requiems sacred ties*
Woven out of passion's sharpest agonies,
Subdued, composed, and formalized by art,
To fix a wiser sorrow in the heart?
The prayer for them whose hour is past away
Says[2] to the Living, profit while ye may!
A little part, and that the worst, he sees
Who thinks that priestly cunning holds the keys
That best unlock the secrets of the Bees.

Conscience, the timid being's innost light,
Hope of the dawn and solace of the night,
Cheers those Recluses with a steady ray
In many an hour when judgment goes astray.

[1] 1807.
Were . . . . . 1835.

[2] 1807.
. . . . . was past away
Said . . . . . 1835.

* I am aware that I am here treading upon tender ground; but to the intelligent reader I feel that no apology is due. The prayers of survivors, during passionate grief for the recent loss of relatives and friends, as the object of those prayers could no longer be the suffering body of the dying, would naturally be ejaculated for the souls of the departed; the barriers between the two worlds dissolving before the power of love and faith. The ministers of religion, from their habitual attendance upon sick beds, would be daily witnesses of these benign results; and hence would be strongly tempted to aim at giving to them permanence, by embodying them in rites and ceremonies, recurring at stated periods. All this, as it was in course of nature, so was it blameless, and even praiseworthy; since some of its effects, in that rude state of society, could not but be salutary. No reflecting person, however, can view without sorrow the abuses which rose out of thus formalizing sublime instincts, and disinterested movements of passion, and perverting them into means of gratifying the ambition and rapacity of the priesthood. But, while we deplore and are indignant at these abuses, it would be a great mistake if we imputed the origin of the offence to prospective selfishness on the part of the monks and clergy: *they* were at first sincere in their sympathy, and in their degree dupes rather of their own creed, than artful and designing men. Charity is, upon the whole, the safest guide that we can take in judging our fellow-men, whether of past ages or of the present time.—W. W., 1835.

Ah! scorn not hastily their rule who try
Earth to despise, and flesh to mortify;
Consume with zeal, in winged ecstasies
Of prayer and praise forget their rosaries,
Nor hear the loudest surges of St Bees.

Yet none so prompt to succour and protect
The forlorn traveller, or sailor wrecked
On the bare coast; nor do they grudge the boon
Which staff and cockle hat and sandal shoon
Claim for the pilgrim: and, though chidings sharp
May sometimes greet the strolling minstrel's harp,
It is not then when, swept with sportive ease,
It charms a feast day throng of all degrees,
Brightening the archway of revered St Bees.

How did the cliffs and echoing hills rejoice
What time the Benedictine Brethren's voice,
Imploring, or commanding with meet pride,
Summoned the Chiefs to lay their feuds aside,
And under one blest ensign serve the Lord
In Palestine. Advance, indignant Sword!
Flaming till thou from Paynim hands release
That tomb, dread centre of all sanctities
Nursed in the quiet Abbey of St Bees.

But look we now to them whose minds from far[1]
Follow the fortunes which they may not share.
While in Judea Fancy loves to roam,
She helps to make a Holy-land at home:

[1] 1837.

On, Champions, on!—But mark! the passing Day
Submits her intercourse to milder sway,
With high and low whose busy thoughts from far
Follow

The Star of Bethlehem from its sphere invites
To sound the crystal depth of maiden rights;
And wedded Life, through scriptural mysteries,
Heavenward ascends with all her charities,
Taught by the hooded Celibates of St Bees.

Nor be it e'er forgotten how by skill
Of cloistered Architects, free their souls to fill
With love of God, throughout the Land were raised
Churches, on whose symbolic beauty gazed
Peasant and mail-clad Chief with pious awe;
As at this day men seeing what [illegible] saw,
Or the bare wreck of faith's solemnities,
Aspire to more than earthly destinies;
Witness yon Pile that greets us from St Bees.

Yet more; around those Churches, gathered Towns*
Safe from the feudal Castle's haughty frowns;
Peaceful abodes, where Justice might uphold
Her scales with even hand, and culture mould
The heart to pity, train the mind in care
For rules of life, sound as the Time could bear.
Nor dost thou fail, thro' abject love of ease,
Or hindrance raised by sordid purposes,
To bear thy part in this good work, St Bees.†

Who with the ploughshare clove the barren moors,
And to green meadows changed the swampy shores?
Thinned the rank woods; and for the cheerful grange
Made room where wolf and bear were used to range?

* See "The English Town" in Green's *Short History of the English People*, ch. iv., sec. 4.—Ed.

† This stanza and the one preceding were added in 1845.—Ed.

Who taught, and showed by deeds, that gentler chains
Should bind the vassal to his lord's domains?
The thoughtful Monks, intent their God to please,
For Christ's dear sake, by human sympathies
Poured from the bosom of thy Church, St Bees!

But all availed not; by a mandate given
Through lawless will the Brotherhood was driven
Forth from their cells; their ancient House laid low
In Reformation's sweeping overthrow.
But now once more the local Heart revives,
The inextinguishable Spirit strives.
Oh may that Power who hushed the stormy seas,
And cleared a way for the first Votaries,
Prosper the new-born College of St Bees! *

Alas! the Genius of our age, from Schools
Less humble, draws her lessons, aims, and rules
To Prowess guided by her insight keen
Matter and Spirit are as one Machine;
Boastful Idolatress of formal skill
She in her own would merge the eternal will:
Better,[1] if Reason's triumphs match with these,
Her flight before the bold credulities
That furthered the first teaching of St Bees!†

[1] 1827.

. . . . . will,
Expert to move in paths that Newton trod,
From Newton's Universe would banish God.
Better, ... 1822.

* This College was founded for the education of clerks in holy orders who did not mean to proceed to Oxford or Cambridge.—Ed.

† See Excursion, seventh part; and Ecclesiastical Sketches, second part, near the beginning.—W. W.

The passages referred to are the following: *Excursion*, Book VII. l. 1118, &c., beginning

"The courteous knight,"

and alluding to Sir Alfred Irthing; *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, II. 3, 4, 5, *Convent Monastery*, and *Monks and Schoolmen*.—Ed.

XII.

IN THE CHANNEL, BETWEEN THE COAST OF CUMBERLAND AND THE ISLE OF MAN.

Ranging the heights of Scawfell or Black-comb,
In his lone course the Shepherd oft will pause,
And strive to fathom the mysterious laws
By which the clouds, arrayed in light or gloom,
On Mona settle, and the shapes assume
Of all her peaks and ridges.* What he draws
From sense, faith, reason, [illegible]ncy, of the cause,
He will take with him to the silent tomb,
Or, by his fire, a child upon his knee,
Haply the untaught Philosopher may speak
Of the strange sight, nor hide his theory
That satisfies the simple and the meek,
Blest in their pious ignorance, though weak
To cope with Sages undevoutly free.

XIII.

AT SEA OFF THE ISLE OF MAN

Bold words affirmed, in days when faith was strong,
And doubts and scruples seldom teazed the brain,

* Compare the *View from the top of Black Comb* (Vol. IV. p. 268), also the Inscription, *Written with a slate-pencil on a stone, on the side of the mountain of Black Comb* (Vol. IV. p. 270).

The atmospheric phenomena referred to in the Sonnet are frequently seen from the Cumberland hills, overspreading the peaks and ridges of the Isle of Man; and a similar appearance is often visible on the Cumbrian hills, as seen from Mona.—Ed.

That[1] no adventurer's bark had power to gain
These shores if he approached them bent on wrong;
For, suddenly up-conjured from the Main,
Mists rose to hide the Land—that search, though long
And eager, might be still pursued in vain.
O Fancy, what an age was *that* for song!
That age, when not by *laws* inanimate,
As men believed, the waters were impelled,
The air controlled, the *stars* their courses held;
But element and orb on *acts* did wait
Of *Powers* endued with visible form, instinct
With will, and to their work by passion linked.

XIV.

DESIRE we past illusions to recal?
To reinstate wild Fancy, would we hide
Truths whose thick veil Science has drawn aside?
No,—let this Age, high as she may, instal
In her esteem the thirst that wrought man's fall,
The universe is infinitely wide;
And conquering Reason, if self-glorified,
Can nowhere move unchecked by some new wall
Or gulf of mystery, which thou alone,
Imaginative Faith! canst overleap,
In progress toward the fount of Love,—the throne
Of Power whose ministers the[2] records keep
Of periods fixed, and laws established, less
Flesh to exalt than prove its nothingness.

[1] 1837.
. . . . . strong,
That . . . . . 1838.

[2] 1837.
Of Power, whose ministering Spirits . . 1836.

XV.

ON ENTERING DOUGLAS BAY, ISLE OF MAN.

'Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori'

THE feudal Keep, the bastions of Coehorn,*
Even when they rose to check or to repel
Tides of aggressive war, oft served as well
Greedy ambition, armed to treat with scorn
Just limits; but yon Tower, whose smiles adorn
This perilous bay, stands clear of all offence,
Blest work it is of love and innocence,
A Tower of refuge built for the shipwreck'd forlorn.[1]
Spare it, ye waves, and lift the mariner,
Struggling for life, into its saving arms!
Spare, too, the human helpers! Do they stir
'Mid your fierce shock like men afraid to die?
No; their dread service nerves the heart it warms,
And they are led by noble HILLARY †

[1] 1827
A tower of refuge to the shipwreck'd forlorn 1836.

* Baron Menno van Coehorn (or Coehoorn) was a Dutch military engineer of genius (1641-1704). His fame rests on discoveries connected with the effect of projectiles on fortifications. His practical success against the French, under Vauban, were great, and the fortifications he designed and constructed, of which that of Bergen op Zoom was the chief, give him a place in the history of military science, greater than that derived from his writings. He devised a kind of small mortar or howitzer, for use in siege operations, which is named after him a Coehorn.—Ed.

† The TOWER of REFUGE, an ornament to Douglas Bay, was erected chiefly through the humanity and zeal of Sir William Hillary; and he also was the founder of the lifeboat establishment, at that place; by which, under his superintendence, and often by his exertions at the imminent hazard of his own life, many women and passengers have been saved.—W. W., 1837.

In Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal of a visit to the Isle of Man in 1826, the following occurs:—"Monday, July 3rd. Sir William Hillary saved a boy's life to-day in harbour. He raised a regiment for government, and chose his own reward, viz., a Baronetcy! and now lives here on £300 per annum, &c., &c."—Ed.

XVI.

BY THE SEA-SHORE, ISLE OF MAN.

WHY stand we gazing on the sparkling Brine,
With wonder suit by its transparency
And all-enraptured with its purity?—
Because the unstained, the clear, the crystalline,
Have ever in them something of benign;
Whether in gem, in water, or in sky,
A sleeping infant's brow, or wakeful eye
Of a young maiden, only not divine.
Scarcely the hand forbears to dip its palm
For beverage drawn as from a mountain-well;
Temptation centres in the liquid Calm;
Our daily raiment seems no obstacle
To instantaneous plunging in, deep Sea!
And revelling in long embrace with thee.*

XVII.

ISLE OF MAN.

[My son William † is here the person alluded to as saving the life of the youth, and the circumstances were as mentioned in the sonnet.]

A YOUTH too certain of his power to wade
On the smooth bottom of this clear bright sea,[1]

[1] 1807.

. . that his feet could wade
At will the flow of this pellucid sea. 1819

On the smooth bottom of this clear blue sea. 1836.

* The sea water on the coast of the Isle of Man is singularly pure and beautiful.—W. W.

† But it was his son John, and not William, who accompanied the poet in this Tour. See the first Fenwick note (p. 332.)—ED.

To sight so shallow, with a father's glee
Leapt from this rock, and but for timely aid
He, by the alluring element betrayed,
Had perished. Then might Sea-nymphs (and with sighs
Of self-reproach) have chanted elegies *
Bewailing his sad fate, when he was laid [1]
In peaceful earth; for, doubtless, he was frank,
Utterly in himself devoid of guile;
Knew not the double-dealing of a smile;
Nor aught that makes men's promises a blank,
Or deadly snare: and he survives to bless
The Power that saved him in [illegible] strange distress.

XVIII.

ISLE OF MAN.[2]

Dim [3] pangs of grief for lenient time too keen,
Grief that devouring waves had caused—or guilt [4]

[1] 1837.
Leapt from this rock, and surely, had not aid
Been near, must soon have breathed out life, betrayed
By fondly trusting to an element
Fair, and to others more than innocent;
Then had sea-nymphs sung dirges for him laid 1836.

[2] 1837.
The Retired Marine Officer, Isle of Man. 1835.

[3] 1837.
Not . . . . . 1836.

[4] 1837.
. . . . . nor guilt 1836.

* Compare Ariel's Song in *The Tempest*, Act I., Sc. 2—
"Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell." —Ed.

Which they had witnessed,—sway[1] the man who built
This Homestead, placed where nothing could be seen,
Nought heard, of ocean troubled or serene?
A tired Ship-soldier on paternal land,[2]
That o'er the channel holds august command,
The[3] dwelling raised,—a veteran Marine.*
He, in disgust, turn'd from the neighbouring sea
To shun the memory of a listless life
That hung between two callings. May no strife
More hurtful here beset him, doomed though free,
Self-doomed, to worse inaction, till his eye
Shrink from the daily sight of earth and sky!

XIX.

BY A RETIRED MARINER.†

(A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.)

[Mrs Wordsworth's Brother, Henry.‡]

FROM early youth I ploughed the restless Main,
My mind as restless and as apt to change;
Through every clime and ocean did I range,
In hope at length a competence to gain;

[1] 1837.
. . . . . swayed . . . . 1835.

[2] 1836.
No—a Ship-soldier . . . . . 1837.

[3] 1840.
Who, ... 1835.

* Henry Hutchinson. See the Fenwick note to the next Sonnet.—ED.

† This unpretending Sonnet is by a gentleman nearly connected with me, and I hope, as it falls so easily into its place, that both the writer and the reader will excuse its appearance here.—W. W., 1835.

‡ Mr Henry Hutchinson, Mrs Wordsworth's brother, was—the Bishop of Lincoln tells us—"a person of great originality and vigour of mind, a very enterprising sailor, and a writer of verses distinguished by no ordinary merit."—See the *Memoirs* of W. W., Vol. II., p. 346.—ED.

For poor to Sea I went, and poor I still remain,
Year after year I strove, but strove in vain,
And hardships manifold did I endure,
For Fortune on me never deign'd to smile;
Yet I at last a resting-place have found,
With just enough life's comforts to procure,
In a snug Cove on this our favoured Isle,
A peaceful spot where Nature's gifts abound;
Then sure I have no reason to complain,
Though poor to Sea I went, and poor I still remain.

XX.

AT BALA-SALA, ISLE OF MAN.

(SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY A FRIEND.)

[Supposed to be written by a friend (Mr Cockson) who died there a few years after.]

BROKEN in fortune, but in mind entire
And sound in principle, I seek repose
Where ancient trees this convent-pile enclose,*
In ruin beautiful. When vain desire
Intrudes on peace, I pray the eternal Sire
To cast a soul-subduing shade on me,
A grey-haired, pensive, thankful Refu ee,
A shade—but with some sparks of heavenly fire
Once to these cells vouchsafed.[1] And when I note
The old Tower's brow yellowed as with the beams
Of sunset ever there,† albeit streams[2]

[1] 1835.
. . with such sparks of holy fire
As once were cherished here, . . . MS

[2] 1835.
. . . and know that streams MS.

* Rushen Abbey.—W. W.

† The "old Tower" is that of Rushen Abbey, close to Bala Sala, the latest dissolved monastery in the British Isles. Little of it survives;

Of stormy weather-stains that semblance wrought,
I thank the silent Monitor, and say
"Shine so, my aged brow, at all hours of the day!"

XXI.

TYNWALD HILL.

[Mr Robinson and I walked the greater part of the way from Castle-town to Piel, and stopped some time at Tynwald Hill. One of my companions was an elderly man who, in a muddy way (for he was tipsy), explained and answered, as far as he could, my enquiries about this place and the ceremonies held here. I found more agreeable company in some little children; one of whom, upon my request, recited the Lord's Prayer to me, and I helped her to a clearer understanding of it as well as I could; but I was not at all satisfied with my own part; hers was much better done, and I am persuaded that, like other children, she knew more about it than she was able to express, especially to a stranger.]

ONCE on the top of Tynwald's formal mound[1]
(Still marked with green turf circles narrowing*

[1] Ms.

Once on the top of Tynwald Hill (a mound — Ms
Time was when on the top of yon small mound
(Still marked with circles duly narrowing
Each above each) . . . . . Ms
Would sit by solemn usage robed and crowned,
While compassing the grassy mount around, Ms
Sate 'mid the assembled people robed and crowned, Ms

only the tower, refectory, and dormitory. The tower is still yellowed with lichen stains. The following occurs in one of Mr H. C. Robinson's letters on the Italian Tour of 1837:—"This reminds me that I was once privy to the conception of a Sonnet with a distinctness which did not once occur on the longer Italian journey. This was when I accompanied him into the Isle of Man. We had been drinking tea with Mr and Mrs Cookson, and left them when the weather was dull. Very soon after leaving them we passed the Church Tower of Kala-Sala. The upper part of the tower had a sort of frieze of yellow lichens. Mr W pointed it out to me, and said, 'It's a perpetual sunshine.' I thought no more of it till I had read the beautiful sonnet,

'Broken in fortune, but in mind entire.'"

— Ed.

* The ground at Tynwald Hill (as it is called) remains unchanged.

Stage above stage) would sit this Island's King,
The laws to promulgate, enrobed and crowned;
While, compassing the little mount around,
Degrees and Orders stood, each under each:
Now, like to things within fate's easiest reach,[1]
The power is merged, the pomp a grave has found.
Off with yon cloud,[2] old Snaefell! * that thine eye
Over three Realms may take its widest range;
And let, for them, thy fountains utter strange
Voices, thy winds break forth in prophecy,
If the whole State must suffer mortal change,
Like Mona's miniature of it strangely.

[1] 1835
Now like a thing within Fate's easiest reach, MS

[2] 1835
Off with those clouds, ... MS

Here, on a small plot of ground, the whole Manx people meet annually on Midsummer Day, July 5th, to appoint officers and enact new laws. The first historical notice of these meetings is in 1417. The name Tynwald is derived from the Scandinavian *thing*, "court of justice," and *wald*, "fenced." The mound is only 12 feet high, rising by four circular platforms, each 3 feet higher than the one below it. The circumference at the base is 240 feet, and at the top 18 feet. It used once to be walled round, and had two gates. The approach now is by twenty-one steps cut in the turf. *Ed.*

* The summit of this mountain is well chosen by Cowley as the scene of the "Vision" in which the spectral angel discourses with him concerning the government of Oliver Cromwell. "I found myself," says he, "on the top of that famous hill in the Island Mona, which has the prospect of three great, and not long since most happy, kingdoms. As soon as ever I looked upon them, they called forth the sad representation of all the sins and all the miseries that had overwhelmed them those twenty years." It is not to be denied that the changes now in progress, and the passions, and the way in which they work, strikingly resemble those which led to the disasters the philosophic writer so feelingly bewails. God grant that the resemblance may not become still more striking as months and years advance!—W. W., 1835.

The top of Snaefell (which Wordsworth names "Snafell"), the highest mountain in the Isle of Man, whence England, Scotland, and Ireland are to be seen, as mentioned in the Sonnet, is not visible from Tynwald Hill.—*Ed.*

XXII.

Despond who will—*I* heard a voice exclaim,
"Though fierce the assault, and shatter'd the defence,[1]
It cannot be that Britain's social frame,
The glorious work of time and providence,
Before a flying season's rash pretence,[2]
Should fall; that She, whose virtue put to shame,
When Europe prostrate lay, the Conqueror's aim,
Should perish, self-subverted. Black and dense
The cloud is; but brings *that* a day of doom
To Liberty? Her sun is up the while,[3]
That orb whose beams round Saxon Alfred shone:
Then laugh, ye innocent Vales! ye Streams, sweep on,
Nor let one billow of our heaven-blest Isle[4]
Toss in the fanning wind a humbler plume."

XXIII.

IN THE FRITH OF CLYDE, AILSA CRAG

DURING AN ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, JULY 17.

[The morning of the eclipse was exquisitely beautiful while we passed the Crag as described in the Sonnet. On the deck of the steam-boat were several persons of the poor and labouring class, and I could not but be struck by their cheerful talk with each other, while

[1] 1838.
Clear voices from pure worlds of hope exclaim
Tho' fierce the assault, and shattered the defence. MS.

[2] 1838.
Before a season's calculating sense. MS.

[3] 1838.
. . . . the sun is up . . . MS.

[4] 1838.
. . . of this heaven-blest Isle MS.

not one of them seemed to notice the magnificent objects with which we were surrounded; and even the phenomenon of the eclipse attracted but little of their attention. Was it right not to regret this? They appeared to me, however, so much alive in their own minds to their own concerns that I could not look upon it as a misfortune that they had little perception for such pleasures as cannot be cultivated without ease and leisure. Yet, if one surveys life in all its duties and relations, such ease and leisure will not be found so enviable a privilege as it may at first appear. Natural Philosophy, Painting, and Poetry, and refined taste are no doubt great acquisitions to society; but among those who dedicate themselves to such pursuits, it is to be feared that few are as happy, and as consistent in the management of their lives, as the class of persons who at that time led me into this course of reflection. I do not mean by this to be understood to derogate from intellectual pursuits, for that would be monstrous: I say it in deep gratitude for this compensation to those whose cares are limited to the necessities of daily life. Among them, and tormentors, so numerous in the higher classes of society, are rare.]

SINCE risen from ocean, ocean to defy,
Appeared the Crag of Ailsa, ne'er did morn
With gleaming lights more gracefully adorn
His sides, or wreathe with mist his forehead high:
Now, faintly darkening with the sun's eclipse,*
Still is he seen, in lone sublimity,
Towering above the sea and little ships;
For dwarfs the tallest seem while sailing by,
Each for her haven; with her freight of Care,
Pleasure, or Grief, and Toil that seldom looks
Into the secret of to-morrow's fare;
Though poor, yet rich, without the wealth of books
Or aught that watchful Love to Nature owes
For her mute Powers, fix'd Forms, or[1] transient Shows.

[1] 1837.

, and 1835.

* Compare *The Eclipse of the Sun*, 1820, in the "Memorials of a Tour on the Continent, 1820" (Vol. VI., p. 253).—ED.

XXIV.

ON THE FRITH OF CLYDE.

(IN A STEAM-BOAT.)

[The mountain outline on the north of this island, as seen from the Frith of Clyde,* is much the finest I have ever noticed in Scotland or elsewhere.]

ARRAN! a single-crested Teneriffe,
A St Helena next—in shape and hue,
Varying her crowded peaks and ridges blue;
Who but must covet a cloud-seat, or skiff
Built for the air, or winged Hippogriff?
That he might fly, where no one could pursue,
From this dull Monster and her sooty crew;
And, as[1] a God, light on thy topmost cliff.
Impotent wish! which reason would despise
If the mind knew no union of extremes,
No natural bond between the boldest schemes
Ambition frames, and heart-humilities †
Beneath stern mountains many a soft vale lies,
And lofty springs gave birth to lowly streams.

[1] 1837.
And, like . . . . . 1835.

* Doubtless he refers to the view of Goatfell and Kaim-na Callaich, with Loch Ranza in front.—ED.

† Compare *The Trial*, p. 284—

"High as her aim as heaven above,
And wide as ether her good will;
And, like the lowly reed, her love
Can drink its nurture from the scantiest rill."

—ED.

XXV.

ON REVISITING DUNOLLY CASTLE.*

(See former series, "Yarrow Revisited," &c., p. 281.)

THE captive Bird was gone;—to cliff or moor
Perchance had flown, delivered by the storm;
Or he had pined, and sunk to feed the worm:
Him found we not: but, climbing a tall tower,
There saw, inpaved with rude fidelity
Of art mosaic, in a roofless floor,[1]
An Eagle with stretched wings, but beamless eye—
An Eagle that could neither wail nor soar.
Effigy[2] of the Vanished—(shall I dare
To call thee so?) or symbol of fierce deeds
And of the towering courage which past times
Rejoiced in—take, whate'er thou be, a share,[3]

[1] 1835.

Espied an old mosaic effigy
Set in a roofless chamber's pavement floor, MS

[2] 1837.

Shade of the poor Departed . . . . MS

Effigies of the Vanished . . . . . 1840.

[3] 1837.

. . . . . or symbol of past times,
That towering courage, and the savage deeds
Those times were proud of, take Thou too a share, 1838.

Their towering courage, and the savage deeds
Which they were proud of, ... MS

* This ingenious piece of workmanship, as I afterwards learned, had been executed for their own amusement by some labourers employed about the place.—W. W., 1838.

Not undeserved, of the memorial rhymes
That animate my way where'er it leads!

Lieutenant-Colonel M'Dougal of Dunolie writes to me (October 1883) that "the mosaic picture of an eagle—if it may be called so—still exists, though it is rather a rude work of art. I believe it was executed by a gardener, who was here about the time of Wordsworth's visit. It was made of small stones, and is now a good deal overgrown with weeds, moss, &c., as the second story of the old ruin is open to the weather. An eagle was for many years kept in a cage, made against a wall of the ruin, and this no doubt was the cause of the rude picture being made."—ED.

XXVI.

THE DUNOLLY EAGLE.

NOT to the clouds, not to the cliff, he flew;
But when a storm, on sea or mountain bred,
Came and delivered him, alone he sped
Into the castle-dungeon's darkest mew.
Now, near his master's house in open view
He dwells, and hears indignant tempests howl,
Kennelled and chained. Ye tame domestic fowl,[1]
Beware of him! Thou, saucy cockatoo,
Look to thy plumage and thy life!—The roe,
Fleet as the west wind, is for *him* no quarry;
Balanced in ether he will never tarry,
Eyeing the sea's blue depths. Poor Bird! even so
Doth man of brother man a creature make
That clings to slavery for its own sad sake.

[1] 1853.

Ye tame villatic Fowl,

XXVII.

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN.*

Comp. 1824. —— Pub. 1827.

[The verses

or strayed
From hope and promise, self-betrayed.

were, I am sorry to say, suggested from apprehensions of the fate of my friend, H. C.,† the subject of the verses addressed to *H. C. when six years old.* The piece to "Memory" arose out of similar feelings.‡]

Oft have I caught, upon a [illegible] breeze,[1]
Fragments of far-off melodies,
With ear not coveting the whole,
A part so charmed the pensive soul:
While a dark storm before my sight
Was yielding, on a mountain height
Loose vapours have I watched, that won
Prismatic colours from the sun;
Nor felt a wish that heaven would show
The image of its perfect bow.
What need, then, of these finished Strains?
Away with counterfeit Remains!
An abbey in its lone recess,
A temple of the wilderness,
Wrecks though they be, announce with feeling
The majesty of honest dealing.

[1] 1832.
. . . . caught from fitful breeze 1827.

* This Poem was first published amongst the *Poems of Sentiment and Reflection* in the edition of 1827. In the edition of 1836 Wordsworth gave 1824 as the year of its composition.—Ed.

† Hartley Coleridge.—Ed.

‡ See p. 104.—Ed.

Spirit of Ossian! if imbound
In language thou may'st yet be found,
If aught (intrusted to the pen
Or floating on the tongues of men,
Albeit shattered and impaired)
Subsist thy dignity to guard,
In concert with memorial claim
Of old grey stone, and high-born name
That cleaves to rock or pillared cave
Where moans the blast, or beats the wave,
Let Truth, stern arbitress of all,
Interpret that Original,
And for presumptuous wrongs atone;—
Authentic works be given, or none!

Time is not blind;—yet He, who spares
Pyramid pointing to the stars,
Hath preyed with ruthless appetite
On all that marked the primal flight
Of the poetic ecstasy,
Into the land of mystery.
No tongue is able to rehearse
One measure, Orpheus! of thy verse;*
Museus, stationed with his lyre
Supreme among the Elysian quire,
Is, for the dwellers upon earth
Mute as a lark ere morning's birth.†
Why grieve for these, though past away
The music, and extinct the lay?

* The Genuine Orphic Literature includes some Hymns, a Theogony, Oracles, Songs, and Sacred Legends, ἐπὶ λόγοις: but none have come down to modern times. The *Orphica* which have survived are spurious.—Ed.

† None of the fragments attributed to Museus by the ancients—the Χρησμοί, Τροφῶνιοι, Θεογονία, &c.—have survived.—Ed.

When thousands, by severer doom,
Full early to the silent tomb
Have sunk, at Nature's call; or strayed
From hope and promise, self-betrayed;
The garland withering on their brows;
Stung[1] with remorse for broken vows;
Frantic—else how might they rejoice?
And friendless, by their own sad choice!

Hail, Bards of mightier grasp! on you
I chiefly call, the chosen Few;
Who cast not off the acknowledged guide,
Who faltered not, nor turned aside;
Whose lofty genius could survive
Privation, under sorrow thrive;
In whom the fiery Muse revered
The symbol of a snow-white beard,
Bedewed with meditative tears
Dropped from the lenient cloud of years.

Brothers in soul! though distant times
Produced you nursed in various climes,
Ye, when the orb of life had waned,
A plenitude of love retained:
Hence, while in you each sad regret
By corresponding hope was met,
Ye lingered among human kind,
Sweet voices for the passing wind;
Departing sunbeams, loth to stop,
Though smiling on the last hill-top!*

[1] 1832.
Stand . . . . . MS.

* Compare

"There is an Eminence,—of these our hills
The last to parley with the setting sun."

Vol. II. p. 181.—Ed.

Such to the tender-hearted maid
Even ere her joys begin to fade;
Such, haply, to the rugged chief
By fortune crushed, or tamed by grief;
Appears, on Morven's lonely shore,
Dim-gleaming through imperfect lore,
The Son of Fingal; such was blind
Mæonides of ampler mind;*
Such Milton, to the fountain head
Of glory by Urania led!

XXVIII.

CAVE OF STAFFA.†

We saw, but surely, in the motley crowd,
Not One of us has felt the far-famed sight;
How *could* we feel it? each the other's blight,
Hurried and hurrying, volatile and loud.
O for those motions only that invite
The Ghost of Fingal to his tuneful Cave
By the breeze entered, and wave after wave
Softly embosoming the timid light!
And by *one* Votary who at will might stand
Gazing and take into his mind and heart,
With undistracted reverence, the effect
Of those proportions where the almighty Hand
That made the worlds, the sovereign Architect,
Has deigned to work as if with human Art!

* Homer; so called from the fact that Mæonia in Lydia was, by some, claimed as his birth-place.—Ed.

† The reader may be tempted to exclaim, "How came this and the two following sonnets to be written, after the dissatisfaction expressed in the preceding one?" In fact, at the risk of incurring the reasonable displeasure of the master of the steamboat, I returned to the cave, and explored it under circumstances more favourable to those imaginative impressions which it is so wonderfully fitted to make upon the mind.—W. W., 1836.

XXIX.

CAVE OF STAFFA.

AFTER THE CROWD HAD DEPARTED.

THANKS for the lessons of this Spot—fit school
For the presumptuous thoughts that would assign
Mechanic laws to agency divine;
And, measuring heaven by earth, would over-rule
Infinite Power. The pillared vestibule,
Expanding yet precise, the roof embowed,*
Might seem designed to humble man, when proud
Of his best workmanship by [illegible] and tool.
Down-bearing with his whole Atlantic weight
Of tide and tempest on the Structure's base,
And flashing to that Structure's topmost height,[1]
Ocean has proved its strength, and of its grace
In calms is conscious,† finding for his freight
Of softest music some responsive place.

XXX.

CAVE OF STAFFA.

YE shadowy Beings, that have rights and claims
In every cell of Fingal's mystic Grot,
Where are ye? Driven or venturing to the spot,
Our fathers glimpses caught of your thin Frames,

[1] 1837.
And flashing upwards to its topmost height, 1842.

* Note the topographical accuracy of this description.—ED.
† Compare, *On a high part of the Coast of Cumberland*, p. 338.
No; 'tis the earth-voice of the mighty sea
Whispering how meek and gentle he can be. —ED.

And, by your mien and bearing, knew your names;
And they could hear *his* ghostly song who trod
Earth, till the flesh lay on him like a load,
While he struck his desolate harp without hopes or aims.
Vanished ye are, but subject to recal;
Why keep *we* else the instincts whose dread law
Ruled here of yore, till what men felt they saw,
Not by black arts but magic natural!
If eyes be still sworn vassals of belief,
Yon light shapes forth a Bard, that shade a Chief.

XXXI.

FLOWERS ON THE TOP OF THE PILLARS AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE CAVE.

Hope smiled when your nativity was cast,
Children of Summer!* Ye fresh Flowers that brave
What Summer here escapes not, the fierce wave,
And whole artillery of the western blast,
Battering the Temple's front, its long-drawn nave
Smiting, as if each moment were their last.
But ye, bright Flowers, on frieze and architrave
Survive;† and once again the Pile stands fast;
Calm as the Universe, from specular towers
Of heaven contemplated by Spirits pure

* Upon the head of the columns which form the front of the cave, rests a body of decomposed basaltic matter, which was richly decorated with that large bright flower, the ox-eyed daisy. I had noticed the same flower growing with profusion among the bold rocks on the western coast of the Isle of Man; making a brilliant contrast with their black and gloomy surfaces.—W. W., 1835.

† They still survive, and flourish above the pillars.—Ed.

With mute astonishment, it stands sustained
Through every part in symmetry, to endure,[1]
Unhurt, the assault of Time with all his hours,
As the supreme Artificer ordained.[2]

XXXII.

IONA *

On to Iona!—What can she afford
To us save matter for a thoughtful sigh,
Heaved over ruin with stability
In urgent contrast? To diffuse the Word
(Thy Paramount, mighty Nature! and Time's Lord) †
Her Temples rose, 'mid pagan gloom, but why,
Even for a moment, has our verse deplored
Their wrongs, since they fulfilled their destiny?
And when, subjected to a common doom
Of mutability, those far-famed Piles
Shall disappear from both the sister Isles,
Iona's Saints forgetting not past days,
Garlands shall wear of amaranthine bloom,
While heaven's vast sea of voices chants their praise.

[1] 1845.
Suns and their systems, diverse yet sustained
In symmetry, and fashioned to endure, 1837

[2] 1845.
As the Supreme Geometer ordained. 1835

* The four last lines of this sonnet are adopted from a well known sonnet of Russel,* as conveying my feeling better than any words of my own could do.—W. W., 1835.

† St Columba took up his residence at Iona, in 563.—Ed.

* Joshua Russel, *Poems*, 1819.—Ed.

XXXIII.

IONA.

(UPON LANDING.)

How sad a welcome! To each voyager [1]
Some ragged child holds up for sale a store [2]
Of wave-worn pebbles, pleading on the shore [3]
Where once came monk and nun with gentle stir,
Blessings to give, news ask, or suit prefer.
Yet is [4] yon neat trim church * a grateful speck
Of novelty amid the sacred wreck
Strewn far and wide. Think, proud Philosopher! [5]
Fallen though she be, this Glory of the West, [6]
Still on her sons, the beams of mercy shine;
And 'hopes, perhaps more heavenly bright than thine,
A grace by thee unsought and unpossest,
A faith more fixed, a rapture more divine,
Shall gild their passage to eternal rest.'

[1] 1897.
With earnest look, to every voyager, 1835

[2] 1837.
. . . . . his store 1835.

[3] 1837.
With outstretched hands, round every voyager
Press ragged children, each to supplicate
A price for wave-worn pebbles on his plate. MS.

[4] 1837.
But see . . . . . 1835.

[5] 1837.
. . . . this sacred wreck—
Nay spare thy scorn, haughty Philosopher! 1835.

[6] 1835.
Fallen as she is, this Glory of the West, MS.

* This refers to the Parish Church, not to St Oran's Chapel, or the Cathedral Church of St Mary.—Ed.

XXXIV.

THE BLACK STONES OF IONA.

[See Martin's Voyage among the Western Isles.*]

HERE on their knees men swore, the stones were black,†
Black in the people's minds and words,[1] yet they
Were at that time, as now, in colour grey.
But what is colour, if upon the rack
Of conscience souls are placed by deeds that lack
Concord with oaths? What differ night and day
Then, when before the Perjured on his way
Hell opens, and the heavens in vengeance crack
Above his head uplifted in vain . . . ver
To Saint, or Fiend,[2] or to the Godhead whom
He had insulted — Peasant, King, or Thane?
Fly where the culprit may, guilt meets a doom:
And, from invisible worlds at need laid bare,
Come links for social order's awful chain

XXXV.

HOMEWARD we turn . . . Isle of Columba's Cell,
Where Christian piety's soul-cheering spark
(Kindled from Heaven between the light and dark
Of time) shone like the morning-star, farewell! —

[1] 1845.
Here on their knees, they swore, the stones were black,
Black in men's minds and words, . . . MS

[2] 1845.
To saints, to fiends, . . . MS

* *Description of the Western Islands of Scotland, including an account of the Manners, Customs, Religion, Language, Dress, &c., of the Inhabitants*, by M. Martin. 1703. Ed.

† The spot where those *Black Stones*—on which it was the custom to swear contracts and alliances—were concealed, is pointed out near the site of the Bishop's house, to the north of the Cathedral. Ed.

And fare thee well, to Fancy visible,
Remote St Kilda, lone and loved sea-mark *
For many a voyage made in her swift bark,[1]
When with more hues than in the rainbow dwell
Thou a mysterious intercourse dost hold,
Extracting from clear skies and air serene,
And out of sun-bright waves, a lucid veil,
That thickens, spreads, and, mingling fold with fold,
Makes known, when thou no longer canst be seen,
Thy whereabout, to warn the approaching sail.

XXXVI.

GREENOCK.

Per me si va nella Città dolente.†

We have not passed into a doleful City,
We who were led to-day down a grim dell,
By some too boldly named 'the Jaws of Hell:'‡
Where be the wretched ones, the sights for pity?
These crowded streets resound no plaintive ditty:—
As from the hive where bees in summer dwell,
Sorrow seems here excluded; and that knell,
It neither dampe the gay, nor checks the witty.

[1] 1837. , farewell!—
Remote St Kilda, art thou visible?
No—but farewell to thee, beloved sea-mark
From many a voyage made in Fancy's bark, 1835.

* St Kilda is sixty miles to the west of Harris, in the outer Hebrides.—Ed.

† Dante, Inferno, III. 1.—Ed.

‡ They came down from Inveraray to Loch Goil by Hell's Glen.—Ed.

Alas! too busy Rival of old Tyre,[1]
Whose merchants Princes were, whose decks were thrones;
Soon may the punctual sea in vain respire
To serve thy need, in union with that Clyde
Whose nursling current brawls o'er mossy stones,*
The poor, the lonely, herdsman's joy and pride.

XXXVII.

[Mosgiel was thus pointed out to me by a young man on the top of the coach on my way from Glasgow to Kilmarnock. It is remarkable that, though Burns lived some time here, and during much the most productive period of his poetical life, he nowhere adverts to the splendid prospects stretching towards the sea and bounded by the peaks of Arran on one part, which in clear weather must have had daily before his eyes. In one of his poetical effusions he speaks of describing "fair Nature's face" as a privilege on which he sets a high value; nevertheless, natural appearances rarely take a lead in his poetry. It is as a human being, eminently sensitive and intelligent, and not as a poet, clad in his priestly robes and carrying the ensigns of sacerdotal office, that he interests and affects us. Whether he speaks of rivers, hills and woods, it is not so much on account of the properties with which they are absolutely endowed, as relatively to local patriotic remembrances and associations, or as they ministered to personal feelings, especially those of love, whether happy or otherwise;—yet it is not always so. Soon after we had passed Mosgiel Farm we crossed the Ayr, murmuring and winding through a narrow woody hollow. His line—"Auld hermit Ayr strays through his woods"—came at once to my mind with Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, and Doon,—Ayrshire streams over which he breathes a sigh as being unnamed in song; and surely his own attempts to make them known were as successful as his heart could desire.]

"THERE!" said a Stripling, pointing with meet pride
Towards a low roof with green trees half concealed,
"Is Mosgiel Farm; and that's the very field
Where Burns ploughed up the Daisy." † Far and wide

[1] 1827.
Too busy Mart! thus fared it with old Tyre, 1835.

* Above Elvanfoot.—Ed.

† See Burns' poem *To a Mountain Daisy*, or as it was originally called, *The Gowan*.—Ed.

A plain below stretched seaward, while, descried
Above sea-clouds, the Peaks of Arran rose;
And, by that simple notice, the repose
Of earth, sky, sea, and air, was vivified.
Beneath 'the random *field* of clod or stone'
Myriads of daisies have shone forth in flower
Near the lark's nest, and in their natural hour
Have passed away; less happy than the One
That, by the unwilling ploughshare, died to prove
The tender charm of poetry and love.

XXXVIII.

THE RIVER EDEN, CUMBERLAND.

["Nature gives thee flowers
That have no rivals among British bowers."
This can scarcely be true to the letter; but, without stretching the point at all, I can say that the soil and air appear more congenial with many upon the banks of this river than I have observed in any other parts of Great Britain.]

EDEN! till now thy beauty had I viewed[1]
By glimpses only, and confess with shame
That verse of mine, whate'er its varying mood,
Repeats but once the sound of thy sweet name:
Yet fetched from Paradise* that honour came,

[1] 1835.
Full long thy beauty, Eden, had I viewed,
By glimpses only . . . . . MS.

Eden! the Muse has wronged thee, be the shame
Frankly acknowledged, in no careless mood
Of memory, my verse have I reviewed
And met but once the sound of thy sweet name MS.

* It is to be feared that there is more of the poet than the sound etymologist in this derivation of the name Eden. On the western coast of Cumberland is a rivulet which enters the sea at Moresby, known also in the neighbourhood by the name of Eden. May not the latter syllable come

Rightfully borne; for Nature gives thee flowers
That have no rivals among British bowers;
And thy bold rocks are worthy of their fame.*
Measuring thy course, fair Stream! at length I pay [1]
To my life's neighbour dues of neighbourhood;
But I have traced thee on thy winding way [2]
With pleasure sometimes by this thought restrained,—
For things far off we toil, while many a good [3]
Not sought, because too near, is never gained.[4]

[1] 1835.
Bright are the hours that prompt me now to pay MS.

Thee have I traced along thy winding way. MS.

[2] 1845.
. . . . . by the thought restrained
That things far off are toiled for, while a good 1835.

. . . . . .
That for things far off we toil, while many a good

[4] 1835.
Not sought, because too near, is seldom gained, MS.

XXXIX.

MONUMENT OF MRS HOWARD,

(by Nollekens,)

IN WETHERAL CHURCH, NEAR CORBY, ON THE BANKS OF THE EDEN.

[Before this monument was put up in the Church at Wetheral, I saw it in the sculptor's studio. Nollekens, who, by-the-bye, was a strange and grotesque figure that interfered much with one's admiration of his works, showed me at the same time the various models in clay which he

from the word Dean, *a valley?* Langdale, near Ambleside, is by the inhabitants called Langden. The former syllable occurs in the name Emont, a principal feeder of the Eden; and the stream which flows, when the tide is out, over Cartmel Sands, is called the Ea—French, eau—Latin, aqua.—W. W., 1835.

* Especially on the upper reaches of the river, as seen from the Midland Railway line beyond Appleby.—Ed.

had made, one after another, of the Mother and her Infant: the improvement on each was surprising; and how so much grace, beauty, and tenderness had come out of such a head I was sadly puzzled to conceive. Upon a window-seat in his parlour lay two casts of faces, one of the Duchess of Devonshire, so noted in her day; and the other of Mr Pitt, taken after his death, a ghastly resemblance, as these things always are, even when taken from the living subject, and more ghastly in this instance from the peculiarity of the features. The heedless and apparently neglectful manner in which the faces of these two persons were left—the one so distinguished in London society, and the other upon whose counsels and public conduct, during a most momentous period, depended the fate of this great Empire and perhaps of all Europe—afforded a lesson to which the dullest of casual visitors could scarcely be insensible. It touched me the more because I had so often seen Mr Pitt upon his own ground at Cambridge and upon the floor of the House of Commons.]

STRETCHED on the dying Mother's lap, lies dead
Her new-born Babe; dire ending[1] of bright hope!
But Sculpture here, with the divinest scope
Of luminous faith, heavenward hath raised that head
So patiently; and through one hand has spread
A touch so tender for the insensate Child—
(Earth's lingering love to parting reconciled,
Brief parting, for the spirit is all but fled)—
That we who contemplate the turns of life
Through this still medium, are consoled and cheered:
Feel with the Mother, think the severed Wife
Is less to be lamented than revered;
And own that Art, triumphant over strife
And pain, hath powers to Eternity endeared.

XL.

SUGGESTED BY THE FOREGOING.

TRANQUILLITY! the sovereign aim wert thou
In heathen schools of philosophic lore;*

[1] 1845.

. . . . . issue . . . . . 1835.

* Ἀταραξία, was the aim of Stoic, Epicurean, and Sceptic alike.—ED.

Heart-stricken by stern destiny of yore
The Tragic Muse thee served with thoughtful vow;
And what of hope Elysium could allow
Was fondly seized by Sculpture, to restore
Peace to the Mourner. But when He who wore[1]
The crown of thorns around his bleeding brow
Warmed our sad being with celestial light,[2]
Then Arts which still had drawn a softening grace
From shadowy fountains of the Infinite,
Communed with that Idea face to face:
And move around it now as planets run,
Each in its orbit round the central Sun.

XLI.

NUNNERY.*

[I became acquainted with the walks of Nunnery when a boy: they are within easy reach of a day's pleasant excursion from the town of Penrith, where I used to pass my summer holidays under the roof of my maternal Grandfather. The place is well worth visiting; though, within these few years, its privacy, and therefore the pleasure which the scene is so well fitted to give, has been injuriously affected by walks cut in the rocks on that side the stream which had been left in its natural state.]

THE floods are roused, and will not soon be weary;
Down from the Pennine Alps † how fiercely sweeps
CROGLIN, the stately Eden's tributary! ‡
He raves, or through some moody passage creeps

1843.
Peace to the Mourner's soul; but He who wore 1835.

[1] 1843.
. . . . . with his glorious light; 1835.

* Nunnery; so named from the House for Benedictine Nuns established by William Rufus.—*Ed.*

† The chain of Crossfell.—W. W., 1835.

‡ The two streams of the Croglin and the Eden unite in the grounds of Nunnery.—*Ed.*

Plotting new mischief—out again he leaps
Into broad light, and sends, through regions airy,[1]
That voice which soothed the Nuns while on the steeps
They knelt in prayer, or sang to blissful Mary.[2]
That union ceased: then, cleaving easy walks
Through crags, and smoothing paths beset with danger,
Came studious Taste; and many a pensive stranger
Dreams on the banks, and to the river talks.
What change shall happen next to Nunnery Dell?[3]
Canal, and Viaduct, and Railway, tell! *

XLII.

STEAM-BOATS, VIADUCTS, AND RAILWAYS.

MOTIONS and Means, on land and sea at war
With old poetic feeling, not for this,
Shall ye, by Poets even, be judged amiss!
Nor shall your presence, howsoe'er it mar
The loveliness of Nature, prove a bar
To the Mind's gaining that prophetic sense
Of future change, that point of vision, whence
May be discovered what in soul ye are.
In spite of all that beauty may disown
In your harsh features, Nature doth embrace
Her lawful offspring in Man's art; and Time,
Pleased with your triumphs o'er his brother Space,

[1] 1835.
Seeking in vain broad light, and regions aery. MS.

[2] 1835.
But with that voice which once high on his steeps
Mingled with vespers, sung to blissful Mary— MS.

[3] 1835.
. . . . . to Croglin Dell. MS.

* At Corby, a few miles below Nunnery, the Eden is crossed by a magnificent viaduct; and another of these works is thrown over a deep glen or ravine at a very short distance from the main stream.—W. W., 1835.

Accepts from your bold hands the proffered crown
Of hope, and smiles on you with cheer sublime.*

XLIII.

THE MONUMENT COMMONLY CALLED LONG MEG AND HER DAUGHTERS, NEAR THE RIVER EDEN.

Pub. 1836.

A WEIGHT of awe, not easy to be borne,
Fell suddenly upon my Spirit—cast
From the dread bosom of the unknown past,
When first I saw that family forlorn.
Speak Thou, whose massy strength and stature scorn
The power of years—pre-eminent, and placed
Apart, to overlook the circle vast—
Speak, Giant-mother! tell it to the Morn
While she dispels the cumbrous shades of Night;
Let the Moon hear, emerging from a cloud;
At whose behest uprose on British ground
That Sisterhood, in hieroglyphic round
Forth-shadowing, some have deemed, the infinite,
The inviolable God, that tames the proud!†

* Compare the Sonnet *On the projected Kendal and Windermere Railway*, written in 1844.—ED.

† The daughters of Long Meg, placed in a perfect circle eighty yards in diameter, are seventy-two in number above ground; a little way out the circle stands Long Meg herself, a single stone, eighteen feet high. When I first saw this monument, as I came upon it by surprise, I might over-rate its importance as an object; but, though it will not bear a comparison with Stonehenge, I must say, I have not seen any other relique of those dark ages, which can pretend to rival it in singularity and dignity of appearance.—W. W., 1835.

In a letter to Sir George Beaumont, January 6, 1821, Wordsworth wrote, "My road brought me suddenly and unexpectedly upon that ancient monument, called by the country people Long Meg and her Daughters. Everybody has heard of it, and so had I from very early childhood; but had never seen it before. Next to Stonehenge, it is beyond dispute the most noble relic of the kind that this or probably any other country contains. Long Meg is a single block of unhewn stone, eighteen feet high,

XLIV.

LOWTHER.

["Cathedral pomp." It may be questioned whether this union was in the contemplation of the artist when he planned the edifice. However this might be, a poet may be excused for taking the view of the subject presented in this Sonnet.]

LOWTHER! in thy majestic Pile are seen [1]
Cathedral pomp and grace, in apt accord [2]
With the baronial castle's sterner mien;*
Union significant of God adored,
And charters won and guarded by the sword
Of ancient honour; whence that goodly state
Of polity which wise men venerate,†
And will maintain, if God his help afford.
Hourly the democratic torrent swells; [3]
For airy promises and hopes suborned
The strength of backward-looking thoughts is scorned.
Fall if ye must, ye Towers and Pinnacles,
With what ye symbolise; authentic Story
Will say, Ye disappeared with England's Glory!

[1] 1836.
. . . in thy magnificence are seen. MS

[2] 1833.
Shapes of cathedral pomp that well accord. MS.

[3] 1835.
But high the democratic torrent swells. MS.

at a small distance from a vast circle of other stones, some of them of huge size, though curtailed of their stature, by their own incessant pressure upon it."—ED.

* The present Castle was begun in 1808. It is in the style of the 12th and 14th century structures. The arched corridors surrounding the staircase—which is sixty feet square and ninety feet high—may justify the description in the sonnet. These stone corridors open on each side, through the centre of the castle. Compare the reference to Lowther in Barron's *Travels in China*, p. 134, in the course of his description of "Tichol's matchless gardens" referred to in *The Prelude*, Book viii. (Vol. III., p. 285.)—ED.

† The Lowther family have been, for generations, the representatives of the Conservative cause in Cumberland.—ED.

XLV.

TO THE EARL OF LONSDALE.

'Magistratus indicat virum.'

LONSDALE! it were unworthy of a Guest,
Whose heart with gratitude to thee inclines,
If he should speak, by fancy touched, of signs
On thy Abode harmoniously imprest,
Yet be unmoved with wishes to attest
How in thy mind and moral frame agree
Fortitude, and that Christian Charity
Which, filling, consecrates the human breast.
And if the Motto on thy 'scutcheon teach
With truth, "THE MAGISTRACY SHOWS THE MAN;"
That searching test thy public course has stood;[1]
As will be owned alike by bad and good,
Soon as the measuring of life's little span
Shall place thy virtues out of Envy's reach.*

[1] 1835.

Lonsdale! it were unworthy of a Guest,
One chiefly well aware how much he owes
To thy regard, to speak in verse or prose
Of types and signs harmoniously imprest
On thy Abode, neglecting to attest
That in thy Mansion's Lord as well agree
Meekness and strength and Christian charity,
That filling, consecrates the human breast.
And if, as thy armorial bearings teach,
"The Magistracy indicates the Man,"
That test thy life triumphantly has stood. MS.

* This sonnet was written immediately after certain trials, which took place at the Cumberland Assizes, when the Earl of Lonsdale, in consequence of repeated and long-continued attacks upon his character, through the local press, had thought it right to prosecute the conductors and proprietors of three several journals. A verdict of libel was given in one case; and, in the others, the prosecutions were withdrawn, upon the individuals retracting and disavowing the charges, expressing regret that they had been made, and promising to abstain from the like in future.—W. W., 1835.

XLVI.

THE SOMNAMBULIST.*

[This poem might be dedicated to my friends, Sir G. Beaumont and Mr Rogers jointly. While we were making an excursion together in this part of the Lake District we heard that Mr Glover, the artist, while lodging at Lyulph's Tower, had been disturbed by a loud shriek, and upon rising he had learnt that it had come from a young woman in the house who was in the habit of walking in her sleep. In that state she had gone down stairs, and, while attempting to open the outer door, either from some difficulty or the effect of the cold stone upon her feet, had uttered the cry which alarmed him. It seemed to us all that this might serve as a hint for a poem, and the story here told was constructed and soon after put into verse by me as it now stands.]

List, ye who pass by Lyulph's Tower [1] †
At eve; how softly then
Doth Aira-force, that torrent hoarse,
Speak from the woody glen! ‡
Fit music for a solemn vale!
And holier seems the ground [2]

1 'Tis sweet to stand by Lyulph's Tower. MS.

2 To rudest shepherd of the vale
The spot seems holy ground; MS

* The original title of the Poem (in MS.) was

Aira Force,

or

Sir Eglamore and Elva.

There were no changes of text in the published editions of this poem. The various readings given are from MS. copies of the poem, in Mrs Wordsworth's handwriting.—Ed.

† A pleasure-house built by the late Duke of Norfolk upon the banks of Ullswater. Force is the word used in the Lake District for Waterfall.—W. W., 1835.

‡ Compare *Airey Force Valley*—

the brook itself,
Old as the hills that feed it from afar,
Doth rather deepen than disturb the calm,
&c., —Ed.

To him who catches[1] on the gale
The spirit of a mournful tale,
  Embodied in the sound.

Not far from that fair site whereon
  The Pleasure-house is reared,
As story says, in antique days
  A stern-browed house appeared;
Foil to a Jewel rich in light
  There set, and guarded well;
Cage for a Bird of plumage bright,
Sweet-voiced, nor wishing for a flight
  Beyond her native dell.

To win this bright Bird from her cage
  To make this Gem their own,
Came Barons bold, with store of gold,
  And Knights of high renown;
But one She prized, and only one;
  Sir Eglamore was he:
Full happy season, when was known,
Ye Dales and Hills! to you alone
  Their mutual loyalty—[2]

Known chiefly, Aira! to thy glen,
  Thy brook, and bowers of holly;
Where Passion caught what Nature taught,
  That all but love is folly;
Where Fact with Fancy stooped to play;

[1] For he can catch . . MS.

[2] Their true love's sanctity-- MS.

Doubt came not, nor regret—
To trouble hours that winged their way,
As if through an immortal day
Whose sun could never set.

But in old times Love dwelt not long[1]
Sequester'd with repose;
Best throve the fire of chaste desire,
Fanned by the breath of foes.
"A conquering lance is beauty's test,
And proves the Lover true;"
So spake Sir Eglamore, and pressed
The drooping Emma[2] to his breast,
And looked a blind adieu.

They parted.—Well with him it fared
Through wide-spread regions errant;
A knight of proof in love's behoof,
The thirst of fame his warrant:
And She her happiness[3] can build
On woman's quiet hours;
Though faint, compared with spear and shield,
The solace beads and masses yield,
And needlework and flowers.

Yet blest was Emma[4] when she heard
Her Champion's praise recounted;
Though brain would swim, and eyes grow dim,
And high her blushes mounted;

[1] But in that age Love . . . . . MS.
[2] The drooping Elva . . . . . MS.
[3] She, too, a happiness . . . . . MS.
[4] . . was Elva, ... MS.

Or when a bold heroic lay
  She warbled from full heart;
Delightful blossoms for the *May*
Of absence! but they will not stay,
  Born only to depart.

*

Hope wanes with her, while lustre fills
  Whatever path he chooses;
As if his orb, that owns no curb,
  Received the light her's loses.
He comes not back; an ampler space
  Requires for nobler deeds;
He ranges on from place to place,
Till of his doings is no trace
  But what her fancy breeds.

His fame may spread, but in the past
  Her spirit finds its centre;
Clear sight She has of what he was,
  And that would now content her.
"Still is he my devoted Knight?"
  The tear in answer flows;
Month falls on month with heavier weight;
Day sickens round her, and the night
  Is empty of repose.

In sleep She sometimes walked abroad,
  Deep sighs with quick words blending,
Like that pale Queen whose hands are seen
  With fancied spots contending;*
But *she* is innocent of blood,—
  The moon is not more pure

* See *Macbeth*, Act iv., Scene 5. Ed.

That shines aloft, while through the wood
She thrids her way, the sounding Flood
Her melancholy lure!

While 'mid the fern-brake sleeps the doe,
And owls alone are waking,
In white arrayed, glides on the Maid
The downward pathway taking,
That leads her to the torrent's side
And to a holly bower;
By whom on this still night descried?
By whom in that lone place espied?
By thee, Sir Eglamore![1]

A wandering Ghost, so thinks the Knight,
His coming step has thwarted,
Beneath the boughs that heard their vows,
Within whose shade they parted.
Hush, hush, the busy Sleeper see!
Perplexed her fingers seem,
As if they from the holly tree
Green twigs would pluck, as rapidly
Flung from her to the stream.

What means the Spectre? Why intent
To violate the Tree,
Thought Eglamore, by which I swore
Unfading constancy?
Here am I, and to-morrow's sun,
To her I left, shall prove
That bliss is ne'er so surely won
As when a circuit has been run
Of valour, truth, and love.

[1] The knight, Sir Eglamore.

So from the spot whereon he stood,
  He moved with stealthy pace;
And, drawing nigh, with his living eye,[1]
  He recognised the face;
And whispers caught, and speeches small,
  Some to the green-leaved tree,
Some muttered to the torrent-fall;—
"Roar on, and bring him with thy call;
  I heard, and so may He!"

Soul-shattered was the Knight, nor knew
  If Emma's Ghost[2] it w.
Or boding Shade, or if the Maid
  Her very self stood there.
He touched; what followed who shall tell?
  The soft touch snapped the thread
Of slumber—shrieking back she fell,
And the Stream whirled her down the dell
  Along its foaming bed.

In plunged the Knight!—when on firm ground[3]
  The rescued Maiden lay,
Her eyes grew bright with blissful light,
  Confusion passed away;
She heard, ere to the throne of grace
  Her faithful Spirit flew,
His voice—beheld his speaking face;
And, dying, from his own embrace,
  She felt that he was true.

So was he reconciled to life:
  Brief words may speak the rest;[3]

. . . . . with living eye. MS
If Elva's Ghost . . . . . MS.
In plunged the Knight—he strove in vain.
Brief words may speak the rest;
Within, &c. . . . . MS

Within the dell he built a cell,
And there was Sorrow's guest;
In hermits' weeds repose he found,
From vain temptations[1] free;*
Beside the torrent dwelling—bound
By one deep heart-controlling sound,
And awed to piety.

Wild stream of Aira, hold thy course,
Nor fear memorial lays,
Where clouds that spread in solemn shade,
Are edged with golden rays!
Dear art thou to the light of heaven,
Though minister of sorrow;
Sweet is thy voice at pensive even;
And thou, in lovers' hearts forgiven,
Shalt take thy place with Yarrow!

This poem was translated into Latin verse by the poet's son, and published in the second edition of *Yarrow revisited, and other poems.* 1835.—Ed.

XLVII.

TO CORDELIA M——,†

HALLSTEADS, ULLSWATER.

Not in the mines beyond the western main,
You say, Cordelia,[2] was the metal sought,
Which a fine skill, of Indian growth, has wrought
Into this flexible yet faithful Chain;

[1] 1836.
From vain temptation . . . . . MS

[2] 1843.
You tell me, Delia! . . . . . 1836.

* Compare the *Ode to Duty* (Vol. III., p. 31)—
"From vain temptations dost set free." —Ed.

† Cordelia Marshall.—Ed.

Nor is it silver of romantic Spain
But from our loved[1] Helvellyn's depths was brought,
Our own domestic mountain. Thing and thought
Mix strangely; trifles light, and partly vain,
Can prop, as you have learnt, our nobler being:
Yes, Lady, while about your neck is wound
(Your casual glance oft meeting) this bright cord,
What witchery, for pure gifts of inward seeing,
Lurks in it, Memory's Helper, Fancy's Lord,
For precious tremblings in your bosom found!

XLVIII.

Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes
To pace the ground, if path be there or none
While a fair region round the traveller lies
Which he forbears again to look upon;
Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene,
The work of Fancy, or some happy tone
Of meditation, slipping in between
The beauty coming and the beauty gone.[2]
If Thought and Love desert us, from that day
Let us break off all commerce with the Muse:
With Thought and Love companions of our way
Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,
The Mind's internal heaven shall shed her dews
Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

[1] 1845.

You say, but from . . . . . 1836.

[2] 1835.

Pleased rather with that soothing after-tone
Whose seat is in the mind, occasion's Queen!
Else Nature's noblest objects were I ween
A yoke endured, a penance undergone. MS.

1834.

The Poems of 1834 include four of the *Evening Voluntaries*—the poet was 54 years of age—*The Labourer's Noonday Hymn*, the Stanzas to *The Redbreast*, and some Lines suggested by portraits and written in albums.

Comp. 1834. —— Pub. 1835.

[The lines following "nor do words" were written with Lord Byron's character, as a poet, before me, and that of others, his contemporaries, who wrote under like influences.]

Not in the lucid intervals of life
That come but as a curse to party strife;
Not in some hour when Pleasure with a sigh
Of languor puts his rosy garland by;
Not in the breathing-times of that poor slave
Who daily piles up wealth in Mammon's cave—
Is Nature felt, or can be; nor do words,
Which practised talent* readily affords,
Prove that her hand has touched responsive chords;
Nor has her gentle beauty power to move
With genuine rapture and with fervent love
The soul of Genius, if he dare[1] to take
Life's rule from passion craved for passion's sake;
Untaught that meekness is the cherished bent
Of all the truly great and all the innocent.

But who *is* innocent? By grace divine,
Not otherwise, O Nature! we are thine,
Through good and evil thine, in just degree
Of rational and manly sympathy.

[1] 1837. . . . . dares . . . . 1853.

* See the Fenwick note.—Ed.

To all that Earth from pensive hearts is stealing,
And Heaven is now to gladdened eyes revealing,
Add every charm the Universe can show
Through every change its aspects undergo—
Care may be respited, but not repealed;
No perfect cure grows on that bounded field.
Vain is the pleasure, a false calm the peace,
If He, through whom alone our conflicts cease,
Our virtuous hopes without relapse advance,
Come not to speed the Soul's deliverance;
To the distempered Intellect refuse
His gracious help, or give [illegible] abuse.

(BY THE SIDE OF RYDAL MERE.)

Comp. 1834. —— Pub. 1835.

THE linnet's warble, sinking towards a close,
Hints to the thrush 'tis time for their repose;
The shrill-voiced thrush is heedless, and again
The monitor revives his own sweet strain;
But both will soon be mastered, and the copse
Be left as silent as the mountain-tops,
Ere some commanding star* dismiss to rest
The throng of rooks, that now, from twig or nest,
(After a steady flight on home-bound wings,
And a last game of mazy hoverings
Around their ancient grove) with cawing noise
Disturb the liquid music's equipoise.

* Compare the Lines, composed in 1806, in expectation of Mr Fox's Death—

"Yon star upon the mountain top
Is listening quietly."

—Vol. IV., p. 43.—ED.

O Nightingale! Who ever heard thy song
Might here be moved, till Fancy grows so strong
That listening sense is pardonably cheated
Where wood or stream by thee was never greeted.*
Surely, from fairest spots of favoured lands,
Were not some gifts withheld by jealous hands,
This hour of deepening darkness here would be
As a fresh morning for new harmony;
And lays as prompt would hail the dawn of Night:
A *dawn* she has both beautiful and bright,
When the East kindles with the full moon's light;
Not like the rising sun's impatient glow
Dazzling the mountains, but an overflow
Of solemn splendour, in mutation slow.

Wanderer by spring with gradual progress led,
For sway profoundly felt as widely spread;
To king, to peasant, to rough sailor, dear,
And to the soldier's trumpet-wearied ear;
How welcome wouldst thou be to this green Vale
Fairer than Tempe!† Yet, sweet Nightingale!
From the warm breeze that bears thee on, alight
At will, and stay thy migratory flight;
Build, at thy choice, or sing, by pool or fount
Who shall complain, or call thee to account?

* The nightingale is not heard in England farther north than the valley of the Trent.

Compare *The Excursion*, Book IV., l. 1174 (Vol. V., p. 192); also the lines beginning

"O Nightingale! thou surely art
A creature of a fiery heart."

—Vol. IV., p. 70.—Ed.

† The Thessalian valley, five miles long, from Olympus to Ossa, through which the Peneus made its way to the Ægean sea.—Ed.

The wisest, happiest, of our kind are they
That ever walk content with Nature's way,
God's goodness—measuring bounty as it may
For whom the gravest thought of what they miss,
Chastening the fulness of a present bliss,
Is with that wholesome office satisfied,
While unrepining sadness is allied
In thankful bosoms to a modest pride.

Comp. 1834. —— Pub. 1835.

SOFT as a cloud is yon blue Ridge—the Mere*
Seems firm as solid crystal, breathless clear,
And motionless; and, to the gazer's eye,
Deeper than ocean, in the immensity
Of its vague mountains and unreal sky!
But, from the process in that still retreat,
Turn to minuter changes at our feet;
Observe how dewy Twilight has withdrawn
The crowd of daisies from the shaven lawn,
And has restored to view its tender green,
That, while the sun rode high, was lost beneath their dazzling sheen.
—An emblem this of what the sober Hour
Can do for minds disposed to feel its power!
Thus oft, when we in vain have wish'd away
The petty pleasures of the garish day,
Meek eve shuts up the whole usurping host
(Unbashful dwarfs each glittering at his post)
And leaves the disencumbered spirit free
To reassume a staid simplicity.

* The 'mere' was probably Rydal, and the 'ridge' that of Silver How. —ED.

'Tis well—but what are helps of time and place,
When wisdom stands in need of nature's grace:
Why do good thoughts, invoked or not, descend,
Like Angels from their bowers, our virtues to befriend:
If yet To-morrow, unbelied, may say,
"I come to open out, for fresh display,
The elastic vanities of yesterday?"

Comp. 1834. —— Pub. 1835.

[Composed by the side of Grasmere lake. The mountains that enclose the vale, especially towards Easdale, are most favourable to the reverberation of sound. There is a passage in the "Excursion" towards the close of the fourth book, where the voice of the raven in flight is traced through the modifications it undergoes, as I have often heard it in that vale and others of this district.*

"Often, at the hour
When issue forth the first pale stars, is heard,
Within the circuit of this fabric huge,
One voice—the solitary raven."]

THE leaves that rustled on this oak-crowned hill,
And sky that danced among those leaves, are still;
Rest smooths the way for sleep; in field and bower
Soft shades and dews have shed their blended power
On drooping eyelid and the closing flower;
Sound is there none at which the faintest heart
Might leap, the weakest nerve of superstition start;
Save when the Owlet's unexpected scream
Pierces the ethereal vault; and (mid the gleam
Of unsubstantial imagery, the dream,
From the hushed vales' realities, transferred
To the still lake) the imaginative Bird
Seems, 'mid inverted mountains, not unheard.

* See also the extract from Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal, in the note to *The Excursion* (Vol. V., p. 103).—ED.

Grave Creature!—whether, while the moon shines bright
On thy wings opened wide for smoothest flight,
Thou art discovered in a roofless tower,
Rising from what may once have been a lady's bower;
Or spied where thou sitt'st moping in thy mew
At the dim centre of a churchyard yew;
Or, from a rifted crag or ivy tod
Deep in a forest, thy secure abode,
Thou giv'st, for pastime's sake, by shriek or shout,
A puzzling notice of thy whereabout—
May the night never come, nor[1] day be seen,
When I shall scorn thy voice, or mock thy mien!

In classic ages men perceived a soul
Of sapience in thy aspect, headless Owl!
Thee Athens reverenced in the studious grove;*
And, near the golden sceptre grasped by Jove,
His Eagle's favourite perch, while round him sate
The Gods revolving the decrees of Fate,
Thou, too, wert present at Minerva's side:—
Hark to that second larum!—far and wide
The elements have heard, and rock and cave replied.

[1] 1837.

. . . . . , the . . . . 1835.

THE LABOURER'S NOON-DAY HYMN.

Comp. 1834. —— Pub. 1835.

[Bishop Ken's Morning and Evening Hymns are, as they deserve to be, familiarly known. Many other hymns have also been written on the same subject; but, not being aware of any designed for noon-day, I was induced to compose these verses. Often one has occasion to observe cottage children carrying, in their baskets, dinner to their

* The owl became the emblem of Athens—and was associated with Minerva—because the birds abounded there.—Ed.

Fathers engaged with their daily labours in the fields and woods. How gratifying would it be to me could I be assured that any portion of these stanzas had been sung by such a domestic concert under such circumstances. A friend of mine has told me that she introduced this Hymn into a village-school which she superintended, and the stanzas in succession furnished her with texts to comment upon in a way which without difficulty was made intelligible to the children, and in which they obviously took delight, and they were taught to sing it to the tune of the old 100th Psalm.]

Up to the throne of God is borne
The voice of praise at early morn,
And he accepts the punctual hymn
Sung as the light of day grows dim:

Nor will he turn his ear aside
From holy offerings at noontide:
Then here reposing let us raise
A song of gratitude and praise.

What though our burthen be not light,
We need not toil from morn to night;
The respite of the mid-day hour
Is in the thankful Creature's power.

Blest are the moments, doubly blest,
That, drawn from this one hour of rest,
Are with a ready heart bestowed
Upon the service of our God!

Each field is then a hallowed spot,[1]
An altar is in each man's cot,
A church in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads.

[1] 1845.
Why should we crave a hallowed spot? 1836.

Look up to heaven! the industrious Sun
Already half his race hath run;
He cannot halt nor go astray,
But our immortal Spirits may.

Lord! since his rising in the East,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course:

Help with thy grace, through life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

THE REDBREAST.

SUGGESTED IN A WESTMORELAND COTTAGE.

Comp. 1834. —— Pub. 1835.

[Written at Rydal Mount. All our cats having been banished the house, it was soon frequented by redbreasts. Two or three of them, when the window was open, would come in, particularly when Mrs Wordsworth was breakfasting alone, and hop about the table picking up the crumbs. My sister being then confined to her room by sickness, as, dear creature, she still is, had one that, without being caged, took up its abode with her, and at night used to perch upon a nail from which a picture had hung. It used to sing and fan her face with its wings in a manner that was very touching.]

DRIVEN in by Autumn's sharpening air
From half-stripped woods and pastures bare,
Brisk Robin seeks a kindlier home:
Not like a beggar is he come,
But enters as a looked-for guest,
Confiding in his ruddy breast,
As if it were a natural shield
Charged with a blazon on the field,

Due to that good and pious deed
Of which we in the Ballad read.
But pensive fancies putting by,
And wild-wood sorrows, speedily
He plays the expert ventriloquist;
And, caught by glimpses now—now missed,
Puzzles the listener with a doubt
If the soft voice he throws about
Comes from within doors or without!
Was ever such a sweet confusion,
Sustained by delicate illusion?
He's at your elbow—to your feeling
The notes are from the floor or ceiling;
And there's a riddle to be guessed,
Till you have marked his heaving chest
And busy throat whose sink and swell[1]
Betray the Elf that loves to dwell
In Robin's bosom, as a chosen cell.

Heart-pleased we smile upon the Bird
If seen, and with like pleasure stirred
Commend him, when he's only heard.
But small and fugitive our gain
Compared with *hers*[2] who long hath lain,
With languid limbs and patient head
Reposing on a lone sick-bed;
Where now, she[3] daily hears a strain

[1] 1836.
. . . . . breast,
Where tiny sinking, and faint swell, 1835.

[2] 1845.
. . . . *his* . . . 1835.

[3] 1845.
. . . . he . . . 1845.

That cheats her[1] of too busy cares,
Eases her pain, and helps her prayers.[2]
And who but this dear Bird beguiled
The fever of that pale-faced Child
Now cooling, with his passing wing,
Her forehead, like a breeze of Spring
Recalling now, with descant soft
Shed round her pillow from aloft,
Sweet thoughts of angels hovering nigh,
And the invisible sympathy
Of 'Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John
Blessing the bed she lies upon!'*
And sometimes, just as listening ends
In slumber, with the cadence blends
A dream of that low-warbled hymn
Which old folk, fondly pleased to trim
Lamps of faith, now burning dim,
Say that the Cherubs carved in stone,
When clouds gave way at dead of night
And the ancient church was filled with light,[3]
Used to sing in heavenly tone,
Above and round the sacred places
They guard, with winged baby-faces.

[1] 1845.
. . . . . him . . . 1835.

[2] 1845.
Eases his pain, and helps his prayers. 1835.

[3] 1845.
And the moon filled the church with light, 1835.

* The words—

"Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on,"

are part of a child's prayer, still in general use through the northern counties. W.W., 1835.

Thrice happy Creature! in all lands
Nurtured by hospitable hands:
Free entrance to this cot has he,
Entrance and exit both *yet* free;
And, when the keen unruffled weather
That thus brings man and bird together,
Shall with its pleasantness be past,
And casement closed and door made fast,
To keep at bay the howling blast,
He needs not fear the season's rage,
For the whole house is Robin's cage.
Whether the bird flit here or there,
O'er table *lilt*, or perch on chair,
Though some may frown and make a stir
To scare him as a trespasser,
And he belike will flinch or start,
Good friends he has to take his part;
One chiefly, who with voice and look
Pleads for him from the chimney-nook,
Where sits the Dame, and wears away
Her long and vacant holiday;
With images about her heart,
Reflected from the years gone by
On human nature's second infancy

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

(See p. 166.)

In a letter from Mrs Wordsworth to Lady Beaumont, dated 'Rydal Mount, Dec. 9th,' and probably belonging to the year 1828, the following occurs:—

"I am to send you a corrected copy of Sonnet suggested by you." Then follows the sonnet, as printed below.

It will be observed that what was sent to Lady Beaumont differs throughout from the sonnet as printed in the text; and that, in the Fenwick note, Wordsworth says it describes "Lady Fitzgerald," and not Lady Beaumont. It is just possible that Mrs Wordsworth meant that it was suggested by Lady Beaumont's description of Lady Fitzgerald; but the difference between the two versions of the sonnet is noteworthy: and if what Mrs Wordsworth sent to Coleorton was "corrected," we may infer that the poet preferred it to the printed copy in the edition of 1827.

Lady, what delicate graces may unite
In age—so often comfortless and bleak!
Though from thy unenfeebled eye-balls break
Those saintly emanations of delight,
A snow-drop let me name thee; pure, chaste, white,
Too pure for flesh and blood; with smooth, blanch'd cheek,
And head that droops because the soul is meek,
And not that Time presses with weary weight
Hope, Love, and Joy are with thee fresh as ever:
A Child of Winter prompting thoughts that climb
From desolation towards the genial prime:
Or, like the moon, conquering the misty air
And filling more and more with crystal light,
As pensive evening deepens into night.

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